THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning **BILL THE CONQUEROR—By P. G. Wodehouse**

PEACHES

Do you know you can get them

Sliced

- ready to serve at a minute's notice

They're a real treat—with or without cream—just as they come from the can.

Sliced peaches and sponge cake—nothing more—topped with whipped cream. What a royal dish!

Add their fresh delicacy and enticing flavor to any number of good dishes

Every summer, for a few short weeks during fresh fruit season, it is sliced peaches that always get the popular call.

How thoroughly you enjoy them then—how often you have them! No other fruit quite equals their tempting appeal—none offers more delicious variety of service.

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You may have them so easily, so conveniently and so really economically, too. Just ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. They are California's finest Yellow Clings, sliced in their own rich syrup and ready to serve right from the can.

Unequaled as a breakfast, luncheon or dessert fruit—with plain or whipped cream—with ice cream—between layers of sponge cake—in peach betty—for making short-cakes or as a delightful addition to almost endless dessert and salad combinations.

Packed in three sizes of cans—to fit the needs of large, medium and small families. A few cans on your pantry shelf will help you meet many a menu emergency. Order a supply today—and be sure you say DEL MONTE.

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Ice cream is doubly tempting when served with this delicious fruit.

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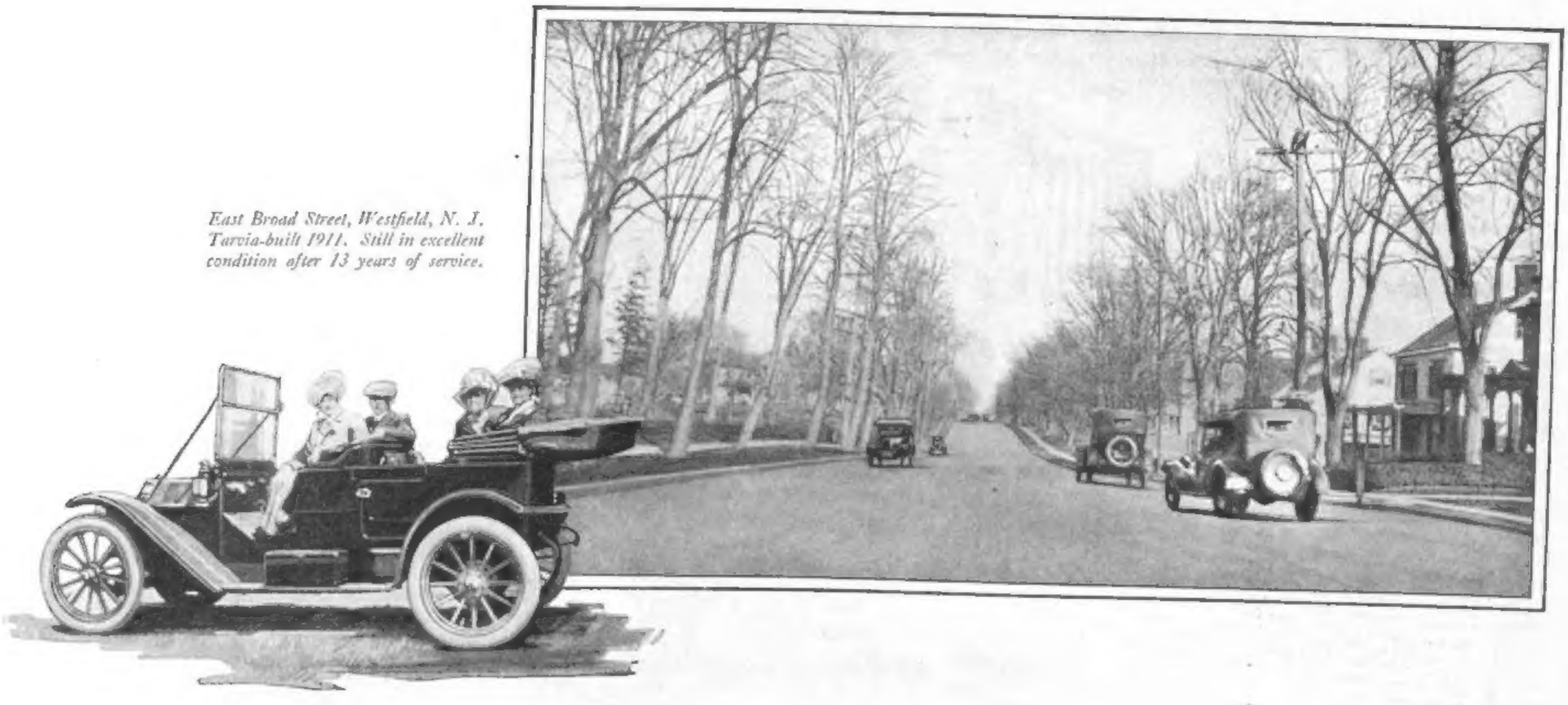

East Broad Street, Westfield, N. J. Tarvia-built 1911. Still in excellent condition after 13 years of service.

This car—long since scrapped!
This street—still in perfect condition!

OIL lamps! Braced wind-shield! Open, drafty front seat—top neatly folded back so that one got plenty of dust! Can you resist a reminiscent smile at the car shown in our picture?

That was a smart car as it chugged down East Broad Street in Westfield, N. J., thirteen years ago. But time brings many changes. That car is junk long since.

But not East Broad Street. Unaffected by thirteen years of grinding traffic—it is still in perfect condition, a thoroughly satisfactory street today.

Tarvia streets can be kept good (maintained) indefinitely at little cost—only economical maintenance is needed to make a Tarvia pavement last indefinitely.

Now add these points:

A Tarvia pavement will not wave, roll or rut.

A Tarvia pavement is skid-proof because of its granular surface.

Thousands of Tarvia streets and roads have proved to taxpayers that—

For the money spent—your money—Tarvia gives more miles and the most years of satisfactory highway service.

On request we will gladly and promptly send you interesting booklets.

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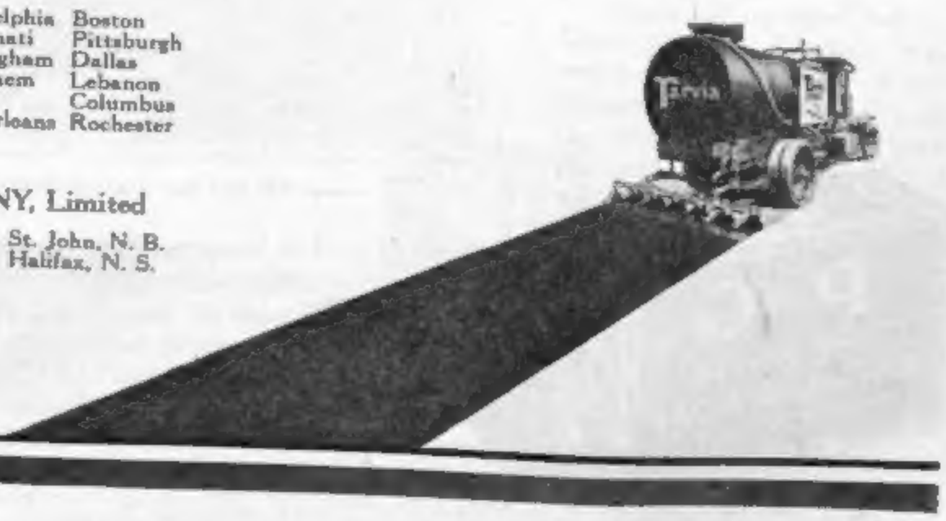

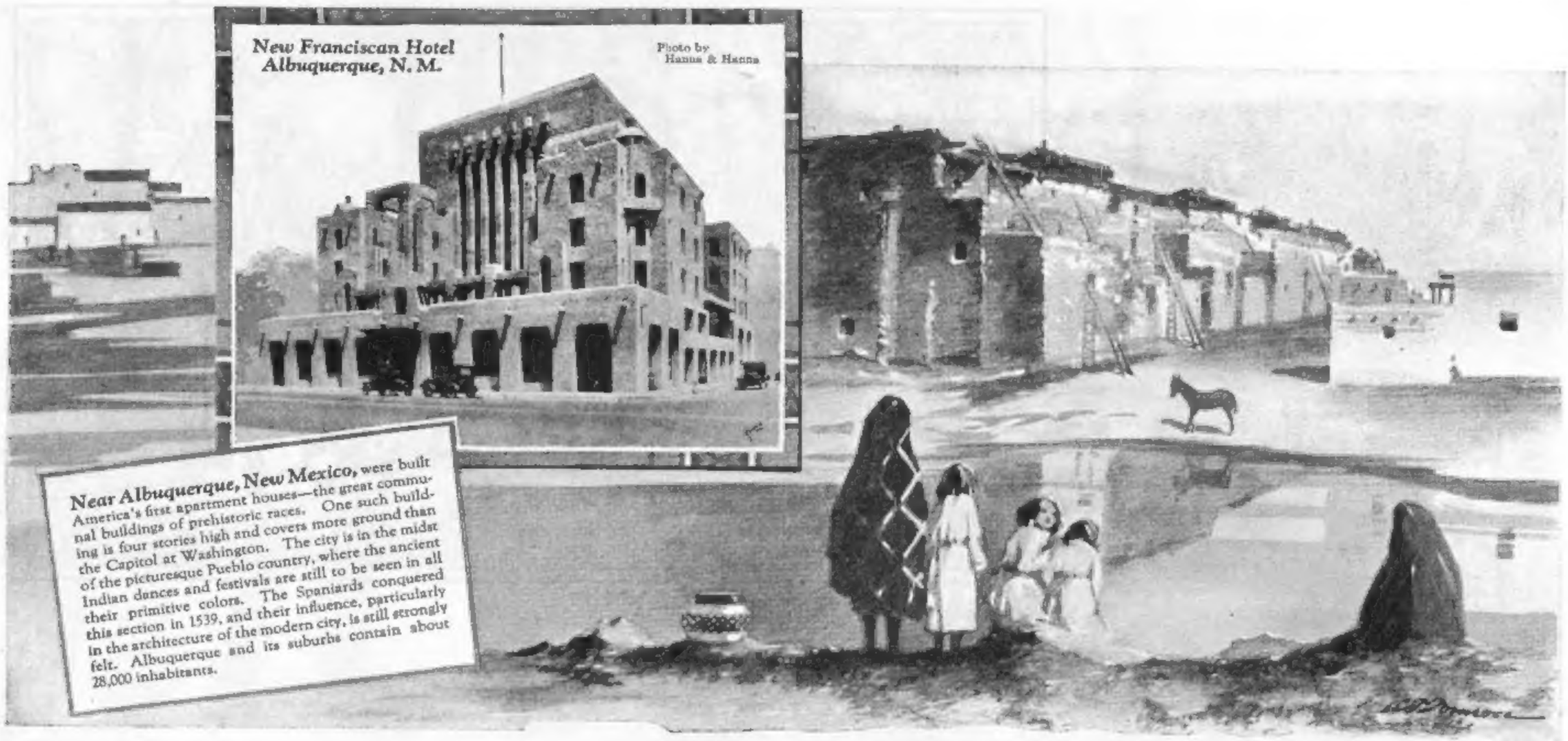
New Franciscan Hotel
Albuquerque, N. M.
Photo by
Hanna & Hanna
Near Albuquerque, New Mexico, were built America's first apartment houses—the great communal buildings of prehistoric races. One such building is four stories high and covers more ground than the Capitol at Washington. The city is in the midst of the picturesque Pueblo country, where the ancient Indian dances and festivals are still to be seen in all their primitive colors. The Spaniards conquered this section in 1539, and their influence, particularly in the architecture of the modern city, is still strongly felt. Albuquerque and its suburbs contain about 28,000 inhabitants.

How one laundry soap has achieved national supremacy

IN all the United States there could scarcely be found two towns more different than Albuquerque, New Mexico, with its Spanish mission and Pueblo architecture, and Bangor, Maine, with its spreading elms and white Colonial homes.

Yet in both of these towns P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

This is indicative of the condition the whole country over—P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in America.

Why? Because women everywhere have found that P and G, a white soap, has a peculiar ability to remove dirt quickly, with little rubbing or boiling, without harm to colors or fabrics, thus saving time, energy and clothes. They have found, too, that P and G makes a quick, rich suds in water of any temperature, and rinses promptly and thoroughly, leaving no odor or other unpleasant soap reminders.

You will learn the advantages of P and G's qualities in a single trial, whether you do the washing yourself or employ a laundress.

If you do employ a laundress, you realize that she cannot achieve satisfactory results unless she uses a satisfactory soap. The selection of the soap should be your responsibility, and if you provide P and G you will soon notice a decided improvement in the appearance of your clothes—a return to their original new whiteness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Old Town Hall
Bangor, Me.
Photo by Fred Caseman
Bangor, Maine, on the Kenduskeag and Penobscot Rivers, about 50 miles from the rocky Atlantic coast, was founded in 1769. On Valley Avenue, overlooking the Kenduskeag, is a precipitous cliff, from which, legend tells us, Indian lovers, forbidden to marry, leapt hand in hand to their deaths. On Cumberland Street still stands the old Bangor station of the second steam railroad in America, running from Bangor to Old Town and built in 1836. Bangor is today a beautiful New England city of 26,000 inhabitants.
P AND G
THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP
PROCTER & GAMBLE

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BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER I

WITH a sudden sharp snort which, violent though it was, expressed only feebly the disgust and indignation seething within him, Sir George Pyke laid down the current number of Society Spice and took up the desk telephone.

"Give me Spice office," he said curtly. There was a brief interval. "Roderick?"

"He has not yet returned from lunch, Sir George," said an obsequious voice.

"Ah, is that you, Pilbeam?" Sir George's expression softened. Pilbeam was one of his favorites; a youth with a future; a man he had his eye on. "Kindly tell Mr. Roderick when he comes in that I wish to see him."

"Very good, Sir George."

The founder and proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Co., that vast concern which supplies half—the more fat-headed half—of England with its reading matter, hung up the receiver, and after a few moments of frowning thought seized a pencil and began to write. The occupation effected in his appearance a striking change for the better. His brow grew smooth; his eyes ceased to glitter; something resembling a smile relaxed the drawn tensity of his lips. He bent over his pad, absorbed.

One of the things that makes the lot of the reader of a story such as this so enjoyable is the fact that, in addition to being uplifted, entertained and instructed, he possesses all the advantages of a disembodied spirit. He can go anywhere and see everything. Any ordinary man, for instance, who wished to enter the presence of Sir George Pyke would be obliged to go down Fleet Street, turn to the right along Tilbury Street till he came to Tilbury House, interview a discouraging official in the vestibule, fill up a form stating name and business and hand this to a small boy in buttons. And in the end, after waiting for anything from ten to forty minutes, he would probably get no further than a brief word with one of Sir George's secretaries. For the man behind the Mammoth does not see everyone. His time is valuable, his sense of his own importance keen, and he is hedged about by a crowd of willing helpers whose chief duty it is to insure the respecting by casual callers of that motto of all great men, Keep Out! This Means You! An army with banners would be halted on the threshold, and not even cabinet ministers may crash the gate.

The reader, however, being invisible, can walk right up to the great man's office on the fourth floor and go in without knocking. He will find Sir George still writing.

The discovery of a man in Sir George Pyke's position engaged in such an occupation is surely stirring enough to thrill the most blasé. For who can say what literary task it is that occupies him? It may be anything from a snappy column article for Pyke's Weekly on Should Engaged Couples Kiss? to an editorial for the Daily Record, a page of helpful thoughts for the Sabbath Hour, or even a bedtime story for Tiny Tots. But, as a matter of fact, it is none of these things. What Sir George is so busily jotting down on that large pad is a list of names. He has already written: Ilfracombe, Forshore, Waynscote, Barraclough, Wensleydale, Creeby, Woodshott, Marlinghue; and now, as we look, he adds to the collection the word Michelhever.

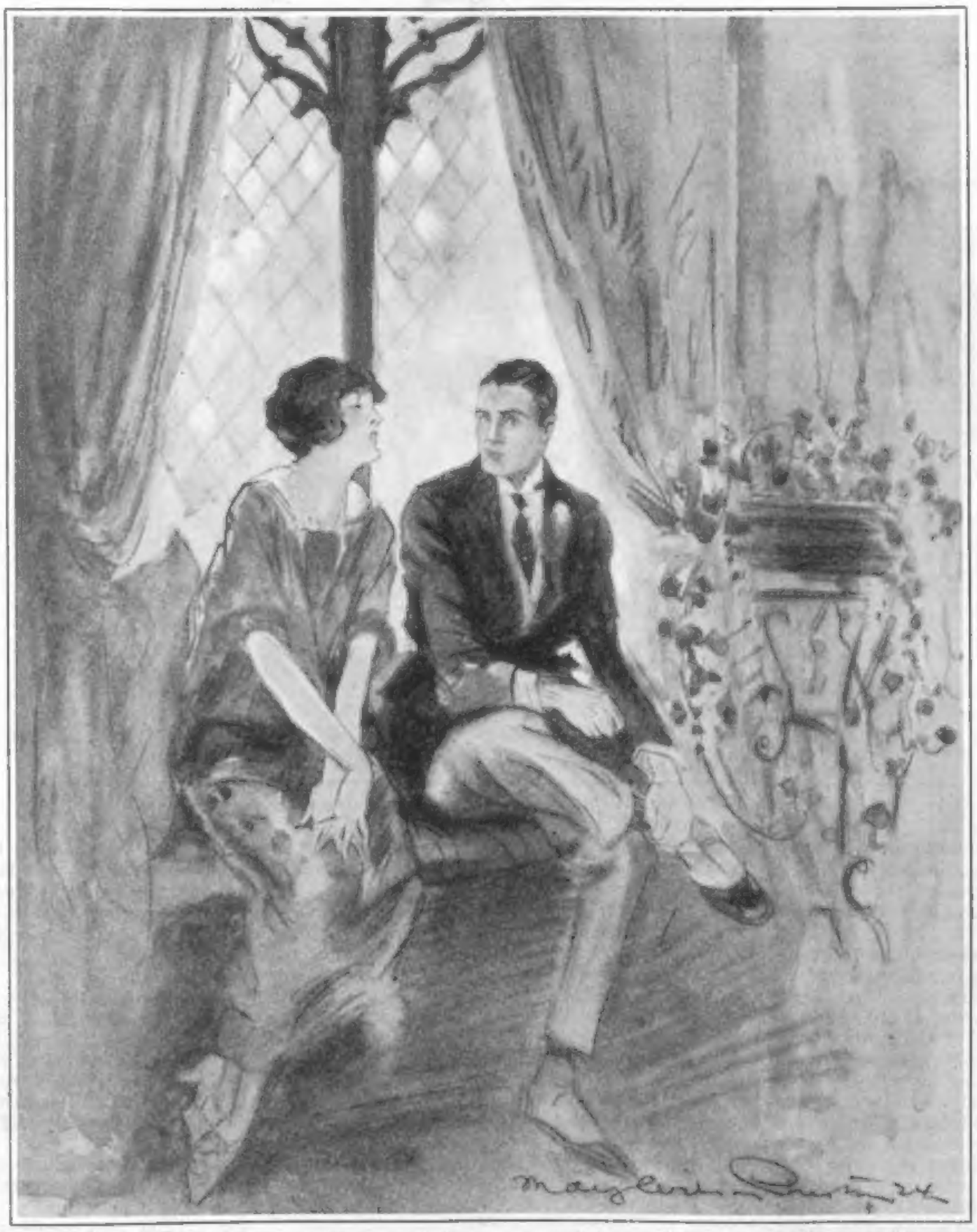
This one seems to please him particularly, for he places against it a couple of crosses. Then, inspiration apparently leaving him for the moment, he pushes back his chair from the desk and, rising, begins to pace the floor.

It is the custom nowadays to describe all successful men who are stumpy and about twenty pounds overweight as Napoleonic. But, hackneyed though the adjective is, it must be admitted that there was, indeed, something suggestive of Napoleon in the port of Sir George Pyke as he strode up and down his office. His generously filled waistcoat and the habit he dropped into in moments of meditation of thrusting the fingers of his right hand in between its first and second buttons gave at any rate a superficial resemblance to the great Corsican; and this resemblance was accentuated by the gravity of his plump, determined face. He looked like a man fond of having his own way; nor in the last twenty years of his life had he often failed to get it.

The desk telephone emitted a discreet buzzing sound, as if it shrank from raising its voice in the presence of such a man.

"Mrs. Hammond to see you, Sir George."

"Send her in—send her in. Good heavens, Francie," exclaimed the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Co. as the door opened, "I've been phoning your house half the morning, trying to get hold of you!"



She Sniffed Disdainfully: "A Very Rowdy Party to a Lot of Impossible Girls From the Theaters"

"How fortunate that I happened to look in," said Mrs. Hammond, settling herself in a chair. "What is it?" Frances Hammond, *née* Pyke, was a feminine replica of her eminent brother. She lacked his second chin, but had the same bright and compelling eyes, the same overjutting brows which lent those eyes such keenness, the same high coloring and breadth of forehead.

Sir George was conscious once again as he looked at her of that little thrill of admiration which she always awoke in him. A great woman.

"What did you want to see me about?" asked Mrs. Hammond.

Sir George drew a deep breath. He had tremendous news to impart, and an instinct for drama urged him not to spoil this great moment by blurting the secret out too abruptly. But ecstasy was too strong for his sense of the dramatic.

"Francie, old girl," he cried, "what do you think? They've offered me a peerage!"

It was not easy to shake Frances Hammond's poise, but these words accomplished that miracle. For a full ten seconds she sat there staring open-mouthed, while Sir George, blushing and on the very verge of giggles, pulled self-consciously at his scarlet knitted-wool waistcoat, the famous Pyke waistcoat which was one of the sights of London.

"A peerage!"

"Letter's over there on that desk. Came this morning."

"Georgie!"

Mrs. Hammond scrambled out of her chair and kissed her brother fondly. There were tears in her commanding eyes.

"I thought it would please you!"

"I am proud of you, Georgie dear. What a culmination for your splendid career!"

"And who helped me build that career? Hey?"

"I have always done what I could," said Mrs. Hammond modestly. "But of course it was you ——"

Sir George thumped the desk; and, happening to strike the sharp edge of a wire paper basket, wished that he had expressed his emotion a little less muscularly. He sucked his hand for a moment before speaking.

"You have been the making of the business," he said vehemently when the pain had somewhat abated. "I couldn't have got anywhere without you. Who suggested the how-many-pins-does-the-prime-minister's-hat-hold competition in Pyke's Weekly when it was touch and go if it could turn the corner? From that moment Pyke's Weekly never looked back. And on Pyke's my whole present fortune is founded. The fact is, from the very start we have worked as a team. If I had the ginger, you had the judgment. I don't suppose there's a person in the world whose judgment I respect as highly as I do yours, Francie."

Mrs. Hammond beamed.

"Well, Georgie, I'm sure I'm only too glad if my efforts to play Egeria have been successful."

"Play what?" said Sir George, looking a trifle blank.

"Egeria was a goddess who helped and inspired the Roman king, Numa Pompilius. At least, so Sinclair tells me."

She referred to Mr. Sinclair Hammond, the well-known archæologist, who enjoyed the additional distinction of being her husband.

"Now there's a fellow," said Sir George, "who, if he had a little drive and initiative, would go far. Plenty of brains."

Mrs. Hammond forbore to discuss her husband. She had grown used to his dreamy lack of ambition, his undynamic acceptance of his niche in the world. There had been a time when she had chafed at these things, but recently she had come to accept it as her cross in this life that she never seemed to marry anyone with ginger and pep. Her first husband, acquired in the days before prosperity had dawned on the family, had been a Mr. Herbert Shale, courteous and popular assistant in the hose-and-underwear department of Beasley's Stores, and him not even her great driving force had been able to shove higher up the social ladder than the rank of shop walker. Whatever his shortcomings, Sinclair was better than Herbert.

"What title did you think of adopting, Georgie?" she asked, changing the subject.

Sir George, whose great brain never wholly relaxed, even in its social moments, was speaking into the dictating device.

"Editor Pyke's Weekly, attention," he was saying. "Article next week on Famous Women Who Have Inspired Famous Men. You know—Egeria and so forth." He turned away apologetically. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said, have you thought of a title yet?"

"Just jotted down a few suggestions, that's all." He picked up the pad. "How do you like Lord Barraclough? Or Wensleydale? Or Marlinghue? The one that pleased me most was Michelhever. There's a swing about Michelhever."

Mrs. Hammond shook her head.

"Too florid. They're all too florid."

"Well, you know, a title ought to have a bit of a ring. Look at some of the ones there are already—Beaverbrook, Stratheden, Leverhulme—plenty of zip to them."

"I know, but ——"

He Inspected Very Carefully and Reverently All the Photographs of Miss Coker It Contained

"And mark you," urged Sir George, "it's deuced hard to pick something good that hasn't already been taken. The fellows who got in first skimmed the cream."

"I know. But none of these you have mentioned sounds just right to me. There is nothing actually wrong with them, and a man with your personality could carry them off; but they are all just the least bit ornate. You must not forget that eventually Roderick will have to succeed to whatever title you choose. We must not select anything that would seem ridiculous in connection with Roderick. His actual name is bad enough as it is. Roderick!" Mrs. Hammond winced. This was a painful subject with her. "How often I pleaded with poor Lucy to call him Thomas!"

The frown that had been so long absent from Sir George's happy face returned. He had the air of one into whose cup of joy an unfriendly hand has dropped a dead mouse.

"I'd forgotten all about Roderick," he said moodily.

II

THERE was a pause. The future Lord Michelhever—or possibly Wensleydale or Marlinghue—drummed irritably on the desk with his finger tips.

"How the deuce I came to have a son like that," he complained, as many a stout father had done before him and many would do when he was dead and gone, "beats me!"

"He takes after poor Lucy," said Mrs. Hammond. "She was just the same timid, feeble creature."

Sir George nodded. The mention of his long-departed wife stirred no sentimental chord in him. The days when he was plain George Pyke, humble clerk in a solicitor's office, and used to thrill at the soft voice of Lucy Maynard as she took the order for his frugal lunch at the Holborn Viaduct Cabin had long since faded from his memory. That quite unsatisfactory woman had now definitely become poor Lucy—a thing to be spoken of in much the same tone as would be accorded to measles or any other mild ailment that had attacked a great man in his infancy.

"Reminds me," said Sir George, reaching for the telephone, "that I want to have a word with Roderick. I'll do it now," he said, unconsciously quoting the motto which by his instructions had been placed in a wooden frame on every editorial desk in the building. "I rang up the Spice office just before you came, but he was still out at lunch."

"Wait one moment, Georgie. There is something I want to speak to you about before you send for Roderick." Sir George, always docile when it was she who commanded, put down the telephone. "What has he been doing that you want to see him?"

Sir George snorted.

"I'll tell you!" The agony of a disappointed father rang in his voice. In some such accents might King Lear have spoken of his children. "I gave that boy his head far too much while he was up at Oxford. I let him have a large allowance, and what did he do with it? Published a book he had written on the Prose of Walter Pater! At his own expense, in limp purple leather! And on top of that had the effrontery to suggest that the Mammoth should take over the Poetry Quarterly, a beastly thing that doesn't sell a dozen copies a year, and let him run it as editor."

"I know all that," said Mrs. Hammond, a shade impatiently. If Georgie had a fault it was this tendency of his toward the twice-told tale. "And you made him editor of Society Spice. How is he getting on?"

"That's just what I'm coming to. I started to break him into the business by making him editor of Spice, never dreaming that even he could make a mess of that. Why, the position is a sinecure! Young Pilbeam, a thoroughly able young fellow, really runs the paper. All I asked of Roderick, all I wanted him to do, was to show some signs of grip and generally find his feet before going on to something bigger. And what happens? I would like you," said the stricken father, "just to glance through this week's issue."

Mrs. Hammond took the paper. There was a silence, broken only by the rustling of leaves and Sir George's deep, overwrought breathing.

"Lacks vigor," announced Egeria at length.

"Lacks grip," said Numa Pompilius.

"Mild."

"Tame."

"Wants pep."

"Needs ginger. I made inquiries," proceeded Numa Pompilius bitterly, hurling the offending journal into a corner, "and what do you think? Young Pilbeam tells me that Roderick deliberately vetoes and excludes from the paper all the best items he submits. That's his idea of earning his salary and being loyal to the firm that employs him."

Mrs. Hammond clicked her tongue concernedly.

"It seems incredible."

"It's quite true."

"But what possible motive could he have?"

"Motive? A boy like that doesn't have to have motives. He's just a plain imbecile. I wish to heaven," cried this tortured parent, "that he would get married! A wife might make something of him."

Mrs. Hammond started.

"What an extraordinary thing that you should say that! It was the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. I suppose you realize, George, that, now you are going to receive this peerage, Roderick's marriage becomes a matter of vital importance. I mean, it is even more essential than

before that he should marry somebody in a suitable social position."

"Let me catch him," said Sir George grimly, "trying to marry anybody that isn't!"

"Well, you know, there was that girl you told me about—the one that worked as a stenographer in the Pyke's Weekly office."

"Sacked," said Sir George briefly. "Shot her out five minutes after I discovered that they were having a flirtation."

"Has he been seeing her since?"

"Wouldn't have the nerve to."

"No, that is true. Deliberate defiance of your wishes would be out of keeping with Roderick's character. Has he shown any signs of being attracted by any other girl—any girl in his own class, I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"George," said Mrs. Hammond, leaning forward, "I have been thinking of this for some time. Why should not Roderick marry Felicia?"

III

SIR GEORGE quivered from head to foot. He gazed at his sister with that stunned reverence which comes over men whose darkness has suddenly been lightened by the beacon flash of pure genius. This, he felt, was Francie at her best. This was the latest and greatest of that stream of epoch-making ideas which had begun with the how-many-pins-does-the-prime-minister's-hat-hold competition. It was inspirations such as this that gave the lie to the theory that the female brain is smaller than the male.

"Could you work it?" he quavered huskily.

"Work it?" Mrs. Hammond's eyebrows rose a fraction of an inch. "I don't understand you."

"Well, I—er ——" The rebuke to his coarse directness abashed Sir George. "What I mean is, Felicia's an uncommonly attractive girl, and Roderick—well, Roderick ——"

"Roddy is not at all unattractive, if you do not object to the rather weak type of young man. He inherits poor Lucy's pretty eyes and hair. I can easily imagine any girl admiring him."

At this statement Sir George's mouth opened. He shut it again. The remark he had intended to make concerning the mental condition of a girl who could admire Roderick was suppressed at its source. In the circumstances, he felt, it would be injudicious.

"And, of course, he is a very good match. He will have your money some day, and the title. I should call him an excellent match. Then again, I know Felicia is not in love with anybody else. And I have a great deal of influence with her."

This last sentence removed Sir George's lingering doubts. Translated into less feminine English, its meaning was clear. He had a complete faith in Francie's ability to make anyone do anything she wished. It was, in his opinion, asking a lot of a girl to require her to accept as husband a young man who deliberately excluded grip and ginger from the columns of Society Spice; but if Francie undertook to put such a transaction through it was all over but cutting the wedding cake.

"If you can persuade Roddy to propose," said Mrs. Hammond, "I think I can answer for Felicia."

"Persuade him! Roderick will do anything I tell him to. My goodness, Francie," he exclaimed, "the thought of that boy safely married to a girl who has been trained by you is—well, I can't tell you what I think of the idea! I only hope Felicia's had the sense to pattern herself on you. . . . Ah, there you are, Roderick."

A timid knock had sounded on the door while he was speaking, and into the room there now came sidling a young man. He was a tall young man, thin and of an intellectual cast of countenance. The eyes and hair to which Mrs. Hammond had alluded, those legacies from poor Lucy, formed the best part of his make-up. The eyes were large and brown; the hair, which swept flowingly over his forehead, a deep chestnut. The rather large and straggling bow tie which he wore was also admired in certain circles, but not by Sir George.

"How do you do, Aunt Frances?" said Roderick. His manner was nervous and suggested that of men who visit dentists or of small boys who go by request into the studies of head masters. "Pilbeam says you want to see me, father."

"I do," said Sir George coldly. "Sit down." Mrs. Hammond rose with her customary tact.

"I think I will be running away," she said. "I have some shopping to do."

Roderick watched her go with something of the emotions of a shipwrecked sailor on a raft who sees a sail vanishing over the horizon. He was not particularly fond of his Aunt Frances, but almost anyone who made a third at interviews between himself and his father was welcome to him. He sat down and fingered his tie uncomfortably.

"Don't fidget!" snapped Sir George. He glowered at the tie. "What the deuce do you wear that thing for? It makes me sick!"

A more spirited youth might have retorted that a man who habitually appeared in public in a waistcoat of scarlet wool could hardly lay claim to be considered *arbiter elegantiarum* in the matter of dress. Roderick, unequal to this shattering comeback, merely smiled weakly.

"I want to talk to you about Society Spice," said Sir George severely, dismissing the minor subject of costume. He retrieved the copy of the paper from the corner into which his just indignation had caused him to fling it, and began to turn its pages with knitted brow, Roderick eying him the while with all the carefree insouciance of a man watching a ticking bomb.

(Continued on Page 64)

"I Suppose Every Girl is Sort of Half in Love With a Kind of Fairy Prince—a Sort of Ideal, You Know"

THE WIND FROM THE WEST

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT WAS the wind from the West that blew Harry Daugherty out of the cabinet—a gale from the Mississippi Valley. It will be another wind from the West that will blow the next President into the White House—a tornado from the same section.

The people out in that wide territory, where the bulk of the Republican votes comes from, did not understand—or, rather, did not fully appreciate the oil disclosures. In their beginnings, at least, they were somewhat technical—political, in the Washington sense—and dealing primarily with a moot question of conservation, but the allegations made for general uneasiness, established an atmosphere, developed an area of high pressure.

Then came the Daugherty committee. What was produced there, whether sustained in its last analysis or not, was entirely understandable. It was familiar stuff. It dealt with prize fighters, bootleggers and other well-known ingredients of ordinary immoralities. Every community has a Roxie Stinson. Fantastic as it was, the people visualized the secret meeting between two men at a Washington hotel where a hundred thousand-dollar bills were passed, and many other features of the sensational testimony. The movies and cheap fiction had attended to that. Here was something the public could get its teeth into, and it had not been going on very long before the public took a bite.

President Coolidge had withstood various professional, political and party demands for the removal of Daugherty; but he could not withstand this blast of protest from the Republicans of the West, where an agrarian economic situation holds disastrous potentialities for the Republican ticket next fall, where the protest vote is enormous in possibilities, where the third-party movement is gathering strength. He bowed to it and Daugherty went. Vox populi; vox Mississippi Valley.

Likewise, any party that does not bow to it in the coming campaign will also go. That statement must not be translated into an assumption that, in the case of the Republicans, say, they must nominate a Western man for President. They need not; and they will not, anyhow, unless some terrific thing, not visible as this is written, happens before the Republican National Convention is held.

The Republicans will nominate President Coolidge; but unless the Republicans provide President Coolidge with supporting forces that are entirely compatible with the needs, not to say the demands, of the Western branch of the party, the result in November will be most dolorous to all concerned in the original enterprise.

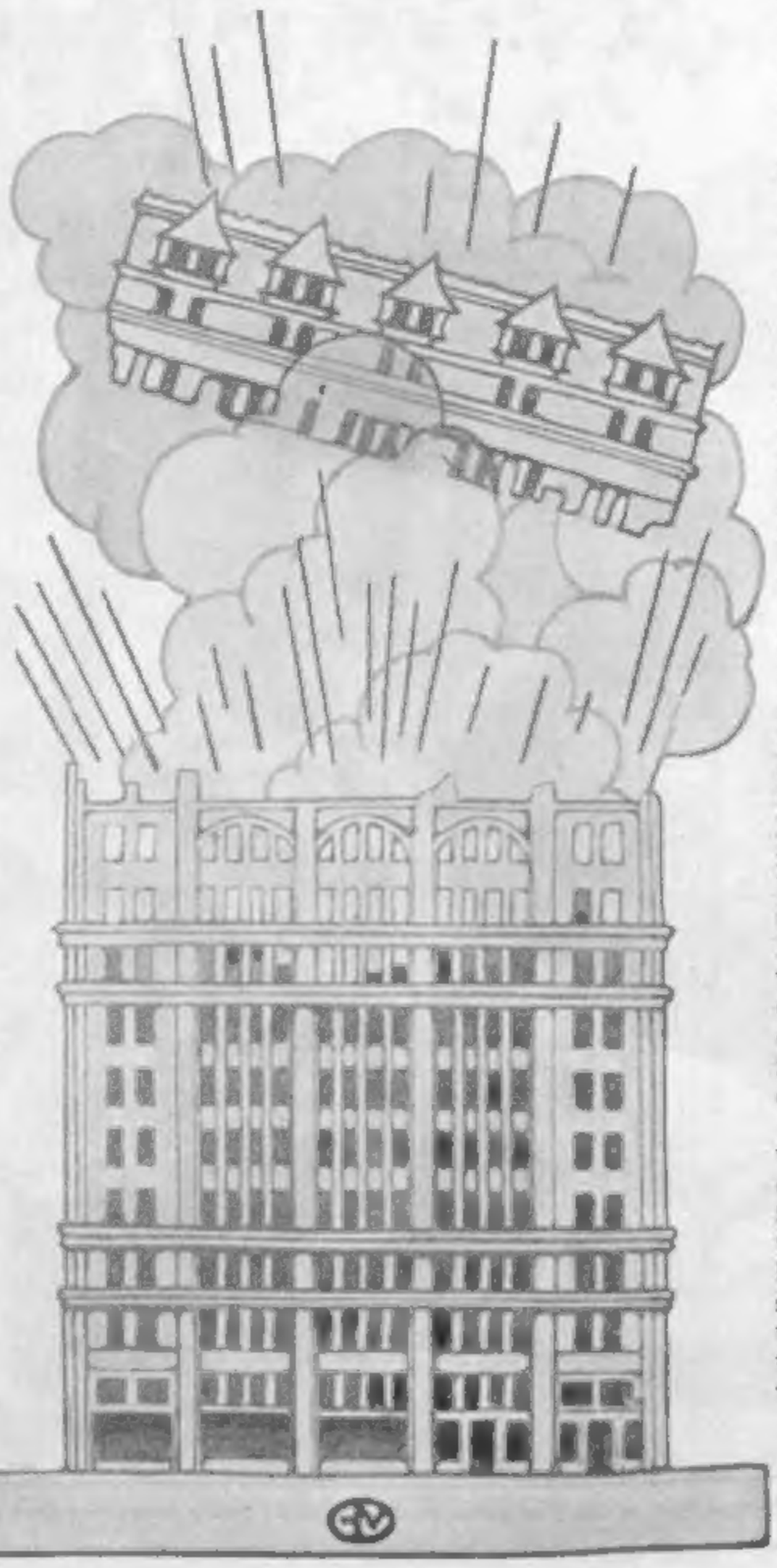
Will There be a Third Party?

NO REPUBLICAN can be elected President without the votes of that great sweep of states from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. No Republican can be elected President without the full Republican vote of those same states. Half the Republican votes will not do, nor two-thirds; for if the Republicans out there are not voting for the regular party nominee, they will be voting for an irregular or independent party nominee—somebody who was Republican or is operating under that guise. Those Republicans do not vote for Democrats in national elections to any great extent. They are a partisan lot. Hence, without full consideration of the demands of those Republicans the situation of 1912 is likely to be repeated and the Democrat elected, not because the Democrat will get the most votes but because he will get all the Democratic votes whilst the others divide the majority into two minorities.

Therefore the great political question that confronts the Republicans is not the identity of its candidate for President, wherein it differs exactly from the Democrats, whose problem is to find a nominee. The Republican candidate is already determined upon. Unless there is a political cataclysm, President Coolidge will be named. It is true that there are dissenters from this program who take two angles in their talk about forthcoming events. One group of them is made up of the cowards, the timid, ultra-expedient politicians who think it may be well to name someone else, start fresh, with 1920 and all that followed washed off the slate. These are the not inconsiderable political element who are thinking always in terms of themselves, who do not give a hoot what happens to anybody else or to the party so long as they can cushion themselves against disaster.

The others are the gloomsters who can see no light on the path, already concede defeat next November, and talk dolefully of nailing the flag to the mast and going down with the ship—but ask, "Is it necessary? Must we sacrifice the Grand Old Party to this man?" Informed that, apparently, they must, they resign all the party and its works to its horrid fate, and go about their tasks as men who are already in the shadow of the grave.

It is not conceivable that these will have any effect on the present determination to nominate President Coolidge. More than has appeared up to the time of writing must appear before there will be any other outcome of the Cleveland convention. Therefore, with the Coolidge nomination practically certain—certain unless some entirely unforeseen and unprecedented obstacle is discovered before the second week in June—the political interest that centers about Republican prospects does not center in the nominee, and does center in his platform, in the identity of the nominee for Vice President, and, most of all, in the plans of the pressure group that has been operating in the present Congress—in Senator La Follette and his band of protestants, guerrillas and radicals. The most important political question from every viewpoint—national, Republican, Democratic, economic and social—that has been before this country since the Civil War is comprised in these six words: "Will there be a third party?"



The answer that there probably will be isn't so definite as is desirable, for the reason that that answer is influenced, at the time of writing, by two distinct lines of propaganda. One of these is put out by the La Follette supporters themselves, and the other is the product of the Democrats. The plans of the two lines of propaganda are different, but the result desired is the same—the defeat of Coolidge, either at Cleveland or at the polls.

Ever since this Congress went into session there have been talks, threats and predictions of a third-party movement engineered and led by the La Follette wing. Indeed, this talk and these threats began before that. The plan was formulated soon after the congressional elections of 1922, when it was discovered that the La Follette wing held the balance of power in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Now this talk and these threats are from the loose-lipped of the insurgents, progressives, radicals or whatever they choose to call themselves; but they had their origin in a carefully thought-out plan, in a movement that was strategic, highly political, well calculated to command public attention and support because of the disgust over Washington conditions it would popularly excite if successful, and of great benefit to the originators of it.

The Whales That Mr. Walsh Caught

AS SOON as it was established that La Follette and his friends had enough votes in the Senate whereby, with a combination with the Democrats, they could command the situation, and enough votes in the House to accomplish the same results, La Follette and his close associates, raised by the elections of 1922 from objectors with only voices to projectors with extremely powerful votes and command of the situation, laid out their campaign. This campaign had for its object the discredit and defeat of President Harding during the last two years of his term and his defeat for renomination. It intended to use Harding as the point of attack with the idea of utterly routing the Old Guard and placing the radicals in control of the Republican Party.

There were four principal points of attack: Oil, prohibition, Daugherty and Republican campaign funds.

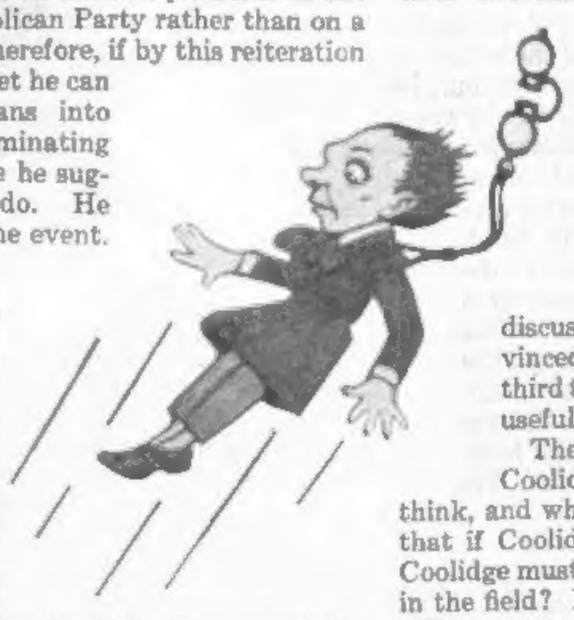
President Harding died and La Follette had a new problem—the problem of Coolidge, not personally or politically responsible, except as a Republican, for any of the matters that were to be subject of attack. He had to shift from direct frontal attack on President Harding as leader of his party and, as La Follette held, responsible for and attackable on these four points, to an attack on President Harding's party, of which President Coolidge was the leader. The personal element disappeared to some extent, but all the political elements remained.

La Follette assumed from the first that President Coolidge would be a candidate for the nomination in 1924, and set about rearranging his schedule. He retained his four points of attack—oil, Daugherty, prohibition and campaign funds, beginning with oil. It will be recalled that La Follette was the original sponsor for the resolution in the Senate demanding an investigation of the Teapot Dome oil lease. There is no way of telling just how much accurate information La Follette had, how much suspicion was behind his projects, or whether they were considered as good fishing expeditions with a chance to catch something. Probably La Follette knew things, and probably after he was started he was told things. Washington swarms with disappointed, disgruntled, vindictive talebearers of all classes, official, unofficial, social and political. And Washington swarms with spies. Washington could give points on espionage to the Czarist St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In any event, they started fishing with the oil investigation; and Senator Walsh, developing into an expert angler, caught a whale. Indeed, Walsh caught two whales—one for the Democratic Party and one for La Follette. Meantime the Daugherty exploration got under way. As has been stated, the public reaction to the oil disclosures was a sullen reaction. It was not explosive. The people resented the allegations being made at Washington, but did not entirely assimilate them. However, this sullen resentment was there, created by the Walsh witnesses; and when the Daugherty reel began to run, and the people saw on it things with which they were entirely familiar, the explosion came. And it was considerable of an explosion. Up to April fifteenth prohibition and campaign funds had not developed much.

Enough has been developed, however, to make it certain to La Follette and his followers that they are in as commanding a position in the forthcoming presidential campaign as they have been in the Congress since it met last December. Their position may not be so certain as these insurgents think it is; but as a progressive thinketh, so is he. They have waxed fat and confident.

Thus, their position has demanded, and will demand until the Republican convention meets in Cleveland, the constant assertion, one way or another, of the certainty of a third-party ticket—or, as they will probably style it, an insurgent Republican ticket. The object of that reiteration is to frighten the regular Republicans into acceding to the radical demands. Of course, La Follette would prefer to run for President himself, and on his own platform as the nominee of the regular Republican Party rather than on a rump or insurgent ticket. Wherefore, if by this reiteration of the certainty of a third ticket he can scare the regular Republicans into abandoning Coolidge and nominating either La Follette or someone he suggests, that is the thing to do. He doesn't have to bolt before the event.



Nor, if he is as good a politician as his friends say he is, will he bolt at all, in the sense of actively withdrawing from the proceedings at Cleveland. There have been stories that it is the plan of the La Follette outfit to present their platform, witness its rejection and then walk out of the convention as the Silver Republicans walked out of the St. Louis convention in 1896. That would be spectacular, but it wasn't good politics in 1896 and it will not be good politics in 1924. If there is any basis to the La Follette movement at all, it is an economic basis and not a political basis in its fundamentals. To bolt would stamp the movement as entirely political. The Roosevelt movement in 1912 was political. If La Follette is to attain any great amount of success in this coming campaign he must make his plea on economic rather than on political grounds, and his better method will be to await the action of both conventions, and then go ahead. Probably he knows that; but also it must never be forgotten that La Follette loves the spectacular and the dramatic. He is histrionic in most of his aspects.

There has been plenty of publicity over these La Follette plans and contemplations; publicity of two sorts—objective and subjective. The objective publicity has been put out for the purpose of influencing the regular Republican organization, and has originated with the La Follette partisans. The subjective publicity has been put out by the Democrats, or by those who want a third-party ticket for their own reasons, and the plan of that is to stiffen the insurgents themselves into action, to make it sure that they will name a third ticket. One principal reason for the Democratic confidence lately displayed is the belief by the Democrats that the happy situation of 1912 will arise again, and that by a split in the Republican Party they will win as President Wilson won over Taft and Roosevelt in that campaign. Of course, there is the no-election angle to that, which will be discussed presently; but the Democrats are convinced that if they can in any way help in bringing a third ticket about they will be putting triumphantly useful quantities of water on their own wheel.

The La Follette angle is this: What will the Coolidge delegates to the Cleveland convention think, and what will they do, when it is plainly apparent that if Coolidge is nominated on the sort of a platform Coolidge must be nominated on there will be a third ticket in the field? Is it not true that nine out of ten delegates will revert to the 1912 campaign and think that a third ticket in 1924 will be as certain to elect a Democratic President as the Roosevelt ticket certainly elected Wilson in 1912? With this in mind, will these delegates rush to their own destruction and insist upon Coolidge, or will they reconsider their affiliations, disregard their pledges and put party safety and the retention of power ahead of the mere personal fortunes of and obligations to any one man—even Calvin Coolidge?

That is a powerful angle, because the first principle of Republican regularity is that no man is greater than his party, and the first demand of Republican organization is that power must be retained. It will heckle those Cleveland delegates by night and day. A lot of them will wonder if there isn't a chance for a compromise with La Follette—a compromise on platform and on the nomination by taking someone for President who is adaptable enough in his politics and characteristics to wear both the La Follette and the regular uniforms—a bicolored person, part pink and part Republican true-blue. And there will be much inquiry as to what precisely La Follette wants, coupled with the assertion—the thousand assertions—that he has a nerve to want anything from a regular Republican convention in as much as he has been irregular all his life, mostly, and a destructive rather than a constructive political force from an organization viewpoint.

The assertions cover the situation. LaFollette has exactly that sort of nerve. But what he wants, specifically, cannot be so succinctly covered. Primarily, of course, what La Follette wants is power. He has had a big taste of power, a delicious mouthful, since the present Congress got under way, and he now desires the full meal, with all courses, garnishments and condiments. In addition to that, as a guaranty of the power he craves, what he wants in the way of platform demand and party principle and policy establishment is much. It comprehends the entire La Follette, from his beginnings to the present—politically, economically, sociologically and in a radical sense.

Here follow, condensed to topics, the demands La Follette will make on the Republican Party in convention

(Continued on Page 180)

THE TALL MEN—By Arthur Guiterman

THE land was loved by many, the land was held by none;
Unruled, the forest burgeoned in wind and rain and sun.
Though still across the barrens the tribes of South and North
Pursued the ranging bison and drove them back and forth,
Upon the gentle upland and river-furrowed plain
There stood no tented village, there waved no tasseled grain;
Though Iroquois and Shawnee and Creek and Delaware—
Those whooping braves of warlike clans of beaver, wolf and bear—
Awoke the echoing caverns where still their darts are found
And strove in arms to make their own the Dark and Bloody Ground;
Though still the woods were lighted by torch and council flame,
The wilderness was masterless until the Hunters came,
Until the Long Knives trod the ways that cleave the mountain wall
And thronged to Transylvania where men grew brave and tall.

Pack saddles, pack saddles, rocking through the passes,
Through the narrow mountain gaps, Cumberland and Pine,
Up the steep and shelving slope, round the bowlder masses,
Down where under virgin woods flows Nepepernine!

Deer hunters, deer hunters, keen and greatly daring,
Following the bison track over root and bole,
Silent-footed, falcon-eyed, grave or gay in bearing,
Founders, builders, pressing on, knowing not their goal!

Down the Chatterawha, the Ohio and the Green,
The Cumberland, the Licking and the waterways between,
They found the trail they wanted or they made it with the ax—
The Hunters of Kentucky with their rifles and their packs.
They built their lonely stations and the logs were cut and hewn
By the breed of Simon Kenton and the blood of Daniel Boone.
They stood behind the loopholes in their rugged palisades
Through hot and weary sieges, attacks and ambuscades.
They shot and made their sallies till the Shawnees broke and fled,
While the women charged the rifles and the women shaped the lead.
The women nursed the wounded and the women watched by night,
The women brought the water through the peril of the fight.
The mothers never faltered; and the sons that then were small
Grew as Hunters of Kentucky and were strong and brave and tall.

They earned a name that lives in song,
Those woodsmen stout and plucky
Whose hair and rifles both were long—
The Hunters of Kentucky.

Their height was mostly six-foot-one,
Their race was Anglo-Saxon;
They fought up North with Harrison,
Down South with Andrew Jackson.

Oh, they could turn a watercourse
And win a battle later,
For "every man was half a horse
And half an alligator!"

The wilderness was conquered and the wars were fought and won.
Kentucky throve and blossomed like her roses in the sun.
The Hunter of Kentucky put the laurel from his brow;
He laid aside the rifle for the sickle and the plow.
(He sometimes fought a little, as he deemed it only right
To be in decent training when one really had to fight.)
His door and heart stood open to the weary and forlorn;
He raised the finest horses and tobacco leaf and corn;
He reared his hardy offspring in the good old-fashioned way,
To ride, to shoot, to speak the truth, and vote for Henry Clay.
And still the true descendant of the Transylvania line
Through all removes and changes keeps a sacred inner shrine
For the homeland of Kentucky where the lazy rivers crawl,
Where the women all are lovely and the men are brave and tall.

The King of the River

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE king of the river was predestined to adventure. It was his heritage and he accepted it phlegmatically, as he accepted all things, both good and ill. His adventures began early in his career—on the day when he first saw the light. They began not gradually or mildly, but grimly and fiercely, and it was only a fortunate chance that prevented his first day from being his last. But the king of the river had also been born lucky. The outcome of that first day's encounter marked the beginning of his luck.

He lay with twenty-seven of his brothers and sisters in the warm shallow water close to the edge of a small cypress-bordered lagoon. He was very tired, for he had just made a long journey—a journey of more than two hundred yards from the dry ridge in the swamp where the alligator nest was situated, to the margin of the lonely swamp lake which was to be the home of his youth. The eight-foot saurian which had laid the eggs in that nest, covering them with sand and leaves and committing them to the care of the sun, had not returned when the time for hatching came, and the little black-and-yellow gators had no guide save unerring instinct.

Automatically, that one of them which was afterward to be king of the river took command. He was fully nine inches long, longer by an inch than any of the others, and doubtless it was his superior size and strength that put him in the van as the strange procession started for the lagoon. So it fell to him to break a path through the lush weeds and stiff grasses, and when at last he reached a small shallow cove of the little woods lake he was too weary to swim on to the broader reaches beyond.

He lay at the surface of the still wine-brown water, in the midst of his brothers and sisters, basking in the warm sunshine, despite his weariness deliciously content; and as he lay thus, indolently enjoying his first taste of life, death came out of the rank reeds along the shore of the cove and struck right and left, claiming a victim at each stroke. For the tall white-and-black wood ibis which had been standing motionless as a statue at the edge of the water, his long bill resting on his chest, the arrival of the gator family was an unexpected piece of luck, and he was quick to take advantage of it.

A wise old bird was this long-legged, long-necked ibis. He moved not a muscle or a feather as he watched the little saurians come down in single file through the narrow fringe of short marsh. Only when the last of them had reached the water did he stir. Then, hidden from them by a small peninsula of reeds, he hurried with swift awkward strides to the feast.

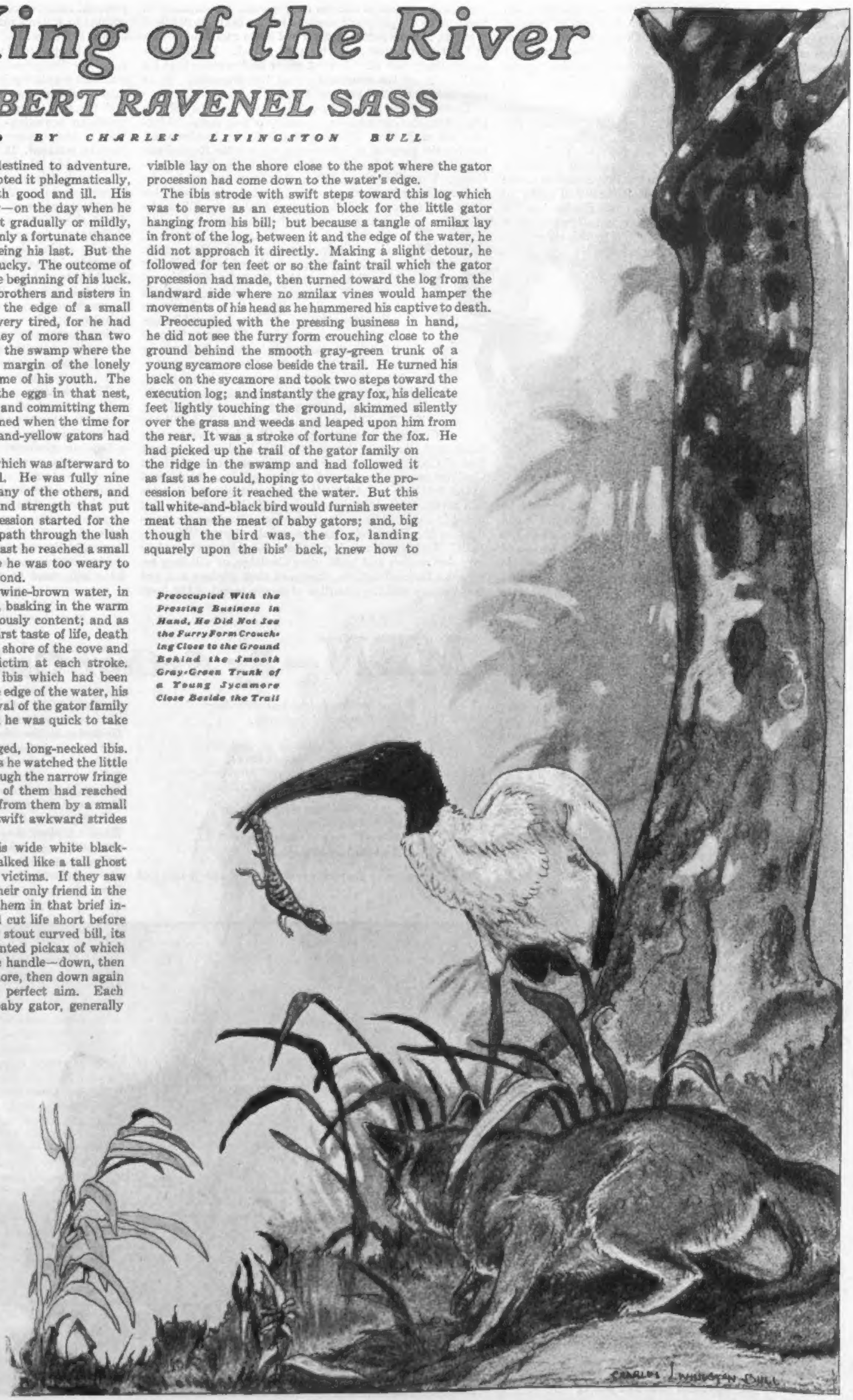
His mandibles gaped greedily, his wide white black-tipped wings were half open as he stalked like a tall ghost out of the reeds into the midst of his victims. If they saw him coming the instinct which was their only friend in the hard battle for life could not warn them in that brief instant that here was a foe who would cut life short before it had well begun. Down flashed the stout curved bill, its mandibles closed, a heavy, sharp-pointed pickax of which the ibis' long sinewy neck formed the handle—down, then up, down in another place, up once more, then down again with marvelous quickness and with perfect aim. Each time the pickax fell it fell upon a baby gator, generally striking the little saurian on the domelike head or just where neck and body joined. Six in all the ibis slew or stunned in quick succession before the survivors, awake at last to the danger, scuttled out to the deeper water or hid themselves under the duckweed and green slime. Then, with half a dozen victims dead or insensible behind him, the slayer opened his mandibles, thrust out his long neck and seized a seventh just as it was disappearing under a lily pad.

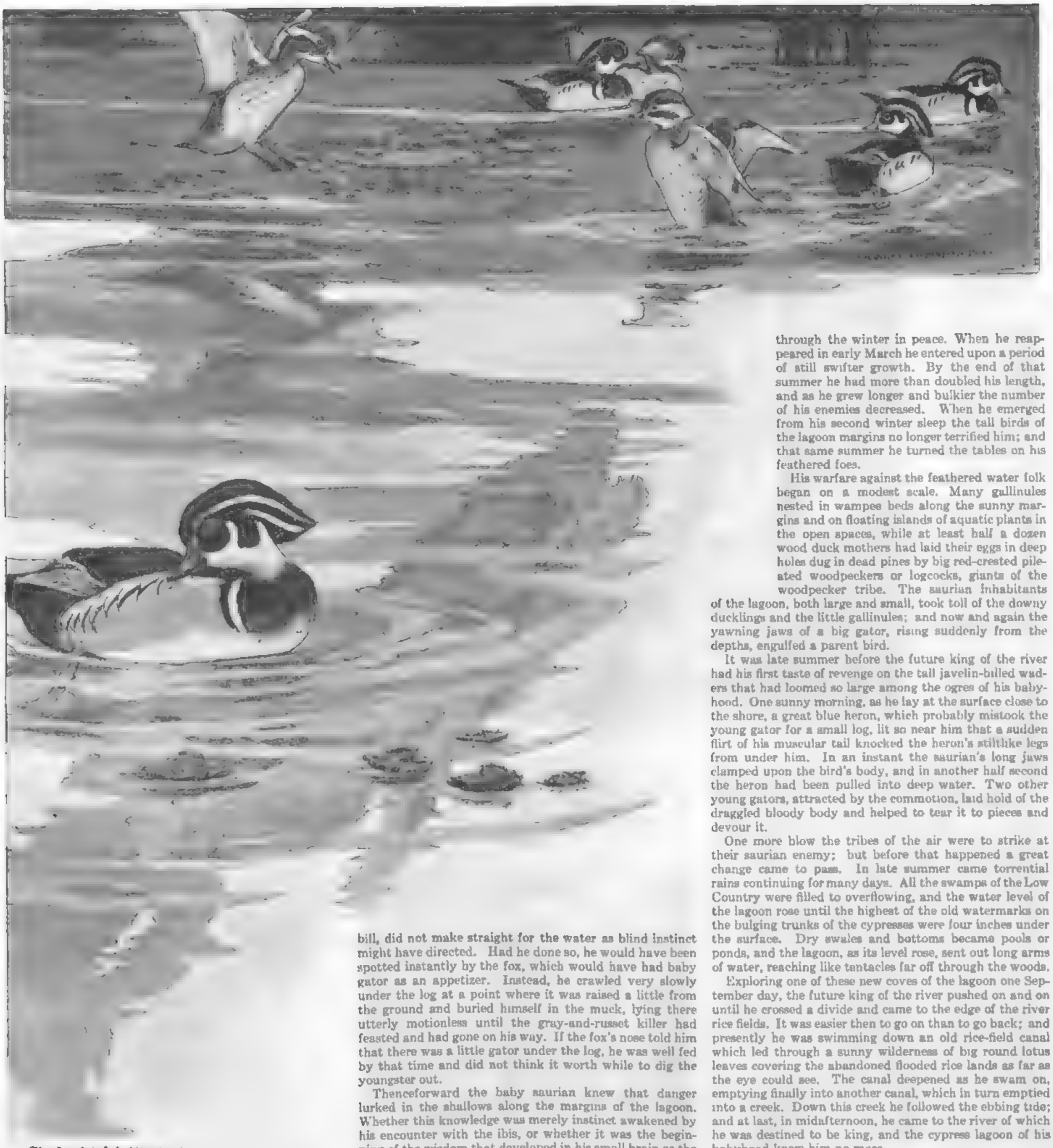
This seventh victim was he who was afterwards to be known as king of the river. He dangled by his tail from the ibis' bill as the tall bird stalked toward the shore; and it was fortunate for him that heavy rains had raised the water level of the cove, covering the dead logs and cypress knees that ordinarily studded its surface at that point. Had there been a log close at hand, the ibis would have killed him instantly by slapping his head against it; but the only log visible lay on the shore close to the spot where the gator procession had come down to the water's edge.

The ibis strode with swift steps toward this log which was to serve as an execution block for the little gator hanging from his bill; but because a tangle of smilax lay in front of the log, between it and the edge of the water, he did not approach it directly. Making a slight detour, he followed for ten feet or so the faint trail which the gator procession had made, then turned toward the log from the landward side where no smilax vines would hamper the movements of his head as he hammered his captive to death.

Preoccupied with the pressing business in hand, he did not see the furry form crouching close to the ground behind the smooth gray-green trunk of a young sycamore close beside the trail. He turned his back on the sycamore and took two steps toward the execution log; and instantly the gray fox, his delicate feet lightly touching the ground, skimmed silently over the grass and weeds and leaped upon him from the rear. It was a stroke of fortune for the fox. He had picked up the trail of the gator family on the ridge in the swamp and had followed it as fast as he could, hoping to overtake the procession before it reached the water. But this tall white-and-black bird would furnish sweeter meat than the meat of baby gators; and, big though the bird was, the fox, landing squarely upon the ibis' back, knew how to

Preoccupied With the Pressing Business in Hand, He Did Not See the Furry Form Crouching Close to the Ground Behind the Smooth Gray-Green Trunk of a Young Sycamore Close Beside the Trail





The Saurian Inhabitants of the Lagoon, Both Large and Small, Took Toll of the Downy Ducklings and the Little Gallinules

chop that long neck neatly and effectively from behind. This was the first manifestation of the luck that was to follow the future king of the river through the first months of his life—those perilous months when, far from being lord of all the water wild folk, he was among the least formidable of them all and was beset on all sides by enemies of many kinds against whom he had no defense except instinct and the cunning that grew in him as he grew.

This cunning must have begun to develop very early. Perhaps there was a hint of it in his behavior on that first day when, as the stricken ibis struggled in the throes of death, the little gator, released from the grip of that cruel bill, did not make straight for the water as blind instinct might have directed. Had he done so, he would have been spotted instantly by the fox, which would have had baby gator as an appetizer. Instead, he crawled very slowly under the log at a point where it was raised a little from the ground and buried himself in the muck, lying there utterly motionless until the gray-and-russet killer had feasted and had gone on his way. If the fox's nose told him that there was a little gator under the log, he was well fed by that time and did not think it worth while to dig the youngster out.

Thenceforward the baby saurian knew that danger lurked in the shallows along the margins of the lagoon. Whether this knowledge was merely instinct awakened by his encounter with the ibis, or whether it was the beginning of the wisdom that developed in his small brain as the months passed, it was a decisive factor in carrying him through his perilous babyhood. He still kept mainly to the shallows, for somehow he knew that there were even greater dangers in the brown translucent depths; but always he had a sharp eye open for tall birds which frequented the lagoon margins—for wood ibises, which he saw only occasionally, and for herons, which he saw in great numbers every day. The small life of the warm teeming waters afforded him abundant food; and all the while he was growing, not slowly, as most people suppose that alligators grow, but very fast.

The first and most dangerous season of his babyhood was also the shortest. A few weeks after he had emerged from the egg came the cool weather of fall; and, burying himself in the mud near the edge of the lagoon, he slept through the winter in peace. When he reappeared in early March he entered upon a period of still swifter growth. By the end of that summer he had more than doubled his length, and as he grew longer and bulkier the number of his enemies decreased. When he emerged from his second winter sleep the tall birds of the lagoon margins no longer terrified him; and that same summer he turned the tables on his feathered foes.

His warfare against the feathered water folk began on a modest scale. Many gallinules nested in wampee beds along the sunny margins and on floating islands of aquatic plants in the open spaces, while at least half a dozen wood duck mothers had laid their eggs in deep holes dug in dead pines by big red-crested pileated woodpeckers or logcocks, giants of the woodpecker tribe. The saurian inhabitants of the lagoon, both large and small, took toll of the downy ducklings and the little gallinules; and now and again the yawning jaws of a big gator, rising suddenly from the depths, engulfed a parent bird.

It was late summer before the future king of the river had his first taste of revenge on the tall javelin-billed waders that had loomed so large among the ogres of his babyhood. One sunny morning, as he lay at the surface close to the shore, a great blue heron, which probably mistook the young gator for a small log, lit so near him that a sudden flirt of his muscular tail knocked the heron's stiltlike legs from under him. In an instant the saurian's long jaws clamped upon the bird's body, and in another half second the heron had been pulled into deep water. Two other young gators, attracted by the commotion, laid hold of the draggled bloody body and helped to tear it to pieces and devour it.

One more blow the tribes of the air were to strike at their saurian enemy; but before that happened a great change came to pass. In late summer came torrential rains continuing for many days. All the swamps of the Low Country were filled to overflowing, and the water level of the lagoon rose until the highest of the old watermarks on the bulging trunks of the cypresses were four inches under the surface. Dry swales and bottoms became pools or ponds, and the lagoon, as its level rose, sent out long arms of water, reaching like tentacles far off through the woods.

Exploring one of these new coves of the lagoon one September day, the future king of the river pushed on and on until he crossed a divide and came to the edge of the river rice fields. It was easier then to go on than to go back; and presently he was swimming down an old rice-field canal which led through a sunny wilderness of big round lotus leaves covering the abandoned flooded rice lands as far as the eye could see. The canal deepened as he swam on, emptying finally into another canal, which in turn emptied into a creek. Down this creek he followed the ebbing tide; and at last, in midafternoon, he came to the river of which he was destined to be king, and the cypress lagoon of his babyhood knew him no more.

The change was an advantageous one. Fish formed his staple food and the river teemed with fish of many kinds, while the scores of canals and ditches extending from the river far across the wet rice lands on either side of the winding stream were inexhaustible hunting grounds. The young gator fed bounteously and grew faster than ever. He was big enough now to prey on the biggest of the black bass; purple gallinules which lived in the lotus fields occasionally fell victim to him; once he was lucky enough to dine on an unwary marsh rabbit; and once a young raccoon, which rashly attempted to swim a break in a rice-field bank, afforded him a sumptuous repast.

Little by little he was learning strategy. At a certain bend of the river many kingbirds perched on snags and

(Continued on Page 99)

CAMPING—OR MOVING?

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A Typical Party of Women Campers in Yosemite Valley, California

BIG Bill Mason, who runs the garage over on the other side of the continental divide, gave me the idea for this effusion, although he didn't know it at the time. Big Bill is a person of convictions and characteristics, one of which is saying exactly what he thinks. And Bill had been dragged out of bed at one o'clock in the morning for a hurried trip up Berthoud Pass in his wrecking car, so that he might tow into civilization the equipage and impedimenta of a Kansas tourist family, marooned since early evening with a broken axle.

He hadn't said much during the operation of putting a dolly under the front end of that automobile and the tortuous, slow journey into town. There were too many other things to think about—principally that of holding a wabbling car, filled with folks and fooleries, to the uncertain windings of a mountain highway. But once in the safety of the little village where he keeps his gasoline tank and his wrecking car and extra parts and other necessities, Big Bill proceeded deliberately until he reached the freight scales. Then in the gray of dawning he began yanking bags, rolls of canvas, suitcases, a set of bed springs and a half hundred other assorted things from the fenders, running boards, top and tonneau of the tourist machine and piling them upon the scale platform. The sleepy owner protested. Big Bill glared.

"You've been cussin' out this car all the way into town," he bellowed; "wonderin' what made it break down. Well, I'm showin' you. Now get that troupe of yours out and step on them scales."

Why the Axle Broke

BILL spoke in a peremptory manner—and he was obeyed. Six persons, some bulky, some otherwise, joined the mass of duffel on the platform and Big Bill adjusted the weights; after which he waved a grimy paw and made an announcement:

"That's why your danged bus broke down," he said.

The scales pointed to a gross burden of 1640 pounds!

To which there was a sequel. Four days later, when a new axle had been procured by way of a circuitous route from Denver, and installed, the bill paid and a disgruntled vacation party once more ready to resume its journey, the chastened car owner took an inventory. More, he left behind more than half the duffel he had been carrying, and when he passed through the town on the way home he was good sport enough to confess that the party never had missed it!

In fact, speaking from a mountain-vacation standpoint—which is about all I am qualified to talk about—there is a growing need for a new form of S. P. C. A., a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles. Just why it is that when a person starts forth for an automobile camping trip he believes it necessary to take along everything except the kitchen stove, I haven't the slightest idea. But it appears to be a general obsession. And I know of at least one case where even the stove wasn't left to mourn. It went right along!

Time was when a camping trip was viewed judiciously as regarded the weight of duffel that accompanied it. That was because the lugging of that duffel either had to be accomplished by means of the human back or in the rear end of a surrey or buggy, where there was none too much room. But times have changed. In the last five or six years the United States has gone camping mad. In the little Rocky Mountain town in which I live, thirty-five miles above Denver on the Victory Highway, the count of the combined constable and twenty-four-hour traffic officer shows that often as many as 2500 automobiles pass through in a day, the majority of which are equipped for spending the night out-of-doors. Not that these cars are headed toward some glen where, in a chosen spot, a camp will be erected and the party remain for a couple of weeks at a stretch, apart from civilization and with a need for supplies to last that length of time. Quite the reverse; the rule of today is to cover as much ground as possible, stopping at one spot one night, awaking the next morning and hurrying on again. I truly believe—it does not take more than a glance to size up the usual situation—that not more than 20 per cent of the cars that pass through my town have approached the camping problem with anything like a view toward practicability or common sense.

After the Day's Run, Yosemite National Park

The truth is that we've become a softened nation. There may be a pioneer craze on just now, but it consists more of lounging in an easy-chair and reading about the brave deeds of our forefathers, or of sitting in a comfortable theater seat and viewing those things made real upon a motion-picture screen, than of anything approaching actual contact with the difficulties of Nature. If the plains had to be conquered today I am afraid that the luxuries necessary would, if placed end to end, reach from Calexico, California, to Shanghai, China, via Jacksonville, and back to Emporia, Kansas—judging merely, of course, from the things a mountaineer sees piled upon the average gasping, struggling motor car bound for "just a little camping trip."

Packed But Not Weighed

NATURALLY, there are reasons for it all. One is purely psychological; a ton of coal is never so heavy when it is lifted a scuttle at a time as when one tries to move the whole thing at once. Hence, when several persons are loading an automobile for a little jaunt into outdoor life the gross weight is never considered—all that appeals is the heft of the heaviest articles. Nor, for some strange reason, do persons ever consider that they weigh anything. Nor are road conditions, effects of weather, or the power-lessening strength of grades given their proper consideration. The average city man gauges his car according to an unfair standard—what it will do on the steep paved hill in the city, with four passengers, it should do on a steeper unpaved road in the country, with six passengers, several tarpaulins, innumerable rolls of heavy cotton bed coverings, a couple of rifles, a forty-pound box of dirt containing fifty fishworms—much dirt for good health—five camp chairs, two camp cots, or a wooden-sided bed spring laced tastefully on top of the car, a suitcase for every person traveling, a sack of coal for the fire, a hundred pounds of canned goods and

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PRESENT DAY GERMANY

By Lothrop Stoddard

MODERN Germany is the victim of a tragic delusion—the delusion of believing that she still is what she was in the past. The spectacle of postwar Germany should teach people everywhere that exact knowledge and clear thinking on racial problems are vital necessities, while ignorance or self-deception in such matters may mean a people's undoing.

Germany's fundamental mistake during the generation before the Great War lay in misreading history and perverting biology—the science of race. On this basic error the Germans built up a gigantic delusion which in some sections of German public opinion came to amount almost to what insanity experts call a mania of grandeur. That phrase just fits the extreme Pan-German propaganda so many German professors and publicists spread broadcast before and during the war, which most Germans swallowed as gospel truth.

Describing past glories as present realities, and juggling racial facts to fit nationalistic hopes, these propagandists preached the amazing doctrine that the modern Germans were a chosen people, vastly superior to everybody else in every respect. The effect of this doctrine upon German public opinion was as dangerous as it was deplorable. Germans tended more and more to overrate themselves and to underrate their neighbors. Losing their sense of reality and proportion, anything that they keenly desired seemed to be within their power to attain.

Of course, Germany had no monopoly of such feelings. Prewar Europe seethed with fanatical nationalist propagandas and imperialistic foreign policies. But prewar Germany seems to have evolved a peculiarly high-flown jingoism and to have mixed nationalistic and racial ideas into an especially explosive compound.

Germany Growing Saner

ONE of the most hopeful aspects of the present situation is that postwar Germany appears to be getting into a much saner frame of mind. The old false doctrines are largely discredited, while an influential body of scholars and popular writers are educating their public to a truer knowledge of race and history, emphasizing German shortcomings and preaching a frank facing of facts, no matter how distasteful these may be. Indeed, if this realistic movement continues at its present rate, the Germans may soon come to have a far clearer outlook than some of their neighbors, notably the French, who, as we observed in a previous article, today show a disregard for historic facts and racial truths which if continued may cost them dear.

Despite all that has been written about prewar Germany's state of mind, its exact nature has seldom been realized, and can be realized only by getting a clear idea of Germany's history together with the racial changes which have taken place in its population. No country has had a more checkered past than Germany, while few countries have undergone greater shifts in racial make-up. Unhappily for Germany, its history has been full of ill fortune, while most of the racial changes that have occurred have been unfavorable ones. Even at the height of her power and prosperity, in the period just before the late war, modern Germany occupied no such commanding position in Europe as had the Germany of a thousand years before.

The Late Hugo Stinnes, Germany's Most Powerful Industrial Magnate, With His Young Daughter

As for the modern German population, it cannot compare in quality with the population of former times.

In her early days Germany was inhabited by a very high-grade Nordic population. Today, throughout the greater part of Germany, the tall, blond Nordics have been largely replaced by members of the thick-set, round-headed Alpine race, which ranks below the Nordic in both energy and intelligence. Furthermore, both the Nordic and Alpine elements in modern Germany seem to have been somewhat racially impoverished—drained of many of their ablest strains owing to the misfortunes which have afflicted Germany at various times in her troubled history.

When Germany emerged into the light of history about two thousand years ago, she appeared as a land of dense forest and marsh inhabited by a great number of tribes of pure Nordic blood. Such was the Germania of the Romans, and such were the original Germans, or Teutons. These early Germans were barbarians, but noble barbarians. The Romans recognized the Germans as their most formidable foes. After suffering one or two terrible defeats among the German forests, Rome gave up all thought of conquering Germany, building elaborate fortifications manned by her best legions to keep the dreaded barbarians out of the empire. Even in their prime the Romans regarded the Germans with respect, not unmixed with fear. Tacitus and other Roman writers frankly praised the Germans' high qualities. In Roman eyes this strange Teutonic northland, clothed with primeval forests peopled by huge blond giants, pressing ever southward out of the unknown, was an abode of mystery. Almost in awe, the Romans termed it the "womb of peoples."

The Tale of the Centuries

CENTURIES passed. Rome declined and the Nordic barbarians beat more and more fiercely upon the frontiers. Indeed, Rome would have fallen much earlier if she had not taken many Germans into her service. In Rome's last days her best legions and her ablest generals were chiefly of German blood. Yet even this clever policy could not avert ultimate ruin. Decayed to her very marrow, Rome finally collapsed and the German tribes swept over Western Europe. France, Italy and Spain were alike engulfed by the Teutonic tide, while other Teutons, going by sea, conquered Britain and made it England.

For a time all Western Europe was Nordicized. The leaders of the invading Nordics became the ruling class, while their followers settled down on the land as yeoman farmers. The native Alpine and Mediterranean inhabitants of the former Roman provinces, greatly lessened in numbers, were either reduced to serfdom or were driven into the remoter or less fertile regions. Even in Italy and Spain the Nordic conquerors must at first have formed a large percentage of the population, while France became mainly Nordic in blood.

Then began the long process of de-Nordicization, which has gone on steadily till today. This ebbing of the Nordic tide first showed itself in Italy and Spain. Handicapped by too warm a climate for their northern constitutions, and absorbed by intermarriage with the more numerous native populations, the Nordic element in Italy and Spain rapidly diminished except among the upper classes, which, protected from field labor by their rank and guarded against frequent intermarriage with the native masses by race pride or caste laws, retained a large proportion of their old Nordic blood.

All over Western Europe, however, the chief reason for Nordic decline seems to have been war—the great scourge

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PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Prosperous Germans Disporting Themselves on the Beach at Swinemünde, Pomerania

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE SHARP SHUTER

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"But I See Very Well How It Is—How You Must Feel. You are Hurt—You are Offended a Little With Us"

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn had taken such a long holiday that she could hardly have mustered courage enough to look Father Time in the face had she chanced to meet him—coming from the buffet, say, at a fancy-dress ball. And the holiday had been so expensive that when she glanced at the hole it had made in her bank account she suffered so sharp an attack of vertigo that she almost fell over the edge into the said hole, so to put it.

"Oh, but the bank man has made a mistake," she said when she recovered her breath, and added up the neat columns very carefully indeed. But the bank man proved to have done that already with the nicest, most fastidious precision.

The big blue eyes gazed intently at the book and the busy brain behind those eyes perceived at once what was unsatisfactory about the bank man's performance. All his adding up had been on that awkward, harsh-looking side of the book styled Dr. There had been very little adding necessary on the nice, benign, friendly side entitled Cr.

Winnie sighed and put the book away. She did not want to read any more tonight.

"It is only just because I haven't paid in enough money that my book looks so funny and uncomfortable," she said wistfully, sipping at her hot chocolate.

Odd how much nicer that cup of cinnamon-powdered chocolate tasted, taken before the electric fire, in bedroom slippers and cozy dressing gown, than some of the elaborately creamed and foamsome chocolate absorbed at various haunts of the wealthy during the preceding four months.

"It is just as dear daddy used to say," she murmured, gazing into the steady glow that illuminated the woolly white rug on which she was sitting all alone. "'Remember, little one, everybody enters two runners in the race of life—and two only. They are called Dr. and Cr. Nine hundred and ninety times out of a thousand you can lay a hundred to eight against Cr., for Dr. is a flyer and can stay any course on earth!'"

The lovely golden head nodded gently, reflecting the ruddy glow of the fire.

"That is so true, I think," whispered Winnie. "For Dr. never stops racing on for one single second, and Cr. has such long, long halts."

But, nevertheless, she was laughing softly when, in a few moments, she rose and, putting away the unkind bank book, went to say good night to dear little Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror.

"After all, I have been everywhere and met everyone," she sighed, bright eyes dancing; "at least everywhere that is anywhere and everyone that is anyone. And perhaps that will all be good for me some day, even if I have spent so much money. You can't have your cake and eat it, too, they say, though I think it is most unfair. One ought to be allowed to learn about things without having to pay so heavily. But never mind, I expect I shall be fortunate soon."

She returned to the hearthrug and switched off the fire.

"Dear Mr. Jay has written twice to ask if I would call, and he hardly ever asked me once before without something lucky happening. So it ought to be twice as lucky this time." The pretty dressing gown was discarded. "I shall call tomorrow just to see if he really is as anxious as he pretended to be in his last letter."

She threw back the beautifully eider-downed bedclothes and ventured between the cool linen sheets. A bare beautiful arm reached up to switch off the light.

Presently a voice, faint and lovely, floated on the still, warm air:

"Oh, how nice to be home again! Only a little flat, but I like it better than the mansions and all those great hotels, after all." A pillow was moved slightly, and after a little the voice came again more faintly: "And I was tired of being idle and extravagant. . . . It will be lovely to be industrious and frugal again. Daddy always said that industry and frugality were the keys to happiness, though he wasn't very industrious himself and hardly ever frugal, dear daddy. But then he wasn't ever very happy, either; no, not very. I must remember that, always ——"

There was a long, sleepy sigh—and Winnie was dreaming.

Her holiday had lasted nearly four months and she had by no means cramped the truth when she mourned that it had cost much money. The greater part of the time she had spent at various places with her friend Lady May Fasterton, and few indeed of the haunts of that vivacious pillar

of society were haunts in which the niggardly were welcomed or encouraged. And since it was the inflexible custom of little Miss Winnie most independently to insist upon paying her own normal expenses—though she would yield sufficiently to participate guestwise in some of the wilder extravagances of her friend—the once large and handsome current bank account had been sorely undercut, though the interest-bearing deposit account was intact.

The motor jaunt to Monte Carlo with a small but exclusive party, including May Fasterton, Lady Leasingham and one or two others, had cost Winnie nearly four hundred pounds. That would have been four perfectly good hundreds gone forever but for a foolishly rapacious person from Russia, who said he was a prince, but behaved like a rich retired Bolshevist in the raiment of a prince. This one's offer of his heart and hand having been formally rejected by Winnie in the usual way, he had devised a careful pitfall for her—in the usual way. It was necessary to bait the pitfall—with money or money's worth, in the usual way. And naturally the dreamer from far Muscovy presently found himself disconcertingly in sole occupation of the pitfall, with the bait gone will-o'-the-wisping away with Winnie—in, of course, the usual way. Elementary stuff, but it amused Lady May immensely, was no trouble at all to Winnie, and the bait cemented the Monte Carlo hole in Blue Eyes' resources very neatly indeed.

But a month in Egypt had recreated the hole on a larger scale. And nobody tried to rob the little golden-haired one, or to pounce upon her, or entrap her in any fashion whatsoever, which made it all very expensive. But Winnie was well aware that money only travels one way in the land of the Nile. Inwards, never outwards. That is what Egypt lives on. For many centuries now it has been known that practically all money taken to Egypt stays there. It is believed that the Egyptians bury it, so that our posterity, when on one of those jolly little body-snatching jaunts, shall have something to dig for besides the remains of long-deceased parties who tried to take their property with them when they left.

Egypt came expensive for Winnie. So, rather unexpectedly, did the brief yachting cruise on the Leasinghams' yacht. Paris, too, pried a formidable wedge out of the reserve, as Paris does

But there had been some charming halts or gaps in the dizzy process of spending, these occurring mainly during short visits to certain of the quieter country houses in England. Winnie had reveled in some of these places and she had made many friends among the people she had met in them. On the whole, her outlay had been money so well spent and thoroughly enjoyed that, as has been indicated, the child could estimate the casualties shown in her bank book and a few moments later float serenely into slumberland without the loss of one single second of the sound sleep so very necessary to blond beauty.

Moreover, she felt that she was about to be fortunate, and as Mr. George H. Jay, her agent, was never tired of prattling to himself, "When the little one says she feels fortunate is the time to bury your money under concrete—not that it makes much difference anyway."

It was, in a lopsided sort of way, perfectly true—the lovely little daughter of the late Capt. Pelham O'Wynn seemed to have been gifted from birth with a mind always perfectly tuned to receive the waves always given off by lonely or restless money.

She had needed every ounce of her quick and sensitive wits, for she was such a pretty girl, and so sweet, with great big blue eyes, the sunniest hair, the trimmest figure, and such appealing, lonely, feathery, unprotected ways. She had once confided in her austere-visaged maid, Thirza, that she hardly ever took a walk down Bond Street without, so to speak, being fretted by the continual snap-snap-snap of the ready teeth of the very perfectly groomed gentlemen who seem to spend so much of their time idling inconspicuously in Bond Street or thereabouts.

But this must have been a tiny joke between mistress and maid, for few indeed were the toothful jaws which closed on Winifred that were not immediately thereafter conveyed, as one may say, to the dentist for renovation and repair. For she had learned practically everything there was to be known about the very fine art of taking care of oneself. This, of course, being the fruit of much careful, even anxious, study. She had worked very hard indeed at this art, with the successful results that practically always crown hard work at any task.

There were not lacking certain critics, cool-headed folk, whose vision was not easily obscured by pulled wool, who described the girl as a gold digger. But this was severe. Let it be put a little more kindly, a shade more indulgently, a trifle more generously. Call her a little nest builder, still a few feathers short of the accumulation necessary to the completed nest—precisely like a good many millions of other nest builders from condors down to tits.

II

IT WAS with an air of expectancy curiously mingled with relief that Mr. George H. Jay, the well-known agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row, as he was wont nebulously to describe himself, read Winnie's short but friendly note next morning.

"Calling this morning at eleven—fine!" said Mr. Jay heartily to nobody. "Excellent!"

He rose, a noticeable, perhaps rather plentiful figure of a prosperous city man, very well dressed, gazed out of the window with rather glassy eyes for a moment, then stepped into the office adjoining his.

Sitting at the big desk in this room was a thin-faced, palish young man with intensely glossy black hair, very vigorously and flatly brushed back, extremely dark, deeply sunken eyes, set a trifle close together, a thin-lipped, wide mouth, pointed chin and rather bulbous jaw hinges. His long hands were noticeably well manicured, though he had splay thumbs. On the whole, a gentleman with a sharpish edge to him—a razor edge without any safety attachment.

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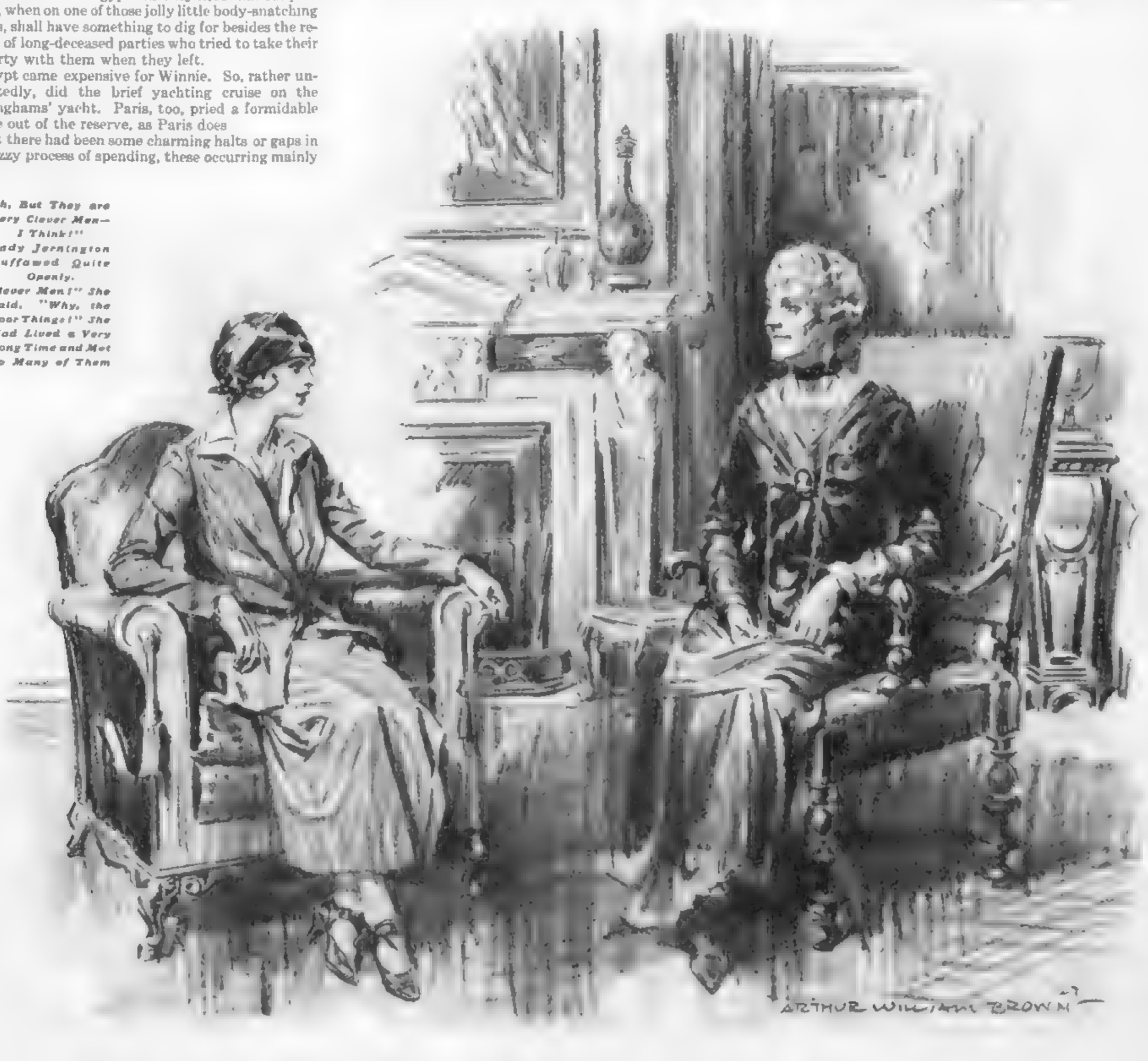

"Oh, But They are Very Clever Men—I Think!" Lady Jernington Guffawed Quite Openly. "Clever Men!" She Said. "Why, the Poor Things!" She Had Lived a Very Long Time and Met So Many of Them

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I USED to get down to the office every morning at eight, John K. Wing resumed. It was no hardship. The love of the woods has made early rising easy for me. I put the office in shape to do business. I fixed up the partners' desks, got new blotters out, saw that there were fresh pen points in the holders and that the inkwells were full, and did all such office chores. Along about 9:30 the partners came in. At ten the exchange opened. It was like the curtain going up on the performance. I made all the transfers of stock, delivered securities—stocks and bonds—to customers, and generally ran errands of all kinds. I recall that among the men to whom I used to deliver stocks was David Britton, the famous philanthropist, of whose sweetness of disposition you hear so much. He was not very sweet to me. He would scold me while I was waiting for a check. I don't remember whether or not he had cause for his tart remarks. Perhaps I was late. But I know that every time I read a magazine article about him I recollect the nonangelic side of him that he insisted upon showing me.

As I look back upon my experiences at Devlin, Litchfield & Co.'s office I can see how valuable they were to me. They were rather amusing, to boot, and when a man can laugh over his own past he has something to be grateful for. Of course I admit that for a long time I did not know what I was doing. I merely obeyed orders, which was what I was paid for; did whatever I was told to do. The economics of the business, the whys and wherefores of what I and others in the office did, I did not get at once. I have never forgotten this, and it has taught me to be tolerant with our own boys when they make mistakes that obviously arise from their failure to grasp the meaning of what they are doing. I always feel toward them as toward high marks in classes at college. They don't always go to the boys who later make the most successful men in business. The making of mistakes is nothing. Other traits, and especially certain habitual tendencies, are what count. Of course after a while the ignorant clerk becomes conscious of his ignorance, and that compels him to acquire knowledge; not because he is bound to be efficient, but because he is human. Nobody likes ignorance. It is like the vacuum that Nature is said to abhor. That was what happened to me; and I'll say right here that in acquiring knowledge I was lucky enough to acquire another equally valuable asset in business—to wit, patience.

Shopping for the Boss

I DID cheerfully whatever I was told to do because of the educational value of such obedience. It was all in the business; not the most thrilling chapter, to be sure, but nevertheless part of the same volume. I argued that in order to become a competent stockbroker one had to begin at the subcellar. That was the reason why I never objected to doing things that had nothing to do with the technic of stock brokerage. It was all obedience, and one who expects to command others has to begin by being commanded. Why, I used to take the boss' high hat to be ironed, and I'd go out and get his theater tickets and such things. It seemed to me that it was all properly my business—the business of learning the brokerage business in Mr. Devlin's office. And I want to tell you I realized that if this was to be my life's work, it would not pay me to look for snap courses. It was all very well at college to do no more than was necessary to get your degree. But success in life isn't a matter of barely pulling through.

The most important department of the broker's business is the customers. My first affair with one of them came about through Mr. Devlin's living in the country. It compelled him, as it does all commuters, to do a lot of shopping for the household. One day he brought in his wife's corsets to be fixed. I took them to the corset maker's and left them. Mr. Devlin was an experienced married man. The stays were to be done at once, and must be ready when I called for them next day. Those had been my boss' instructions from his boss, and he passed them on to me, and I impressively passed them on to the expert who was to do the necessary repairs or adjustments. He promised I could have them. Positively. The way I insisted would have made you think it was I who was afraid to go home without them.

Well, the next day I went to get them. Of course—I have since married—that specialist in corsets for commuters had no more notion of punctuality than he had of cuneiform inscriptions. I reminded him that he had positively promised to have them ready, and he said he knew it, but they were not finished and wouldn't be that day; I'd better call the next day and he'd try to have them ready. I don't remember exactly what I told him, but he came out from behind the counter and began to abuse me. He was bigger than I, so when he began to say things without smiling I lammed him and he hit the counter hard, so that a lot of shrieking females came out of the workroom in the back and began to yell "Police"; so I left.

I reported to my boss that I feared that I had lost my temper when I thought of Mrs. Devlin's disappointment. He asked me all about it, and I told him.

He laughed and said, "Never mind, Jack. You just go back tomorrow and get them. I'll square up things with my wife somehow when I go home tonight without them." I didn't know then that he had by far the harder job.

The next day I didn't go for the corsets, because they were sent to the office in the morning.

Mr. Litchfield, the junior partner, called me to his private office and said, "Do you know, young man, that you have lost us one of our best customers?"

I was so surprised that I wasn't frightened. I simply couldn't understand him. But I could see it was no joke, so I answered, "No, sir. How did it happen?" Then I thought it might have been some mistake, delivering the wrong stock perhaps, though I was pretty careful.

Licked the Wrong Man

"WELL, that corset maker you feloniously assaulted always invests his ill-gotten gains with us. He has done it for years, and his business has steadily grown. But he notified us today that we shall never get any more of it."

"I am sorry, sir," I said, thinking of my job.

"So am I," said Mr. Litchfield in his best undertaker voice.

"Yes, and do you know what my wife said?" cut in Mr. Devlin.

"What?"

"She said she hoped I'd send Jack to her tailor's and ask about that suit they promised to finish last week."

"But you shouldn't lose your temper, Jack," said Mr. Litchfield. "Do you know why I took up sparring when I went into this business? So I wouldn't be tempted to biff unreasonable customers when they blame me for not compelling them to do the right thing at the right time. Boxing is great, to teach you self-control. You ought to go in for the amateur middleweight championship, young man."

But he smiled at the end, and I didn't lose my job. I don't know whether it taught me better self-control or not. I think we acquire it with age, which brings us a truer perspective of things, including speech.

I was in Devlin, Litchfield & Co.'s office about ten months. We had pretty busy times that year. Tom Lawson ran a big bull market in coppers, and every stock-commission house in Boston got its share of the boom business. Copper stocks, as you know, were a Boston specialty. It was Boston money that developed most of the big copper mines in Michigan and later on in Montana and elsewhere. It is the same story with the telephone business—Boston money did it.

In the course of my routine business I naturally became acquainted with the other dogs in the business—office boys and messengers and clerks of other brokerage concerns. One day a friend—another chap who also had been at Harvard with me—told me that there was an opening in his firm. He said they needed a stock clerk and the wages were fifteen dollars a week.

Of course I had been getting money from home to live on, because three dollars a week didn't go very far. My father was well-to-do, and I didn't think it was good business for me to die of starvation. But fifteen dollars meant for me an increase of four hundred per cent, and it was not good business to turn my back on an increase of that magnitude. I considered other things, of course, but I did not waste much time in deciding to accept the offer.

I saw Mr. Devlin right away and told him about the offer and about my decision. He said it was a good move. He appeared to be glad, not to be rid of me but because he considered it a real advance for me. The men in his office had all been with the firm a long time and were competent, and in justice to them he couldn't jump me over them.

He urged me to go over to Reade & Co. without delay. Later on I learned that he had been good enough to telephone to his friend Mr. Reade that I was a good chap.

Reade & Co. had the ground floor of a small old-fashioned building. A hall ran through it and the firm's offices were bisected by it. The back office, where we clerks were, was on one side, while on the front or street side were the partners' private offices and the customers' room, where the big blackboard was. The firm was not then as active as it later became. Today it has its own building. Mr. Reade has retired, but the firm is one of the most prominent in Boston.

It was a good place for me to learn more about the business, because Mr. Reade was a man of ability, and the office was well conducted. I remember being impressed by the character of the clientele. One of the star customers was the late Hiram W. Miller, one of the leading capitalists of New England, who made a specialty of certain enterprises. The stocks of his companies were actively dealt in on the Boston Stock Exchange, and Mr. Reade was one of his favorite brokers. There were other men whose names were familiar to readers of the daily newspapers. They turned my thoughts to the kind of people a successful stockbroker did business for. That was the first time I told myself that a stockbroker is known by the customers he keeps.

Our New York correspondents were Dowling & Donaldson. They were members of the New York Stock Exchange—Mr. Donaldson had been its president—and we had a direct wire to their office. I thought that this was like being in actual personal contact with the source of all market wisdom. What those birds in New York didn't know about the stock-market game wasn't worth spearing with a toothpick. To me that mighty firm of brokers represented everything that made Wall Street what it was. Whenever some yellow journal made an attack on Wall Street and its methods, I took it as a personal attack on Dowling & Donaldson, and the injustice of it annoyed me. I often sat beside the telegraph operator and watched him send orders over, and saw the reports come back. Thinking of what happened at the other end of the wire was what first made me realize that the broker's business didn't begin or end in Boston; and that realization in time made me take an interest in the business that I had not felt while in Devlin's office. It brought me nearer to a thrill because of the growing comprehension of some of its various phases, for of course I did not grasp all its sides at once. It was still somewhat like watching the Moscow players.

A Customer With a System

MR. DONALDSON used to drop in to see Mr. Reade whenever he was in town. We all stared at him, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. I don't know in which particular we expected him to be different from other mortals, but we knew he wasn't everyday clay. The glamour and prestige of having been president of the New York Stock Exchange, I suppose, made the difference. He was in truth a very fine, courteous, kindly gentleman, considerate of big and little, immaculately attired, and upright and honorable in all his dealings. In later years I learned to know him, and admired him more than ever. But in those days he was the head of the firm that represented the might and mystery of the metropolis, the symbol of knowledge, of power, of money. I don't wish to convey the impression that being in Reade's office turned me into a prematurely aged man. There were dull days when we cut up in the back office pretty much as healthy young clerks do the country over. We had a soft ball and we played baseball when the boss was out of the building.

I remember one customer who was welcome in the back office quite as much as in the customers' room—a woman who had mastered the art of successful stock speculation. She did it by means of a system, and made money steadily. Her system consisted of buying Telephone stock, which, as you know, was a Boston specialty. Every two or three months this wonderful woman used to show up at the office and buy ten shares of A. T. & T. outright. Of course that stock has been trebled since, and as its business was growing steadily she couldn't lose, particularly as she never sold. That was her one and only play, and she knew she was doing the right thing. And she always did it at the right time, because she did it whenever she had the money to buy the ten shares and put them away for keeps.

As you know, the commission for buying those ten shares at, say, $140 a share, was exactly a dollar and a quarter.

And it struck her that to pay Reade & Co. only a dollar and a quarter for buying fourteen hundred dollars' worth of a stock that was sure to be worth more in time, was perfectly ridiculous. In the beginning of her speculative career she used to urge the partners to charge more, assuring them that she really preferred to pay more for their services. When she found she couldn't induce those absurd men in the front office to charge her more than the piffling dollar and a quarter commission, she salved her conscience by tipping the boy who handled the order for her. She'd give him a five-dollar bill. When that admirable customer came in, you bet there was a stampede to wait on her. The eagerness to serve her and the touching politeness of the young men from the back office made her feel more strongly than ever the inadequacy of the commission.

I was fortunate enough to earn that conscience money of hers twice. I do not recall that the dear lady ever failed to tip five dollars to the successful boy.

The firm was growing all the time and it was plain to me that there was a future for a fellow who stuck to the brokerage business. I was daily becoming surer that it was the business for me, but I was merely marching in the ranks with the others, in the general direction of a living. It was like a fellow walking north but without a definite destination. This attitude was natural. A change was bound to come, but only when I decided on a specific goal, and that normally would have come with time as I learned more about the business. The change, however, came suddenly. One day when we were all busy in the back office one of the boys came running in, all excited, and said that J. P. Morgan was in the front office. Well, the entire clerical force of Reade & Co., as one man—we weren't such a huge crowd—promptly rushed into the front to get a glimpse of the most commanding personality in financial America at that time. Well, we saw J. P. Morgan, but it wasn't the father, but the son, J. P., Jr., then known as Jack Morgan to Wall Street.

We were disappointed, but for all that the name and the presence there of the heir of the king of finance did the trick for me. It came upon me in a flash that this crown prince came from the court at New York, where everybody who expected to be somebody should go in order to work with money for money, to accomplish those great and helpful things that capital can do when intelligently and courageously directed. It was in the New York of the great Morgan, and only there, that stockbrokers could greatly prosper.

Then and there I made up my mind that, as soon as I had mastered more of those rudiments of the stock-brokerage business which I could acquire in Reade's office, I would go to New York to work in a broker's office there. That is all I wanted. To make the rest of my dream come true would be up to me. But New York was the battlefield. Golden laurels were won there more easily, or more quickly, than anywhere else in the United States. From that day on I had a goal—a broker's office in New York.

This was back in the last days of the nineteenth century. When I first went to work the general situation was like this: We were beginning to recover from several years of hard times. We had had the panic of '93, and the ensuing period of railroad receiverships that entailed stupendous losses in the country. There were mighty few Americans who were not directly or indirectly affected by the hard times of the period preceding the Bryan free-silver campaign. Why, some of our customers used to tell me of the awful times they went through, and the menace of permanent poverty that threatened them in '96. Some of them, hard-headed business men, told me that they had converted all their belongings into cash and had taken the first steps to go to England to live if the Peerless Leader was elected to the presidency of the United States as the result of his cross-of-gold speech.

And I remember hearing a commercial-paper broker in a restaurant tell a friend, with whom he was lunching at the table where I sat, that he ought to masticate his food thoroughly because that way he could get a lot more chewing for his money, and in addition avoid dyspepsia. And speaking about dyspepsia reminded him of what his brother, who worked for the Standard Oil Company, in New York, had written him. He said everybody in 26 Broadway knew that John D. Rockefeller had got nervous dyspepsia worrying over the outlook. The richest man in the world, confronted by the possibility of losing his handicap, had not masticated his food properly. It didn't pay to worry or to skimp work for the teeth.

Financial Habits of Bostonians

AFTER McKinley's election things began to mend. But people couldn't get the historical perspective, and the average man could see neither that we were recovering nor what we were recovering from. He knew that business had been bad and was getting better and the free-silver peril past. Then came our huge crops and high prices for them by reason of shortages abroad, and Europe paid us some hundreds of millions of dollars. The chemistry of Nature had transmuted earthy elements and the sun's heat and the sweat of our farmers, the summer of 1897, into a vast pile of gold.

Of course business in stocks and bonds increased, but brokerage houses did not do the volume of business that they did in the boom a few years later. In the days I'm telling you about, the Boston Stock Exchange was a respectable competitor of the New York Stock Exchange. A fair day's business for Reade & Co. was three thousand shares of stock, on which the commission totaled three hundred and seventy-five dollars. There were some days when they did as much as ten thousand shares, or twelve hundred and fifty dollars. But those were the big days, and they meant a lot of work for the clerks because most of the transactions were in lots of fifty or one hundred shares.

Much of the trading was in coppers. The railroads had just gone through receiverships and the new issues of the reorganized roads—or re-Morganized roads as some said—were not popular with investors. Atchison sold at $10, and Union Pacific at $15 a share. General Electric was not wanted in the 30's.

It was the practice in Boston to do one of two things—either invest in good stocks or speculate in all sorts of

(Continued on Page 182)

TRANSPORTATION ONLY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

A BEATIFIC grin decorated the mahogany countenance of Epic Peters as he stepped from the vestibule of his Pullman to the station platform. He shoved his service cap to a rakish angle, executed a joyous shuffle and muttered to himself, "Hot diggity dawg! Things ain't never so good they cain't git better."

The pudgy porter in charge of the adjoining car strolled down the platform. He, too, was grinning, albeit there was more than a hint of envy in his smile. "Some gal, Epic," he commented.

"Some!" Mr. Peters favored his colleague with a contemptuous stare. "Man, tha's the some-est gal! An' she's travelin' all the way to Bummin'ham."

"No?"

"Yeh. An' she's in the drawin'-room. She's nuss fo' that white lady's baby which I just ca'ied them bofe in. Seems like to me it's gwine be a clear day tomorrow even is it rainin'."

"You suttinly has all the luck, Hop Sure."

Epic chuckled. "Me an' luck is twins. Is you a good boy, Georgie, I gives you a straduction tomorrow."

Georgie turned away in response to the summons of a passenger who held an Atlanta berth check. Epic stared after him; Mr. Peters was in high good humor. Even the solemn vastness of the New York Terminal of the Pennsylvania did not eat upon his soul as it usually did. In an hour they were due to pull out on the first leg of the long trek to Birmingham, and Drawing-Room A contained a promise of adventure which sent joy to Epic's heart and caused him to throw back his head and burst into subdued but carefree song:

"There ain't no man in all this world
With a heart as true as me,
I loves 'em all, an' they responds,
As you can plainly see.
They makes no diff'ence to me,
A gal is just a gal;
But Lawd deliver me fum them
Which aims to be a pal."

Passengers arrived to claim Epic's attention. He did their bidding smilingly and pocketed their tips lightly. Things were coming Mr. Peters' way this night, and he found time to bless the day when he accepted portering as his profession. There were indeed perquisites which were not exclusively financial, and not the least of these were good-looking colored girls who traveled as nurses for white ladies. And when these white ladies occupied the drawing-room in Epic's own car —— "Hot dam! Epic—you is sho'ly gwine stick aroun' close where that gal is at."

There was more than a little justification for Epic's enthusiasm. Despite the prim severity of her nurse's garb, the dusky occupant of the drawing-room was unquestionably one of the most pulchritudinous colored ladies Mr. Peters had ever set eyes upon. She was of medium height and delectably curvy. And even if she had not exhibited any undue interest in the gangling Pullman porter, her indifference had passed unnoticed in his relish of the propinquity which would be theirs for the ensuing thirty-six hours.

Mr. Peters did not see her again between New York and Washington, and in the big Union Station of the nation's capital he caught only a glimpse of her figure as, carrying the baby, she trailed her mistress down the platform. They sought breakfast, reflected Mr. Peters; he could well afford to wait until that gustatory function had been attended to. He was quite certain that she would prove highly companionable once she had surrounded bacon and eggs and coffee with herself.

He excelled himself in setting the drawing-room to rights; before an hour of their four-hour layover had elapsed Drawing-Room A was as spick-and-span as a new pin, and Epic stood back pridefully to survey his handiwork. Then he, too, foraged for breakfast, after which he busied himself setting his car to rights, and spent the final hour in certain strictly personal preparations which were calculated to impress the colored lady with his supreme desirability.

He donned his blue coat with its silver service stripe on the sleeve; brushed his cap and shined his shoes. Then he impressed Georgie, of the Atlanta car, into relief duty while he sought one of the drug stores in the big waiting room. There he purchased a twenty-five-cent bottle of perfume, with which he lavishly beasprinkled himself. A mirror survey convinced Epic Peters that Epic Peters was quite some pumpkins. The uniform fitted his long and loose-jointed figure perfectly and his dark brown face had been scrubbed until it shone. He hummed lightly as he returned to the car. Georgie eyed him enviously and sniffed suspiciously.

"Golly Moses!" he ejaculated. "You suttinly do smell like somethin'."

"Like what?"

"Well," Georgie returned judicially, "I ain't thinkin' 'bout no rose."

The drawing-room was still vacant. Epic waited impatiently, and finally his vigil was rewarded by the sight of the white lady and her baby and the delicious nurse strolling down the platform. Mr. Peters caressed the crease of his trousers, flipped at the polished toes of his shoes with a fresh handkerchief and posed against the side of his car. He made a truly noble picture as he stood there—of which fact he was not unaware. He kept a side glance on the nurse sauntering up.

"I am Most Distinctly Not Destrous of Having No Conversation With a Menial"

The white lady mounted the platform. The nurse started to follow. Epic leaped forward, a grin splitting his countenance.

"Premit me," he offered.

The nurse turned slowly; she surveyed Hop Sure with a deliberately insolent stare.

"Sir!"

Epic exhaled in the manner of a ten-cent balloon which has suddenly come in too forcible contact with a pin.

"Lemme he'p you with that baby," he suggested weakly.

Again that insufferable scrutiny, then her words, meticulously correct: "I am not aware that I require any help."

She entered the car, leaving Mr. Peters limp and gasping. And his peace of mind was not enhanced by the grinning face of Georgie.

"Hey, Hop Sure, how you gittin' along with that gal?"

Epic glowered upon his tormentor. "Git away fum me."

"I ain't aware," mimicked Georgie, "that I is requiahed to git away fum nobody."

Mr. Peters mopped his perspiring forehead.

"'Tain't right fo' no cullud pusson to talk like she done. What you reckon is the matter with her?"

"Mebbe she don't like how you smelt. That cologne is kinder vi'lent."

"No-o"—sadly—"'tain't that, Georgie. Cologne never made no cullud gal talk like white folks."

"That," returned the porter of the Atlanta car, "is New Yawk. Does cullud folks git to be born an' raised in that town they talks queer."

"N'r neither that ain't all, Georgie—they ac's queer."

The train pulled out of Washington and settled to the long run across Virginia. Hop Sure was not entirely certain that the rebuff had been intentional; he was very much of a ladies' man although not much given to marrying, and he entertained the idea that perhaps this uppity damsel might have staged a little performance for the particular benefit of her mistress. Wherefore, when that mistress went into the diner at 12:30, Epic made it his business to sound the buzzer on the outside of the drawing-room door.

"Come!" The voice was precise and raspy. Level eyes met Epic's as the latter's head was poked inside.

"Is you alone?" queried Hop Sure ingratiatingly.

"Entirely."

"Well then ——"

"And it is my keen desire to preserve the solitude which I now possess."

"Says which?"

"I say I wish to retain my solitariness."

"You says words, gal, but they don't mean nothin'."

"They mean this: Get out!"

"Hot dam! Cullud woman, you don't care how you talks to who, does you?"

"I am most distinctly not desirous of having no conversation with a menial."

Epic was silent for a moment, while there percolated through his brain the idea that he was being insulted. And when finally he did understand, cold perspiration broke out on his forehead and he expressed himself in no uncertain terms:

"Menial? Me? Who you is, cullud woman, to call me one of them things? Reckon you think you is somebody—nussin' a baby on a train. Reckon you thinks 'cause you was raised in New Yawk you c'n pull a lot of funny fumadiddles on a Bummin'ham boy. Reckon could I buy you at what I thinks you is wuth an' sell you fo' how much you values yo'se'f I could quit the porterin' business altogether complete. Well, listen at me ——"

The woman had risen. She glared in regal anger upon the furious porter.

"Get out!"

"You wait 'til I finish."

"I have no intention of permitting you to postpone your departure another moment. I shall ——"

"Well, hush my mouf! Ain't you the flossy-talkin' female woman? Ain't you now? An' you is gwine to Bummin'ham, is you? Dawg-gone my hide! You an' Bummin'ham is gwine git along fine, you is—not! Say, listen at me, gal."

Outside the partly open door of the drawing-room the tall blue-uniformed figure of Captain Sandifer, Pullman conductor, appeared. The voice of the nurse shrilled to his ears:

"Conductor! O-o-oh, conductor!"

Sandifer shoved his way past Hop Sure. He gazed with vast disfavor upon the queenly figure of his Afro-American passenger. Negroes from New York were Captain Sandifer's pet aversion.

"What do you want?"

"This person," said the woman, indicating Epic, "is annoying me. I desire to be rid of him."

Sandifer's complexion turned quite red. "Who are you?" he demanded gruffly.

"My name is Rosemary Gunning. I am nursing this infant and your man here has been annoying me by rudely interrupting my privacy."

"Cap'n," pleaded Epic, "'tain't so a-tall. I never done nothin' to her privacy. I just come in aimin' to be friendly-like an' see was there somethin' she wanted, an' she busted right down on me with a whole lot of unnachel talkin' an' ——"

Sandifer jerked his thumb toward the door. "You pass out, Hop Sure."

Epic departed, but he was grinning. "Phew! What Cap'n Sandifer is gwine say to that woman! New Yawk cullud folks comes a long way fum bein' the fondest pussons he is of!"

Alone with the woman, Sandifer transfixed her with a glare which caused her to quake.

"Woman!" he thundered. "Do you know where you are?"

"In Virginia."

"You are. And you're getting farther South with every turn of the wheels."

He turned and slammed the door behind him. In the aisle of the Pullman he gave a single word of advice to his porter.

"Lay off that woman, Hop Sure; she's bad medicine."

"Yassuh, cap'n, but ——"

"No buts. A certain standard of service must be maintained, so the best thing you can do is stay away from that room."

Hop Sure, however, did not remain away from the room, although his frequent trips there during the day were not of his own seeking or liking. Rosemary Gunning had not missed the bitter challenge which flamed from Hop Sure's eyes, nor was she of a nature to ignore it. She summoned him on any and every provocation.

"My man, the electric fan isn't running right."

"Yo' which?"

"I said ——"

"Give me ears, gal. I ain't yo' man, an' I ain't aimin' ever to be. But was I to become such, you would git all used up in no time a-tall or even less'n that."

"I was speakin' figuratively."

"Well, you speak pussonal heahafter. An' as fo' that fan, it's busted, broke an' out of order. I hope you dies of the heat."

Later she desired that he fetch her some milk from the diner. This he did with ill grace and a well-founded suspicion that Rosemary Gunning pocketed the tip which he knew her mistress must have left with her for the porter. That night his berth making did not suit her and he was recipient of a running fire of extremely caustic comment. The following morning it was the same—plus; and all through the final hours of their run from Anniston to Birmingham she created opportunities to increase his discomfort and impress upon him her unshakable belief in her own superiority.

It was just as they passed Woodlawn, well within sight of Birmingham's impressive Terminal Station, that Epic got word with her alone.

"Gal!" he announced, "you has done yo'se'f a dirty trick. Yo' lady tol' Cap'n Sandifer that she was gwine visit in Bummin'ham fo' 'bout two months. All I has got to say is that you is gwine to be wishin' fo' New Yawk long befo' that sixty days has went."

"Pff! Your threats are not of the slightest concern to me."

"Ain't they though. Well, listen at me, cullud woman. There ain't nobody ever before rode me like you done this trip an' got away with it. Some day you is gwine come to Hop Sure an' say you is sorry; an' when you does I is gwine remark that I is durned glad. Don't forget that."

He retired hastily, but with dignity, and when she left him in the Birmingham station his sniff of hatred still sibilated in her ears.

On the station platform was the dapper debonair figure of a colored man. He was small and slender, and clad in the very latest and most bizarre of modes. This figure moved forward to greet his porter friend, but his eyes were focused speculatively upon the ravishing person of the departing Rosemary.

"Hello, Epic."

"Well, if it ain't Florian Slappey! I suttinly is delicious to see you again."

Florian shook hands perfunctorily. "You has all the luck, Hop Sure. Who that swell gal is?"

"Rosemary Gunning," responded Epic bitterly.

"Did she come all the way down fum New Yawk?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well"—Florian shook his head sadly—"I reckon you has a'ready got her staked out."

Mr. Epic Peters gripped the arm of his friend. "Stay away fum that woman, Florian."

"How come?"

"She's pizen."

"What you mean—pizen? A good-lookin' gal like her?"

"Carbolic acid looks like water, but I ain't gittin' thirsty fo' none."

Florian playfully nudged his friend. "Kinder been ridin' you?"

"Ridin' me! Boy! I is done rode. An' one thing I does say—does I an' her ever git up against one another in this heah town somebody is gwine git bumped, an' her name ain't Epic Peters."

The balance of the afternoon and all of that night Mr. Peters slumbered heavily, recuperating from the protracted labors of his arduous trip from New York. The following morning he rose and drifted languidly downtown to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he found Mr. Slappey in the final stages of divorcing an optimistic colored gentleman from the last vestiges of his ready cash

That gentleman staked his final three dollars in a handicap game of French pool, and ten minutes later Florian was just that much richer. He donned coat, washed the chalk from his hands and invited Epic to join him in a bowl of Brunswick stew. Over the savory meal Florian commented upon the thing which most vitally interested Epic.

"I has done met Rosemary."

"You did?"

"Uh-huh. An' listen at me. When you said that gal was pizen you di'n't even commence talkin'. She ain't been in Bummin'ham hahdly one day, an' half the sassiety folks is off her fo' life."

Mr. Peters nodded sagely. "I knowed it. Any gal I cain't git along with, there ain't nobody can like."

Florian inhaled a large spoonful of stew. "N'r neither that ain't all," he vouchsafed.

"Which ain't all what?"

"'Bout Rosemary Gunning."

"No?"

"You said it. Epic, who you reckon that gal has done took up with?"

"Who?"

Florian's voice dropped to a whisper: "Lucifer Pottle!"

Epic's spoon clattered to the counter and a grin of glory suffused his face. "Good luck! What is you sayin'?"

"Yassuh—Lucifer Pottle. Just him an' no other."

Evidently the information filled Epic with profound good humor. "Is you shuah?"

"Posolutely. She met up with him las' night down to the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, an' right away they gotten to be good frien's. Lucifer is a real wicked dresser."

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"Kindly Escort Me Away From This Vicinity, Mr. Pottle. I Have No Desire to Maintain Dialogue With This Person"

THE BUSINESS OF VAUDEVILLE

By Marian Spitzer

VAUDEVILLE can, without exaggeration, be termed an American institution. By that it is not implied that vaudeville is a form of entertainment exclusively found in this country, but rather that it is an integral part of American life, that in a sense it is a reflection of the taste of the American people. The fact that the movies, and more recently the radio, both regarded as dangerous rivals to the legitimate theater, have made absolutely no inroads upon the business in vaudeville theaters, that indeed the number of people who attend vaudeville shows is increasing daily, is pretty conclusive proof that vaudeville is an important factor in the amusement life of this country.

There are a number of reasons for this. In the first place there are a great many cities, some of them of really big population, where the vaudeville house is the most important if not the only theater in town. The condition of the legitimate theatrical business in recent years is largely responsible for this. Road companies have often proved so poor, with fifth-rate players and cheap scenery, that the public in towns outside the regular theatrical centers have to a considerable extent stopped patronizing them. They would rather see a good vaudeville show than a number-thirteen company of a middle-aged musical comedy.

Another and extremely important thing is that vaudeville houses are made to accommodate all pocketbooks. You can see a vaudeville show costing you anywhere from seventeen cents to three dollars. Then, too, vaudeville shows are arranged to suit all tastes. No matter what kind of person you are, you can be absolutely certain that in any halfway progressive vaudeville theater you will find something that you like. If your inclinations lead to rough-house comedy it will be there. Should you be a dance enthusiast you are sure to find a dance team; if you like jazz you'll get it, and on the other hand if you lean toward good music you're just as certain to find at least one first-class musician from the ranks of the concert or perhaps even the operatic stage.

The Big-Time Circuits

EVERY vaudeville program is planned with the same care that an important business or advertising campaign gets. Men with years of specialized training and experience in pleasing the public arrange each vaudeville bill. And behind every show is an industrial system that is vast and ramified, a system absolutely different from any other industrial machine operating anywhere in the world.

PHOTO BY PICTORIAL PRESS PHOTOS

Fred Stone, the Well-Known Actor, and His Family In Oval—Belle Baker, Singing Comedienne

There are, at a conservative estimate, twenty thousand vaudeville performers in this country, and there must be even more than that number connected with the industry in other capacities—executives and their staffs, theater managers, with their house aides, backstage employes. The industry has its own fraternal organization, the National Vaudeville Artists Club, with headquarters in a two-million-dollar building on West Forty-sixth Street, New York, branches in practically every city and town that boasts a vaudeville theater of any kind, and an active membership of twelve thousand. It even has its own class magazine, the Vaudeville News.

An approximate count of the vaudeville theaters which stretch from coast to coast, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, totals more than seven hundred. And if you include Canada, which uses American vaudeville almost exclusively, the number approximates a thousand. This does not take in the type of movie theater that throws in two or three vaudeville acts with the picture, but only houses that play five or more vaudeville acts at each performance.

Of this number somewhere between one-half and two-thirds are links in one gigantic chain, which includes the two major groups of vaudeville theaters and a number of smaller groups, as well as innumerable single houses scattered over the country.

The two major groups are, of course, the Keith and the Orpheum circuits, which together constitute what is known as big-time vaudeville. Although literally they are separate entities, actually they work together, and their joint headquarters are side by side on the sixth floor of the Palace Theater Building, on Broadway at Forty-seventh Street, New York. The Keith Circuit, which was founded some forty years ago by the late Benjamin Franklin Keith together with Edward F. Albee, its present head, extends from the Atlantic Seaboard as far west as Chicago. The domain of the Orpheum Circuit, which was really developed by Martin Beck, although it was originally founded by Morris Meyerfeld, extends from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. There are at this writing about thirty-five Keith houses and the same number of Orpheum, directly owned and operated by these circuits. Several more are in the process of erection. Besides these theaters which come under the immediate direction of the two big-time circuits, there are several hundred more owned by subsidiary organizations, such as the Moss, Proctor, Poli, Interstate and other smaller chains of theaters, all of which book their acts through the Keith and Orpheum twin offices. That is to say, these smaller circuits, whose theaters have three, four, and sometimes even five shows a day, as distinguished from the two performances daily of the big-time houses, secure all their acts from a central clearing house, the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange and the Orpheum Circuit, Inc., the details of which will be taken up later.

Leading Small-Timers

THERE are, of course, quite a number of independent vaudeville organizations, not a part of the big chain, which do not get their supply of entertainers from the central clearing house. The most important of the independent circuits are Loew's, Inc., and the Pantages Circuit, although there are several others. The Loew houses number about sixty and are scattered across the country, while the Pantages theaters, about thirty in number, are mostly in the West and Canada, although there are a few east of the Mississippi River.

The theaters of the Loew circuit often come into competition with Keith and Orpheum houses, but not altogether on their own ground, as the Loew theaters are classed as small-time houses, having three or four shows a day, usually in conjunction with a feature film. Consequently Loew's is not considered official opposition, as I believe Pantages is—conflicting as it does with some of the small-time theaters controlled by the Keith and Orpheum interests. Another thing: Marcus Loew, head of the Loew circuit, is also head of the Metro Pictures Corporation and is deeply interested in Famous Players as well, his son being married to the daughter of Adolph Zukor, head of that organization. So, since a good many Keith and Orpheum houses use moving pictures in conjunction with their vaudeville bills, it is probably deemed expedient to be on friendly terms with the Loew organization.

PHOTO BY V. H. CONNELLY, CHICAGO

At any rate, acts regularly playing Keith and Orpheum time may fill in vacant weeks by playing Loew theaters without fear of attracting unfavorable attention from their regular employers. It is not unusual to see an act at the Palace one week and to find it at Loew's State Theater, two blocks south on Broadway, a fortnight later.

However, it is not considered wise or loyal for regular Keith and Orpheum acts to fill in spare time by playing for circuits which are officially classed as opposition. This matter of opposition varies, apparently, with business conditions. The important point is that the great majority of vaudeville performers get their work directly through the

Nora Bayes, a Popular Vaudevillian

Keith-Orpheum combination, and it is the working of these organizations that will be the main basis of this article.

The vaudeville booking system is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most complicated pieces of machinery in modern business. It is divided into two parts, big time and small time, although big-time acts not infrequently play small-time houses, and occasionally the situation is reversed. Of course it is the dream of every small-time actor's life to arrive in the big time.

The booking system involves four sets of people—the performer; his agent, or personal representative, as he prefers to be called; the circuit booking man; and the manager of the theater at which the act will ultimately appear. In terms of commerce their rôles would be as follows—the performer would be the merchandise, his agent the seller, the booking man the middleman, and the theater manager the retailer. The as yet invisible public, of course, is the ultimate consumer, but, just as in a commercial enterprise, the ultimate consumer does not enter actively into the early stages of booking. Neither, for that matter, does the merchandise or the retailer.

In the beginning it is chiefly a matter between the booking man and the agent, and it takes place, if it is a big-time affair, on the sixth floor of the Palace building. Practically the entire floor, with the exception of the executive offices, is thrown into one big arena, inclosed by a fairly high wooden wall topped with a metal grille, not unlike the inclosure in banks. Inside this arena are perhaps twenty desks, which serve as the offices of the big-time bookers. Each one of these men books the acts for certain specific theaters over the circuit. One man, for instance, will take care of a chain of New York houses, another will have charge of three or four houses in Ohio, another will book perhaps Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore.

Irene Franklin, the Girl Who Made Red Hair Famous

Outside the arena are the wide aisles where stalk the agents, or personal representatives, whichever you prefer to call them, whose job it is to sell their acts to the men inside the metal grille.

Booking

THE booking floor is the open market, with all the elements that constitute a trading place. To anyone who comes upon this scene uninitiated, it all seems quite wild and incomprehensible, much as the operations on the stock exchange or the old curb market must appear to a newcomer unversed in financial trading. Considerable noise, a great deal of excited gesticulation, many strange phrases, mark the proceedings. Sometimes when I have watched it, it has reminded me of an auction sale; the agent, like the auctioneer, talks loudly and fluently upon the virtues of his client and, like the auctioneer, tries by more or less skillful methods to work up the price. Also like the auctioneer, he is invariably shocked at the incredibly low sum offered by the bidder for his priceless merchandise; and once more like the auctioneer, in the end he succumbs and makes a deal.

Booking for the small-time vaudeville theaters is done on the fifth floor of the Palace and is even more informal than the big-time operations. This market place is arranged similarly to the one upstairs, and here the booking men for what is called family time select from the almost overwhelming array of small-time acts at their disposal. It is the old story of supply and demand. There are more acts than there are engagements, so that in the interests of his client the agent cannot afford to be too independent. Incidentally, you might be interested to know that under no circumstances are the performers themselves admitted to the sacred precincts of the booking floors unless they are among the few who do their own booking.

The Duties of an Agent

PRACTICALLY every performer has an agent to do his business. Though it is officially possible for an act to book direct, and a number of acts, particularly those on long-term contracts, do so, for the average act it is almost imperative to have an agent. The agent can get more money for the turn than could the performer, traditionally a poor business man; and he can get, or at least he is supposed to, a better route, more consecutive weeks of work, shorter railroad jumps, and so on.

The agent is also supposed to look after the affairs of the artist while he is away on tour. All vaudeville performers, by the way, are referred to by themselves, and by those employing them or having any official connection with them, as artists. Regardless of what the performer may be—anything from a grand-opera tenor playing the biggest houses for a limited engagement, to the blondined damsel who gets sawed in half five times a day and six on Sundays—he or she is an artist. That is an interesting angle of the vaudeville point of view which is another thing I shall return to later.

The distance between the proffering of an act to a booker by an agent and the ultimate tour of that act on the circuit is usually a long distance on a hard road. The steps taken are as follows:

First the agent will offer the act to a small-time booker for a tryout. This is done not only in the case of a brand-new act but also quite frequently in the case of an established turn which is preparing new material for the coming season. At this time there is no attempt made to get anything like the actual price of the turn. A nominal sum is offered by the booker and at first rejected, but in the end it is usually accepted, for the act must break in, as they say in vaudeville, or it will never get a chance to show itself for a real route.

Blanche Ring, Well Known in Both Vaudeville and Musical Comedy

Well then, the nominal sum is offered and, after a little bickering and the correct gesture of protest on the part of the agent, accepted. Then the act is assigned by the booker to some small out-of-the-way theater, usually in one of the more remote suburbs. These theaters are known as hideaways, because the act can be sure that nobody important will see it while it is playing in one of them. As a rule there are three or four shows a day and a change of program in the middle of the week. Theaters that have two bills weekly are called split-week houses.

Cake-and-Coffee Houses

THERE are a few of these obscure little theaters that are called cake-and-coffee houses, because they pay their actors so little that they can barely get their meals out of the engagement. There are even some houses, performers have told me, that have a flat rate for the acts that break in—four dollars per day per person. However, most of them are not quite so arbitrary, but at best the break-in period is unprofitable.

An act may have to play four or five such split weeks at a loss before it is considered sufficiently set to submit it to the regular bookers for a route over the circuit. Then there is usually a delay while the agent and the booker argue about the offering price of the act—that is, the salary at which it shall play while it is being revealed to the regular bookers. When that is settled the act will be booked into one of the less important theaters, usually a neighborhood house, but more accessible than a hideaway. As many of the big-time booking men as possible are supposed to go to look at it. Sometimes it will play

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Toytown in the Basement of the Hippodrome, New York, Where Children May Play Before and During the Show

UNTO CÆSAR — By Dornford Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

"Jeremy," Said Eve, "You've Something I Haven't Got—Thousands of Things, of Course, But Especially One. And That's My Respect"

EVE MALORY CAREW tilted her sweet pretty chin.

"It's my hair," she said.

"Exactly," said Jeremy Broke. "That's why to cut it would be so—so blasphemous. If it was anybody else's, it'd be their funeral. But your hair's a sort of national treasure, like Anne Hathaway's cottage or Arthur's Seat—I mean, Leith Hill. It's not really yours to cut."

"It's mine to brush," said Eve; "and fix and do generally. If you had a beard ——"

"That's an idea," said Broke. "If you cut your hair I'll grow a blinkin' beard; a long, spade-shaped one—by way of protest."

Eve laughed delightedly.

"But how," she gurgled—"how would that affect me? If we kissed when we met, or always dined tête-à-tête ——"

"I trust," said Jeremy stiffly, "that the indecent spectacle of an old friend gone wrong would twist the tail of your conscience. Besides, you wouldn't like it when I accosted you in Bond Street, beard in hand."

Miss Carew shuddered. Then, "Seriously, Jeremy, why shouldn't I have it off? Listen! First, it would suit me. I went to see Sali today and he said it'd look immense. Secondly, it's the fashion. I don't want it bobbed, you know. I want it really well cut. Thirdly, I go through such hell morning and night. I wish you could see it down. Then perhaps you'd realize what I mean."

"I have," said Jeremy Broke. "The night of the Lyvedens' ball."

"Well, how would you like to have to cope with it twice a day?"

Jeremy inclined his head.

"I cannot imagine a greater privilege."

Eve smiled very charmingly.

"Let's drop hypothesis," she said, "and come back to facts. I've given you three good reasons for having it cut. Except that it's a national treasure, of which, I assume, I am the luckless trustee, can you give me one single reason why it should be preserved?"

Jeremy hesitated. Then, "No," he said quietly, "I can't."

There was a silence. The man smiled thoughtfully, staring straight ahead. With a faint frown, the girl regarded the leisurely disintegration of the logs in the grate. The distant throb of ragtime filtered into the room, only to subside, as though abashed, before the stately lecture of a Vulliamy clock.

"Let us talk," said Eve, "of the past."

"Good!" said Jeremy. "I'll begin. If I'd been brought up to be a plumber instead of a diplomat ——"

"Oh, I wish you had," said Eve. "My bath's gone wrong again."

"What, not the Roman?"

"The same," said Eve.

"There you are," said Broke. "I told you not to have it. You cannot introduce a relic of the Stone Age into a superflat. It can't be done. If you must have a circus leading out of your bedroom, the only thing to do is to set it right up and then build a house round it."

"We're off!" said Eve, bubbling.

Jeremy swallowed.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"Won't empty," said Eve. "I'm—I'm having it taken away."

"Taken away?" cried Broke.

"Well, filled in or something. I don't know what the process will be. I simply said it was to be washed out and an ordinary bath put in its place."

"Why on earth?"

"Because experience has shown me that your advice was good. Between you and me, it nearly always is—though why you keep on giving it me when I only chuck it away heaven only knows. I should have got mad months ago. I think you must be very, very strong, Jeremy. At least, I'm very conscious of being the—the weaker vessel."

"A most appropriate sensation."

Eve shot him a lightning glance. Then, "We were to talk of the past," she said quickly. "D'you remember this day a year ago?"

Jeremy knitted his brows.

"Was that the first time we met?"

"It was," said Eve. "May Day, 1923. Here in this house. . . . Jeremy, I've a confession to make. I asked that you should be introduced to me."

"Well, I asked too."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to know you," said Jeremy Broke.

"Why?"

"I suppose you attracted me."

"I must be attractive," said Eve.

"You are."

Miss Carew shrugged her white shoulders.

"I'm still unmarried," she said.

"That," said Jeremy Broke, "is your little fault. At least, rumor has it that you've turned a good many down."

"Rumor is wrong," said Eve. "I admit I've had one or two overtures, but the idea of being married for my money never appealed to me."

"I shouldn't have thought," said Broke, "that you need be afraid. If you were forty instead of twenty-four; if you had a face like the back of a hansom; if "

"Here!" said Eve. "Don't cut out the gilt. There was the making of a compliment. Besides, I value your opinion. What is my face like, Jeremy?"

The man regarded her.

"It's not like anything I've ever seen," he said.

"My mouth," said Eve, "is too large."

"No, it isn't," said Broke. "It's just perfect. So's your nose, an'—an' the rest. That's why it seems so wicked to cut your hair."

"Was it my face that attracted you—last year?"

The man considered.

"Your face and your pretty ways."

"You just felt you wanted to know me?"

"Yes."

Eve sighed.

"Well, you've had your wish," she said. "I mean, you've got to know me pretty well."

"You've been very sweet," said Jeremy.

"Don't mention it," said Miss Carew. "It's—it's been a pleasure. Besides, I'm very lonely. And I wanted to know you, you know. . . . Never mind. I hope when you're married ——"

"I'm not engaged yet."

"That's your little fault," said Eve. "I could mention several ladies who have put their arms round your neck—certainly figuratively and, for all I know, literally."

"Rot," incredulously.

"My dear, I've seen it going on. Don't be afraid; I'm not going to mention names."

"But I've no money."

"What does that matter? They have."

"I think you're mistaken," said Broke. "Everyone's always very nice, but people don't pick up stray curs ——"

"How dare you say such a thing?"

Eve was on her feet. Her brown eyes were flaming and there was wrath in her voice. Slowly Jeremy rose.

"My dear Eve ——"

"How dare you speak like that? It's cheap and paltry and it's a wicked lie. D'you think I'd give my friendship to—to a stray cur?"

"You have," said Broke. "I've seen you. Down on the Portsmouth Road. His blood was all over your dress and he died in your arms."

"Yes; but ——"

"I'll take back 'cur' if it offends you; but I'm a stray, Eve. I've nothing to offer at all. I can only just live. A plumber makes twice the money that they pay me. The jobs I was trained for are bust or sold or given to—to business men. If it wasn't for Babel, I should be on the

streets, and —— Oh, Eve, my lady, for God's sake don't cry! I didn't mean ——"

Instinctively he put out his arms and the girl slipped into them. He held her gently enough, comforting her, patting her shoulder, talking in steady tones of bygone days and gilding the future with a laughing tongue. After a little, Eve had herself in hand.

As he released her, "Let's—sit—down," she said jerkily.

They sat down together and she slid an arm through his.

"Listen!" she whispered. "I can't talk loud, because I shall cry if I do. Listen to me! I'll tell you the name of one woman who's put her arms round your neck. She's done it for nearly a year—not very glaringly until tonight. Her name's Eve—Eve Malory Carew." His fists clenched. Jeremy sat like a rock. The girl continued tremulously: "I've given you opening after opening. I've put the very words into your mouth. I've given myself away. I've asked and pleaded and begged. I've done what I've never done in all my life, what I never dreamed I should do—sunk pride, vanity, self-respect—to—make—you—speak. I'm not good at the arts, but I've used them all tonight. I gave you my profile, stared, tried to get my soul into my voice. I didn't cry to make you take me in your arms—that was a piece of sheer luck. But I did everything else. . . . Well, there you are. I've failed. And now I want to know one thing. There's only one answer you can give me; but from the way you give it I shall be able to tell if you're speaking the truth. Do you love me, Jeremy?"

The man laughed.

"You know I've been mad about you for just one year."

Eve sighed very happily.

"And I'm quite silly about you," she said. "I started dreaming about you months ago. But I think up to now I've behaved all right, haven't I?"

"Perfectly," said Broke.

Eve squeezed his arm

"I'm glad of that. And now suppose you kissed me. Or d'you think I ought to kiss you?"

Suddenly she was in his arms, blushing and breathless.

"You witch!" breathed the man. "You exquisite, glorious witch! I've steeled myself and fought a thousand times. And tonight I swore I'd see you—and kiss the rod. Rod? Sword! It's been like a sword in my side to wait upon you. Tonight was laden with memories, but I swore to come through. I swore I'd recall them and bow—and come away—walk through the wet streets triumphant, because I'd flirted with fire and not been burned. And now—I've failed." He lifted up his eyes with the look of one who is looking into heaven. "I shan't walk home, Eve. By rights I should slink, because I've broken my oath. But—I shan't—slink. I think I shall dance, Eve—dance, leap, run; give silver to the beggars I meet; shout, because you love me—because of the stars in your eyes and the flower they call your mouth." Eve flung back her beautiful head and closed her eyes. The smile on her parted lips was not of this world. "You ask if I love you. I love the lisp of your footfalls and the print of your tiny feet. I love the rustle of your gown and the silence your laughter breaks. All that you do I love—because you do it—you—Eve—my princess."

He kissed her lips.

"I'm very happy," said Eve. "I hope you are."

Broke picked her up in his arms.

"You wicked child!" he said.

"Witch, princess, child," said Eve, with an arm round his neck. "Which will you marry?"

"The child," said Jeremy Broke.

"That's right," said Eve. "The others have served their turn. The stick to persuade you to jump; the scepter to dazzle your vision." She fell to stroking his hair. "I'm really more of an artist than I thought. Looking back, I wonder I had the courage to be so indecent. Of course I was desperate. Still ——"

"It is the prerogative of royalty."

Eve made a maddening mouth.

"Diplomat!" she said. Then, "As a matter of fact, stacks of us do it all the time, darling. But I never thought I should."

The two were married one brilliant June morning full of the airs and graces of a belated spring. Broke received twelve presents, Miss Carew six hundred and four—such is the power of money. The former had already resigned his ghost of a job and was earning much less than a living by plying his pen. From this Eve sought to dissuade him, but the man was resolute.

Jeremy Broke was thirty and of a cheerful countenance. His gray eyes were set well apart and his forehead was broad. His nostrils were sensitive, his mouth firm and shapely, his thick brown hair well-ordered, his head carried high. He was tall and his shoulders were square. He had good hands, and cared for them as a man should. His manners were above reproach, his style that of a gentleman. So were his instincts.

He brought his wife no debts. He sold his great-grandfather's chronometer to pay such expenses of the wedding as are usually met by the groom; and, once married, that the money they spent was not his he made most evident. Friends, acquaintances, strangers, servants—none must credit him with Eve's wealth. He did not insist upon the truth—go about shouting "It's hers!" but the things that were Cæsar's unto Cæsar he scrupulously rendered. Most of all was he careful in private to assume no whit of that authority which riches give. He never stooped; but he never sat in her seat. It was impossible not to revere feeling so fine. His wife found it worshipful—with tears in her eyes.

Eve Malory Broke was a very striking example of the Creator's art. Her features were beautiful and she was perfectly made. The curves of her neck and shoulders, her slender white wrists, her slim silk stockings and the shining arches of her feet—these and other points lifted her straight into the champion class. She was lithe of body and light as air in the dance. The grace of her form and movement were such as Praxiteles rejoiced to turn to stone. You would have said that only an etching needle could catch her very delicate dignity but for one thing. That was her coloring. Her great brown eyes and the red-gold splendor of her amazing hair, the warm rose of her cheeks and the cream of her exquisite skin—never was leaping vitality more brilliantly declared. Old masters would have gone mad about her. Adam would have eaten out of her hand. In a word, she became her name.

A warm, impulsive nature, rich in high qualities and puny faults, made her a wife to be very proud of, to love to distraction and occasionally to oppose.

After doing their best to spoil each other for nearly ten months, Eve and Jeremy had their first pitched battle in Rome one tearful April morning.

"In other words," said the former silkily, "I can't carry my liquor."

"I never said or suggested such a thing. For all I know, you could drink me under the table."

"Then what's the point of your protest?"

Short-skirted, perched upright on a table, her knees crossed, one admirable leg slowly swinging, her beautiful fingers drumming deliberately upon the table's edge, Eve was superb. If her wonderful hair had been about her shoulders, she might have sat to a Greuze and furnished gaping posterity with a new ideal.

Jeremy swallowed.

"I think it's a pity," he said, "deliberately to put off what so very few women have."

"What's that?"

"Your ladyship"

Eve raised her brown eyes to heaven.

"Because I drink two cocktails instead of one ——"

"It's tough," said Jeremy. "It's a tough thing to do. A woman's supposed to drink, not because she likes it but because it's the fashion or because she needs bucking up. Very well, it's the fashion to drink a cocktail before your dinner. To that fashion women subscribe—many, perhaps, cheerfully—but that's their business. If they make a meal of it—ask for a second helping—the assumption or fiction that they're following a fashion is gone and they're merely advertising

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The Vanities of a Wicked World Were Against Her, But Her Love and Respect for Jeremy Beat Them Back

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

The Fake Oil-Stock Bubble

By Isaac F. Marcosson

A CERTAIN man called on an old friend who happened to be head of one of the largest and most successful oil companies in the United States. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, he said, "I want to ask your advice about buying some oil stock." The petroleum executive pushed a button and whispered instructions to the secretary who entered. In a few minutes a large folder marked "Confidential" was laid on his table. Opening it to a page showing many columns of figures he said:

"On this sheet is the record of thirty wells that we drilled in a certain field. Twenty-eight were dry holes, but the two others paid for all the rest and gave us a profit. From these figures you can see both the expense and the hazard that attach to oil production. Only a big company with immense assets such as ours can afford to take the risk."

"Shall I buy the stock I have in mind?" persisted the visitor.

"Why ask me?" replied his companion. "You had made up your mind before you entered the room."

In this episode you have the crux of the oil-stock proposition. In the first place, the game of oil finding is still a gamble despite all advance in geological research and scientific method of operation, including deep drilling. Secondly, the seeking of advice by the average man before he puts his money into a petroleum security—it is often far from secure—remains a gesture and nothing more. This is why nearly everybody loses his first $1000 in an oil venture.

Once the gold mine held out the irresistible bait for the people's savings. Hence Mark Twain's maxim, "A mine is a hole in the ground into which a fool drops his cash." Today, despite the fate of the Doctor Cooks and the loss of more than $1,000,000,000 in the last ten years in fraudulent oil stocks—it is difficult to arrive at the exact losses because the suckers seldom squeal—John Jones pursues the phantom of the golden gusher that will make him rich overnight. He even buys stock in "guaranteed gushers," which only guarantee loss.

No chapter of the American oil narrative is more spectacular than this story of the fleecing of millions of people through fake securities. The victim is always fed up with dazzling accounts of fabulous fortunes made by the few. The public seldom hears of the failures of the many. In oil, as in all other speculative undertakings, the losses far outweigh the returns. So far as the layman is concerned, more money is put into the ground than ever comes out of it. The trouble with the stock promoter is that most of the money he garners goes into his pockets.

Business Section of Fort Worth, Texas, Capital of the Oil-Promotion Campaign

The Nemesis of Swindlers

THERE is nothing particularly new in this tragedy of loss in oil stock. From the era of tulipomania in the seventeenth century, when part of Western Europe went daft on the subject of tulips—the admiration for the flower was secondary to the craze for gambling in it—through John Law's Mississippi Bubble, down to the latest Texas oil madness, speculation has fascinated the human being.

Yet a peculiar vengeance is visited upon the seducer of savings. John Law, for example, died in exile and poverty in an obscure Italian town, remote from the scenes of his temporary triumphs. So, too, with the unscrupulous oil-stock purveyor. Doctor Cook and many of his associates are in jail at Fort Worth, with prison sentences ranging from one to fourteen years hanging over their heads. Thus it usually works out that the wiliest of these gentry almost invariably lose their ill-gotten gains and face a finish with prison or social ostracism as the only alternatives. Fate works slowly to punish the guilty, but it usually succeeds in doing so. This, however, is little satisfaction for the individual who has lost his hard-earned all.

As a preliminary, what might be called the fundamentals of oil operation are worth pointing out. Oil production at the high tide of a strike in a new field is always frenzied. There is a wild rush to the scene. All sense of values is lost in the grand scramble for leases. Correct perspective is therefore impossible. It naturally follows that oil finance is equally frenzied. It is a toss-up as to which of the two kinds of madness is the worse.

People apparently see oil only through a mist of money, as it were. They read that a poverty-stricken farmer, drudging from day to day to eke out a living, becomes a millionaire overnight because the most precious of all minerals is discovered on his once-sterile land. They do not realize that this man is the exception; that for one farmer with a liquid gold mine under his feet there are millions who have only the good black earth, and not all of it is good and black. The accidental find and the swift transformation of fortune that follows stoke the furnaces of the hot-air stock promoter. He promises repeaters, but they never repeat.

Shrinkage in the Billions

THE second big basic fact is that the business of oil is not only one of the most uncertain but also one of the most expensive of all activities. Nothing impressed me more on my trip to the oil domains of the United States than the immense increase in the cost of production. Back in the early days of the industry in Pennsylvania you could put down a well with a spring pole operated by hand, by horse power, or even by a primitive steam outfit, for $1000. Today a well in California costs from $100,000 to $325,000, and not every one produces oil. The Standard of California, for example, drilled six dry holes at a total cost of $1,483,333. This shows the hazard of the enterprise even when every possible resource that money, science and equipment can bring to it is employed.

One big well, of course, will compensate a company for many dry holes; but the point to be emphasized in this connection is the small chance that the promotion outfit with limited capital has in competition with the huge established and going concerns. The public rarely pauses to reflect on this aspect. It is too intent upon trying to get something for nearly nothing. If the prospective speculator—all oil stocks are more or less speculative—would ask himself the question "What has this company done and what is it financially able to do?" he would spare himself anxiety and worse.

Moreover, if he would take the trouble to look up the vital statistics of the oil industry he would find that the immense sum of $9,250,000,000 represents the legitimate oil investment in the United States. It means that to make money in oil production you need a good deal of capital. Still more striking is the fact that during 1923, due to the immense overproduction in California and Texas, the market value of all oil stocks traded in on the big exchanges and elsewhere—and these include the securities of great companies such as the Standard group and others—underwent a depreciation of nearly $2,000,000,000. The value of the common shares of the Standard companies shrank from $3,727,332,911 to $2,716,460,977, while those of the

PHOTO BY LITTLEFIELD, GOODELLIN PHOTO COMPANY

Panoramic View of Houston, the Oil Capital of Texas. Here Some of the Most Notorious

independents went from $2,393,641,644 to $1,456,990,102. The Standard preferred stocks declined from $268,877,954 to $263,628,564, and the independents from $95,820,108 to $80,816,119. I use the figures of the American Petroleum Institute. Many of these stocks have come back to their former level, but the significant feature is that even the strongest petroleum issues are subject to considerable changes.

With the purchase of oil stock, as with many other things, the fool rushes in where the experienced investor fears to tread. There is a curious and infectious germ about this matter of becoming involved in petroleum stocks. At the outset a man buys a few promotion shares because of the extravagant claims made for an alleged property. With this performance his name gets on a so-called sucker list. Before long he begins to receive glowing literature from other companies, and his decline and fall commence. The traffic in names is one of the features of fleecing. Sometimes the principal asset of a discredited organization is its roster of victims, which can always be sold to some kindred group of grafters. The victims are considered legitimate prey for everybody in the game.

After the clean-up of the sharks at Fort Worth a sucker list was found which contained exactly 2,000,000 names. Every individual on it had been trimmed once, and in most instances many times. One reason is that, having failed on the first excursion into the fancied domain of easy wealth, the universal instinct to retrieve on the second asserts itself. The process then becomes a vicious circle. The real viciousness, however, is on the part of the crooks who penalize public credulity.

How They Showed Off a Well at Spindletop, Texas, for the Benefit of Prospective Buyers of Oil Stocks

The Speculative Tradition

OIL speculation began with the opening up of the first field on Oil Creek and along the Allegheny in Pennsylvania in 1859. From its birth, the industry seems to have been destined to some kind of inflation. Its very inception bore the earmarks of present-day promotion. As most people know, the pioneer oil well was drilled by E. L. Drake. What they do not know is that although the amount originally subscribed was only $3000, the company was capitalized for $500,000. Drake himself was not a driller, but a railway conductor. Although he delivered the goods, he was the forerunner of the variegated line of human goods that later masqueraded as oil promoters.

Oddly enough, the first oil gambling was in actual petroleum. There were no organized storage facilities. The price of the crude ranged sometimes from fifty cents to fifteen dollars a barrel during the course of twelve months. In consequence, there were frequent corners and much profiteering. Transportation facilities were so inadequate that there was even speculation in whether the product would reach the Atlantic seaboard. Oil was conveyed in barrels, and the element of theft, often inspired by the gamblers themselves, entered into the procedure and contributed to the hazard.

In those pioneer days of the industry people flocked to the new El Dorado in Pennsylvania, with its equally new brand of flowing wealth. The butcher, the barber and the baker, who became lease magnates overnight, some of them owning only one two-hundredths of an interest in a five-acre lease, and often less, had their replicas later on at Spindletop, Ranger, Burkburnett and Smackover.

It means that what might be termed the cycles of gullibility in American oil are all definitely marked in the historical sense. Each epoch began with a discovery of a new field and is labeled with the name of the locality. The curious commentary on this succession of speculative events is that no one appears to have profited by the preceding performance.

The first nation-wide orgy of oil-stock gambling came when Spindletop, in Texas, was brought in during January, 1901. The Pennsylvania excitement that followed the great well in the early 60's was practically confined to the Atlantic seaboard. Pittsburgh was the focus of the frenzy although many of the oil corners were planned in New York.

The Lucas gusher at Spindletop was the first to spatter American soil, and to put the petroleum bug into the American system. It has been there ever since. Excursions were run to Beaumont, the town nearest Spindletop, from all the big cities of the North, East and Middle West. Gushers were turned on for their benefit and the waste of oil was only exceeded by the waste of money on leases and stock. Unhappily for the purchasers, the laws which ultimately visited vengeance upon the North Central Texas oil swindlers were not in operation. The Spindletop promoters got away with everything, including murder, for life at the high tide of the boom was almost as cheap as the oil that rushed from the wells.

The Uncertainties of the Industry

SPINDLETOP will serve to illustrate another important fact in oil promotion and production that should convey a striking lesson to everyone. In any big new petroleum field two things invariably happen. The output of the greatest of gushers is a fleeting thing. The doom note is sounded from the moment the oil begins to appear. No other mineral presents such a spectacle of transitory life. A coal or a copper mine may have an almost indefinite life and the owners know exactly what they have, because the product can be blocked out. Not so with oil. It is fugitive and the total quantity cannot be ascertained in advance.

The point I want to make here, however, is that the promoter seldom gets in on the real productive proposition. He skirts the fringes. Sometimes he does not even get that far with his leases. Nor does he acquaint his clients, if they

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Oil Sharks Were Convicted and Sent to Prison for Their Fraudulent Stock-Promotion Schemes

RUSTY SKIDS A BIT

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ANYHOW, I was doin' my best and, as I was tellin' Mr. Buell, there's some days when they just won't roll right for you. It's another case where I'm called in by the boss to help him pull off a Romeo act and maybe I overplayed my hand. Or else we was outclassed from the start.

You see, we'd rushed down from Montreal so he could get in on this house party in the Berkshires, and Mr. Buell is so anxious to get there that we makes a one-day jump of it, landin' after dark. And when you've covered three hundred odd miles in a little over ten hours you ain't in any shape to go explorin' around for excitement. Chiefly you want to know where you bunk and how late you can get breakfast next mornin'. That is, if you've been behind the wheel all the time, like I had.

What's Sittin' Next to Me in the Roadster is Something Worth Stretching a Neck for Any Time. Honest, a Reg'lar Plum Blossom!

So I don't get a chance to size up this joint until the middle of the forenoon and I finds it's about the doggiest outfit I've ever put up at as a visitin' shuffer. Why, this garage-stable effect where I'm quartered, with its clock tower and all, is about as big as a young city hall, and from there to the house itself is a good five-minute walk through grounds that would make Fairmount Park look like an abandoned cow pasture.

But the whole thing ain't any too good a settin' for what brings me my scrambled eggs and bacon in the servants' dinin' room. Oh, Annabelle! Fluffy light hair, dreamy gray eyes, and the perkiest little mouth that ever wore a pout. She lets on to be peeved with me for showin' up so late.

"Say, where do you Rolls-Roughers get this Hollywood stuff from anyhow?" she asks. "Calling for breakfast at 10:30! Think this is some short-order café, or what?"

"Listen, cuteums," says I, "if I'd known who was waitin' for me I'd have been down here early enough to help the cook light the range. As it is I'm shot with luck, for now you and me can proceed to get chummy without any interference from cheap help who can't forget the days when they checked past the timekeeper at seven A.M. Eh, sweetie?"

She tosses her pointed chin and gives me the refrigerator stare. "Look who lists himself as Mr. Kid the Kidder!" says she. "Why, you ain't any more'n filler for a shrimp salad. So lay off that sweetie-cuteums line. Tea or coffee, Mr. Whosit?"

"Make it Mocha, dearie," says I, "and the closer you lean the less I'll mind bein' a half portion."

"Some folks don't know when they get the gate," says she. "Where'd you roll in from anyway?"

"Quebec, Montreal and way stations," says I; "but after findin' you, I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna jerry the carburetor and oil the valves with glue, and put in the next week tinkerin' the motor daytimes and keepin' you from bein' lonesome evenin's."

"Oh, is that so!" says she. "You don't fancy yourself or anything, do you, Mr. ——"

"Gillan, dearie, is the name," says I, "but you might as well start in callin' me Rusty, for you'll come to it. They all do, you know."

Which gets the cutest little sniff out of her. "Say, when I get callin' you any pet names, wake me up and tell me about it, for I'll be outa my head," says she.

"I went plumb off'n mine," says I, "after one slant at them gray eyes of yours. Honest, tootsie, you ought to wear dimmers with lamps like them. Hold down here while I blink myself blind."

"Blah, blah!" says she, puckerin' them perky lips.

"Thanks for the invitation," says I, "and the first dark corner we come to tonight I'll show you how to use 'em for something besides poutin'."

"Some sheik, ain't you?" says she. "Say, you look a lot like Valentino—from the ankles down."

"That bird!" says I. "Why, if he could watch some of my work once he'd be wantin' me to give him lessons by mail. But let's settle about this fox-trottin' act of ours. Where does it take place and when?"

"Oh!" says she. "Do you dance?"

"Do I dance!" says I. "Do I breathe? Say, I'll let you write the answer after the third encore, and if I ain't qualified by then I give you leave to shove me through the nearest window. I'll bet you're some stepper too. I could tell that with my eyes shut."

"I just love it," says she, "but ——"

"I know," says I. "Nothing but a bunch of dead ones around this dump. I got 'em all sized up—pie-faced butler with lumbago in his joints, two Swede shuffers that wouldn't spend a nickel to see an earthquake, and a couple of gardeners whose feet don't track. And little feather-toes here just achin' to be twirled around. Rusty to the rescue. Where's the hall, dearie?"

"Over towards Stockbridge, quite a ways," says she.

"What's a few miles to us?" says I. "When can you get loose? Soon after 8:30? Fine! I'll be waitin' for you just outside the front gates, with the bunch of roses and the box of choc'lates 'neverything. Or would you rather have orchids? All you gotta do is say the word."

That's kind of a slow start for me, but as she's pourin' my second cup of coffee she tells me her name is Annie, that she's only been in service a little over a year, that the housekeeper is an old cat, and that if she don't get to go South with the family this winter she'll quit workin' private and sign up with an uncle of hers who's a head waiter.

When I leaves she follows me out into the hallway and durin' the clinch she asks, "Was you stringin' me about tonight, Rusty?"

"You oughta know me better'n that by this time, Annie," says I. "I'm just livin' for 8:30 to come around."

And then—well, I got what I got. M-m-m-m! Tasty, I'll tell the committee. So I'm right on the crest of the wave as I strolls back to the garage, where I finds a message from the boss wantin' me to report right away and take him to the country club. He's waitin' with his bag of golf sticks as I breezes up to the porte-cochère.

"You haven't washed the car," says he.

"No, sir," says I. "Home parties hoggin' the stand all mornin'. I can slick 'er up if you'll ——"

"Never mind," says he. "I'm late now for a foursome."

"Plain or mixed?" says I.

"Stag," says he.

"Then the young lady was all dated up, eh, Mr. Buell?" says I.

"Miss Cowden doesn't play," says he.

"There's other two-handed games besides golf," I suggests.

He chucks away a cigarette peevish and shakes his head. "Not one that I'm allowed to join her in, I'm afraid, Rusty," says he.

"Oh, I see!" says I. "That other guy—the one you said always crowded you out—is busy with his old tricks, eh?"

"No," says he. "Mr. Burton isn't here. Going to marry someone else, I understand. And two other men who were expected have sent regrets. In fact, the house party has dwindled to a maiden aunt from Montclair, a middle-aged married couple from Louisville, Miss Cowden and myself."

"Well, that leaves you a clear field and no opposition, don't it, Mr. Buell?" says I.

"That's the trouble, Rusty," says he. "I was all set to follow your tactics and treat somebody rough, but there wouldn't be any credit in manhandling an under-sized, bald-headed tobacco broker, or in being rude to an old-maid aunt who gives mah-jongg lessons. Would there, now?"

I has to smother a chuckle at the way Mr. Buell's one-track mind works things out. You see, since I been doublin' for him as shuffer and Romeo secretary, we've only had one tryout, and that was nothing but a practice round with a French-Canadian girl whose lover happened to be handy and proceeded to get messy. 'Course, my advice to the boss was to chuck the butt-in one side, and he don't do a thing but toss him through a china closet. Worked swell too. She fell for the strong-arm stuff right off, and treated the boss to a five-minute romance that got him all chirked up, which makes him anxious to chase down here and try his new line on a young lady who'd given him the cold eye earlier in the season. And now when he finds there ain't anybody to throw around he acts like he had two flat tires and a broken steerin' knuckle.

Wouldn't that crimp you? Here he is, a young gent with nothing to spend but money, nothing to worry about except a hook to his drive now and then, lots of classy friends, an expert shuffer like me to pilot him around the country, and he goes droopy in the mouth corners because a few of his offhand stabs at gettin' married have gone sour.

Well, maybe you wouldn't call 'em offhand tries either, for he does work at this wilt-thou game almost as steady as if it was a life job, and he can start lovin' 'em quicker'n almost anybody I ever run across before. Give him one look around a dinner table or a ballroom and he'll pick out a candidate while the soup is bein' served or the orchestra is tunin' up. 'Course, they gotta be good-lookers and not carry weight for age, but beyond that he ain't choosy. Any shade of blonde will do, from ashes of roses to fire-hydrant

Titian, and if the pink-and-white entries are scarce he'll tag a brunette. Ten minutes later she'll catch him gazin' mushy and soulful, and within forty-eight hours he's liable to have her backed into some corner while he whispers the big question. Only a turndown don't mean a knockout. Not with him. He hunches his wide shoulders and moves on to some other place, where he repeats the process as soon as possible. A shifty lover, Mr. Sidney Buell is.

Slabs Buell, the young college hicks used to call him, I hear, and it ain't such a bad fit, for that's the way he's built.

You know—like something that had been thrown together in a hurry with most of the weight at the top. If he was as heavy from the belt down as he is from there to the neck he could block off Firpo with one hand and shove Dempsey through the ropes with the other. That is, if he didn't have such a gentle disposition. Oh, yes. Big as he is and as long as he's lived, he's just discoverin' that he can toss 'em around easy, but at that he'd never think of cuttin' loose unless he had someone to prod him into it.

Also he seems bound to have me coach him through his love affairs. Anyway, durin' the drive to the country club he opens up and tells me all about this Jean Cowden, what a stunner she is, what a fine fam'ly she comes from, and how strong he is for askin' her to be Mrs. Buell.

"Known her some time, eh?" I asks.

"Well, not exactly," says he. "But I've met her three times before this season, and I've admired her from the first."

"Just stood off and blinked at her?" says I.

He admits that's about as far as he's gone. "But there have always been so many other chaps around," he explains. "The first time was in Washington—her father was minister to somewhere, you know, and she and her mother are in the diplomatic set. That fellow Burton was there too. And he showed up in Pittsburgh when she came for a visit, and at Newport later on. If I started talking to her he was sure to come along and lug her off, or else some other man would. I never had a chance."

"But there wasn't any competition last night, was there?" I asks. "Nice moonlight and everything too. What happened?"

"Nothing," says Mr. Buell, "only I—well, I didn't get on at all with her. She turned her shoulder and talked to that old boy from Louisville about a niece of his that she'd gone to boarding school with. Then after dinner, when I tried again, she sat drumming at the piano and acted bored. Now why should she do that, Rusty?"

"H'm!" says I, lookin' wise. "Maybe you used the wrong line on her. What was it?"

"Why," says he, "I was trying to tell her what lovely hair she has. It's a fact—light and soft and silky—and it grows in little ripples all over her head."

"Sure it grows that way?" says I.

"Of course," says he. "Wasn't I leaning right over her? And her eyebrows are as daintily perfect as if they'd been sketched in by an artist—two thin sweeping arches."

"You mentioned 'em, I suppose?" says I.

"Certainly," says he. "But she almost yawned in my face. Then I told her what wonderful eyes she has. Really, it's true. They're quite a light blue, but clear and deep as the sea on a sunny day—the sort of eyes I could gaze into by the hour."

"And you did, eh?" says I.

"No," says he. "She got up and went into the library and read a book—a book on bugs! That's a sign of something, isn't it, Rusty?"

"Personally," says I, "I never had 'em pull that one on me, but I should say it meant that the act wasn't gettin' over. Listens like you'd struck a frost."

He nods and lets out a sigh. "Undoubtedly," says he. "And I presume, Rusty, that you have never had such an experience?"

"Me?" says I. "Oh, sure! I've had 'em curl their lips and turn the clammy eye, but I don't know as I ever let one walk out on me. When I see that comin' I beat 'em to it. Generally, though, they can be kidded out of a spell like that."

He stares at me for a minute and then asks, "What do you mean, kidded?"

"Why, just joshed along," says I. "You know. When they start pullin' this upstage stuff you mustn't let 'em get away with it. Don't take 'em serious. Begin razzin' 'em."

Mr. Buell shakes his head. "I'm afraid I am rather stupid, Rusty," says he, "for I don't quite follow you. I get the general idea of course, but it's all rather vague in my mind. If you could be a little less—er—poetical, and a bit more specific in your instructions."

Say, would you guess we was both talkin' the same language? I don't get him and he don't get me. But I gives it another whirl.

"Listen, Mr. Buell," says I. "You know what razz is? Well, it's like this: Next time you get chinnin' with Miss Cowden take a different tack entirely. Instead of gazin' mushy at her, start by lookin' her over slit-eyed and casual, as if she was some sort of curiosity in a tent show. You know, from the feet up and back again, like you was sizin' up a water hazard you'd never played before. Act kinda bored about it. Then spring some crack about her hair or her eyes, if you like, but make it crisp and stingy. Such as 'Well, little girl, I see you got the near-golden tresses all waved up for a party,' or 'Say, sister, who you tryin' to chill with the frosty eyes?' Any little stab like that for a snappy openin'."

Mr. Buell lets out a gasp. "But—but she would be indignant if I said anything like that to her," he protests.

"Sure!" says I. "You'd have the jump on her though. And when she gives you the tabasco comeback your cue is to feed her some more of the same. Shoot it in strong. Tell her you're sorry, but it ain't any use for her to try to vamp you because you'd promised someone you wouldn't let it happen."

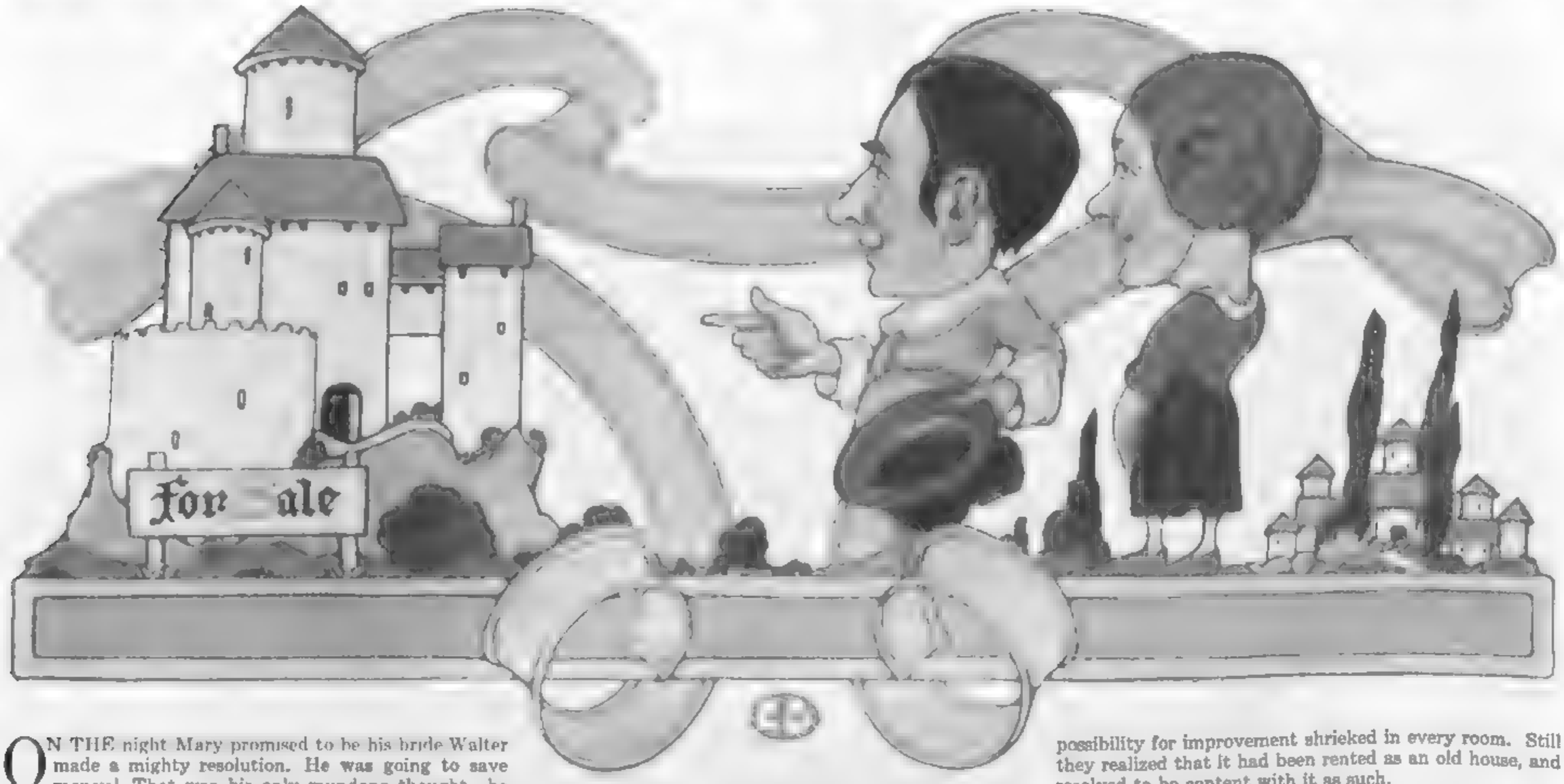
"Oh, I say!" says the boss. "She—she'd be furious."

"Anyway," says I, "that would be better than gettin' her yawny and havin' her drift off to read a bug book wouldn't it? And I bet she wouldn't quit so easy. She'd

(Continued on Page 121)

"When He Don't Get Hep to the Frapped Looks She Shoots His Way She Simply Walks Out on Him. Flat! Goes to Readin' a Book"

BUY YOUR OWN HOME?



By Felix Isman

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ON THE night Mary promised to be his bride Walter made a mighty resolution. He was going to save money! That was his only mundane thought—he would save money. He could think of nothing to hinder execution of this plan. Living at home and earning twenty-five dollars a week, without obligations of any sort, he accused himself bitterly for not having saved more than the puny $100 then in the bank. Twenty-five dollars a week was a princely salary thirty years ago—and we begin with Walter thirty years ago. But somehow there were always unexpected expenses. Most of a young man's expenses are of that sort. His parents did not ask him to pay for his board, so there were presents for his mother and sister. And there had been the expense of entertaining Mary. But he didn't think of that at the time. Now, however, he was beginning a new life; he would save money.

Six months later, when Walter and Mary were married, he had saved an additional $100. It fell far short of his expectations; in fact it made his resolution seem ludicrous. He had tried hard. It seemed penny pinching had taken the joy out of life for that whole six months, but the result was not much better than as if he had gone blithely on his way as usual.

Walter was learning that for most humans saving money is difficult to the point of being well-nigh impossible.

Smith Becomes a Landlord

HIS failure in the rôle of miser raised a question as to whether they should live with his parents or Mary's parents, but they finally decided to go ahead in spite of the difficulties and set up a home of their own. They were domestically inclined. Home would mean a great deal to them and they had sense enough to realize that fact. So the $200 was invested in furniture—that sum bought considerable furniture thirty years ago—and they rented a home. In the small city where Walter and Mary resided the custom of building whole blocks of houses for rent had not yet come into being. If one rented a house it was usually an old house, though a few were being constructed here and there for tenants. They looked at the newer houses and coveted them, but the rents were too high. They would have to find a cheaper place if ever they hoped to save enough money to own their own home. A cheaper place would mean an old house, and that is what they finally took. It was the former home of Mr. Smith, who now occupied a new house.

Smith owned the house. He and his family had occupied it. It was built some twenty years before and was all that Smith then supposed a home should be. He had it erected with large comfortable rooms, and with, at that time, every modern improvement. It cost him about $10,000 and he was perfectly willing to sell at $7500, feeling that the improvements had depreciated to that extent. The house, however, he knew was one which could be sold at an adequate price only when the right person came along for it, owing to its old-fashioned but comfortable condition, and a buyer might turn up at any minute, or not for some considerable time. He and his family would have remained in the house had his business not necessitated a change which made the location of the house inconvenient.

Mr. Smith had supposed when he vacated his old home that he would have no difficulty renting it at a profitable return, and was even optimistic enough to speculate upon the possibility of rent returns helping to discharge the mortgage on his new home. He instructed his agent to ask fifty dollars a month for the house. There might have been some inquiry if the agent had not advertised in the local newspapers, but the advertisement put all possible renters on notice that the sum asked was too large. Later this was reduced to forty dollars a month, but this fact was not advertised, and the number of possible applicants thought the old figure remained.

Smith was delighted to hear, through his agent, that Walter and Mary were thinking of taking his house. Walter had a good job. The parents of both resided in the town. They would probably remain indefinitely. In view of all the circumstances and Walter's importunities, Smith thought the rent might be fixed at thirty dollars a month. That figure was simply fixed arbitrarily. It was not based on the investment. It was based more on the present condition of the house—which, though in good shape otherwise, was old-fashioned than on its cost. The lowest possible value of the place was at least $6000, but to expect 10 per cent gross, or $600 a year, was out of the question, as his experience had shown, although that was less than 5 per cent net after paying taxes and reasonable expenditures. The rooms were large, and the whole arrangement was old-fashioned, though not at all ugly. Much more desirable houses—of course much smaller—could be had for $600 a year; some were absolutely new.

So Walter and Mary moved in with their $200 worth of new furniture. The place was too large, but they figured thirty dollars a month was just about the right amount for rent, considering their income, and the Smith place was decidedly the best for the money. They had been moved in but a few days when they were compelled to call the agent's attention to the fact that the steps were positively dangerous, that the doors to the outhouses ought at least to exist, and that certain other repairs here and there were essential to make life safe, in their opinion. He agreed and took the matter up with Mr. Smith. So the landlord welcomed the new tenants by spending precisely three months' rent on repairs.

They liked their new home in spite of its obvious shortcomings. It had a certain air about it, even though possibility for improvement shrieked in every room. Still they realized that it had been rented as an old house, and resolved to be content with it as such.

Walter and Mary were married in June. They managed to live at peace with their surrounding walls until the cold weather came and a fire was kindled in the furnace. Then they began to find fault. In spite of the fact that the furnace looked big enough for an apartment house, and used coal like a locomotive, it did not keep those large rooms warm. Something would have to be done if they were to remain. So they reported the matter to the agent.

He thought that perhaps the flue needed cleaning, so the flue was cleaned. But that didn't better the condition. Whatever was wrong related to the furnace itself. So the furnace was overhauled, and was found to be clogged with ashes, rust, dirt and all the other accumulations naturally resulting from long use. The agent thought this cleaning would bring relief, and Walter said he also hoped it would, but the main difficulty was the astonishing amount of coal consumed. A brief trial of the rejuvenated furnace proved that Walter was right. If that old house with its expansive rooms was ever to be as habitable as a smaller house in cold weather, a new furnace would be necessary.

The Landlord's Troubles Multiply

THE agent took the matter up with Mr. Smith. He remembered the furnace well. Walter and Mary got a new furnace—and three months' more rent was gone—and were comfortable during the remainder of the winter, except for the hot-water pipe to the bathroom. That old pipe served very well during the era when baths were a solemn Saturday-night ceremony, but not any more. With a larger pipe it would be easy to have plenty of water from the same kitchen stove.

"But you rented this place as an old house," the agent explained. "It is precisely because of these conditions that the rent is thirty dollars a month. If this had been a modern house the rent would have been at least fifty dollars a month."

"But it is so senseless to have a little dribble of hot water when there is fire enough to furnish plenty of hot water," Walter objected. "At least let us have the benefit of it, since we really pay for heating the water."

Now an agent is in a peculiar position in a matter of this sort. He is the attorney for both sides. His principal interest is to keep the house rented because his compensation comes from commissions, and he took the matter up with Mr. Smith on behalf of Walter and Mary, making his best argument. If he failed he was prepared to make another argument on behalf of the owner with Walter and Mary as audience. But he succeeded—somewhat to his own astonishment—so another month's rent was gone. The water pipe was replaced.

There was a tradition in the family which reared Mary, and that tradition related to spring cleaning. Carpets had to be torn up, rugs belabored with switches, rags had to be

passed along the molding, and all sorts of feats performed. It was a period when the men were alternately put out of the house and summarily dragged into it, and made uncomfortable in either case. At this time of chaos and soiled hands and long-handled brooms it was necessary to have the paperhangers add to the general disturbance and disorder. So when spring came Mary fixed the agent with a determined look and told him that the front room would have to be repapered, also the dining room. The others needed it, Mary said, but she was willing to compromise on that point. As for the two mentioned, however, there could be no compromise.

The agent pointed out that the wall covering in the front room and dining room was of the very finest quality; the front room was silk. If it was replaced nothing of equal quality could be expected. In reply Mary showed him that the stuff was faded wherever the direct rays of sunlight from the windows struck it and that the uneven color was absurd. It was old and dingy and hard to live with, no matter what its quality. Something much cheaper would be acceptable if new and bright. Mary said she felt that she couldn't live with the old paper a day longer.

And Mary meant what she said. There were those traditions in her family and they related to spring cleaning and paperhanging. Either those things were done in the spring or one curled up and died of humiliation. And the agent took the matter up with Mr. Smith; and the paperhangers came with their buckets and boards and shears and brushes to spend a few days in that big front room, and two months' more rent went where the woodbine twineth—up the spout.

Mary Scores Another Point

AFTER the work was done, however, Mary was disappointed. At first she couldn't make up her mind just what the trouble was. It seemed that the wall paper didn't look the same on the walls as it had looked in the sample book. But a careful survey of the resplendent front room and dining room disclosed the fact that new paper brought out with glaring ugliness the dingy condition of the interior painting and the wall paper of the other rooms. Window sashes and sills, the foot boards and every bit of painted or varnished wood in those two rooms at least needed attention.

Mary pointed out to the agent that it was simply wasteful to leave the house in that condition after spending so much on the paper.

Mary had a good case and she knew how to present it. And again the agent saw Mr. Smith. So the painters came and finished the job with notable improvement to appearances. And two months' more rent disappeared in improvement. Mary was delighted with the new wall paper now. It looked like something, and less like a well-dressed person with a dirty face.

At the end of the first year Mr. Smith took stock. He received $360 from Walter and Mary; expended $90 in repairs before they moved in, $90 repairing the furnace, $50 for installing a larger hot-water pipe, $60 for new wall paper, and $60 for painting, $140 for city taxes, $18 for water rent, $24 for fire insurance; so the ledger read: Income, $360; outgo, $532; deficit first year, $172, together with interest on the value of the house.

But Smith thanked his stars that he was not compelled to pay mortgage interest, the house being clear of encumbrances.

But an old house is an old house, and there is always something wrong with it. The next difficulty was in the cellar. Mary was neat about the kitchen. Her mother had taught her to take pride in it. Nevertheless, the place seemed to be overrun with mice, roaches and ants. She told her mother about this astonishing situation, always heretofore a proof to her mind of slovenly housekeeping.

"Is the cellar cemented?" her mother asked.

"Partly," Mary answered.

"If the cellar isn't well cemented," her mother said, "you are probably harboring all the vermin of the neighborhood. That ought to be fixed, because it is annoying your neighbors as well as yourself."

"So," thought Mary, "that's why they didn't disappear last summer, as I thought they would as soon as the place was kept neat and clean."

Again the agent faced Mary in one of her most determined moods. And the agent surrendered. And again the agent saw Mr. Smith.

"It's got to be whitewashed too," Mary added. "While we're at it, let's do a decent job and not have to start over again, the way we did on the papering." So the cellar was thoroughly cemented and whitewashed, and forty-five more rent days in money ——

It will be evident to the reader that Smith, the owner, was not making a fortune out of his thirty-dollar-a-month rent. But he regarded Walter and Mary as desirable tenants. Why? Because they didn't destroy the house. About all he could expect of a tenant, he soliloquized, was that he would refrain from tearing down the sheds for kindling. Mary and Walter kept the yard looking nice, and they washed the porch. He felt a certain pride in the old place because it had been his home. And for the same sentimental reason it delighted him to think of another young bride and groom living there. Because he owned the house he felt almost related to the two children that were born to Walter and Mary during their first two and a half years of married life. He had long since abandoned hope of obtaining any income by renting the house, and now he was content with the consolation of having tenants who did not desecrate it. However, there was another factor weighing in the balance whenever an appeal for repairs or improvements was passed on to Mr. Smith, and it must be noted here because it is by no means an individual characteristic, but general among owners of such property. Mr. Smith thought each request would be the last. Just why he should have thought so would be difficult to say. But humans are given to hoping, and Mr. Smith, like thousands of other landlords, hoped in the face of the facts.

If Walter and Mary had begun by making a list of all the demands they subsequently communicated and had presented them to Mr. Smith together with their offer of thirty dollars a month in rent, he would have had no difficulty in passing upon the proposition. But at the time they did not intend to make all these demands. The need, as they construed need, arose from time to time, and the demands came one at a time. Mr. Smith granted them, one at a time, thinking each would surely be the last. This was his first experience in renting a house, and it was the first experience of Walter and Mary in trying to make an old house a home. What they were really doing was slowly turning it into a modern house without adding to its value, while paying rent for an old one.

The next trouble which arose was too definite in its nature to permit of argument. The roof was leaking! It had doubtless been ready to leak for a year or more, but a severe windstorm opened half a dozen seams. Again the agent saw Mr. Smith, and ordered a new roof before Walter and Mary could demand it. While this work was in progress Mr. Smith, the owner, received notice from the municipal authorities that the curb would have to be reset and that he would be expected to pay his share of the cost of street improvements in the neighborhood. These demands were no more open to debate than the matter of a new roof.

Up to the time these notices were received from City Hall Mr. Smith thought the rent would probably pay the taxes in spite of all his expenses; but he was now certain that ownership of a house he didn't occupy was proving an actual liability. Not being in the business of renting houses, he was astonished. But even these expenses proved only a part of the budget of unexpected demands; scarlet fever became epidemic in the neighborhood and Walter, with two sick children, felt himself unable to pay the rent. Another child was expected soon, so it was necessary to employ a trained nurse to care for the little ones. Other tenants told him that other landlords whose tenants were in similar difficulties deducted a month's rent. It had become a sort of local custom. So a month's rent deduction was agreed upon. . .

The Landlord's Mounting Losses

THIS account of the experience of Walter and Mary as tenants and of Mr. Smith as their landlord might be continued at much greater length; but we have now reached the point where repetition begins—that is to say, there was more papering of rooms, more painting inside and out. The fence fell down and a new one was constructed—for in that day a house simply had to have a nice ugly picket fence round it. Stationary washtubs were constructed in the shed and it became a more or less up-to-date laundry. Gas mains were laid along the street, and Mary demanded a gas range. Virtually every house in the city that could be connected with gas mains now had gas, and the request seemed reasonable. Electric lights were installed. Then a telephone. The flue was cleaned several times and the cellar was whitewashed annually.

And every year of the ten years the house was occupied by Walter and Mary, Mr. Smith used red ink copiously to designate his loss on his investment, sometimes amounting to the total earning value of the money which the property would bring at a forced sale. Smith realized, however, that when someone came along who really wanted the property and could use its large rooms, he would obtain at least $1500 more than if it were put up at forced sale, so he gambled on the length of time it would take to find a purchaser.

Walter and Mary had a yearly lease; either party could terminate it upon giving thirty days' notice prior to its expiration or it would continue from year to year.

The lease contained a formal clause that the property could be shown for sale purposes by Smith, the owner, three months prior to any expiration date.

Continued on Page 188

WITH THIS RING

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIV

UPON the morning after Tony Thorne had kissed Lila Kemp on the Boston Post Road, and renounced her on that same historic thoroughfare because she was married—and not to him—Lila stayed in bed very late.

She hadn't, so far as she could see, anything for which to get up and dress.

Tony had said at parting—a horribly early parting, not even midnight—"I'll call you when I've thrashed things out a bit. I can't do it while I'm with you. I can't use my head."

"I don't know that I want you to use your head," Lila had told him.

Then she had slipped into the elevator and away from him before he could possibly ask for an explanation. Before he could possibly be sure if she were playing with him or telling him the truth.

The truth! She, who had told him so many lies in the course of that one short month! A lifetime would not be long enough to unravel them all.

There was, of course, the first big glaring lie—that she was a married woman. Lying in her little narrow white bed, with one arm flung up across her eyes to shut out the cruel sunlight, Lila saw clearly that the hardest thing she could ever have to do would be just to say to Tony, simply and frankly, "I'm not Mrs. James Duval, at all. There isn't any Mrs. James Duval. I'm Lila Kemp—and I've never been married—to anybody."

"Every Woman in This Town Who's Got a Husband to Keep Is Staying Close to Home With a Sock in One Hand and a Cookbook in the Other"

Because Tony would naturally ask at once, "Then why, for heaven's sake, did you tell me you were Mrs. James Duval? And why are you registered here at a respectable hotel under a name that isn't your own? And how can it be possible that all these things you have told me about your home, and your husband, and your husband's Cousin Maisie ——"

Ah—that! At least that! Lila could, with absolute honesty, insist, "But I have a Cousin Maisie; that part of it's true!"

She had never expected to be so glad of Cousin Maisie's reality.

Suppose Tony, however, continued mercilessly, "Where is she?"

Lila could only tell him, "In Columbia."

"You live there with her?"

"Yes, and I loathe it."

"Have you money—or has she—for this sort of thing?"

No, Lila hadn't money enough for the stately red writing room and the dining room overlooking Fifth Avenue . . . except, by the grace of a top-floor aerie—and Lawless Love. Tony, of course, didn't know but what she had a bedroom, a sitting room and two baths on the second or third. Tony had never seen the little climbing roses on the walls, nor the little narrow window that commanded the priestly weathercock on the unknown church.

Tony supposed that Lila lived in a welter of luxury. He would never have dreamed, for instance, that she had money carefully put away for her return ticket to Columbia; that she was cutting down her breakfasts to coffee and rolls because the greenbacks in the top of her trunk were shrinking closer and closer together; that the smart black coat with the fur collar, and the slim black satin and the little close black hat with the ostrich fronds dripping off one side—all the pretty appurtenances of Lila's soft well-being—had made a wider hole in Lila's endowment than one would have believed if one hadn't seen the bills.

Tony thought, of course, that Lila hadn't a care in the world—about money. Hadn't she told him James was president of a bank? And was she now going to deny it, and offer Lawless Love as a means of support, instead? Not likely! Any woman would die of shame to admit having written a thing with a name like that. Yet Lila hadn't died of shame admitting it in Columbia.

Tony was different. What she really meant, of course, was—she'd die of shame admitting it to Tony. Well, that particular shame she wasn't going to take on.

It might be she wouldn't take on any shame at all. It might be she'd simply stay her week out as Mrs. James Duval, then tell Tony good-by, get on a train and go back to Columbia. Never see him again. Never hear his voice.

Lila turned over on her face and cried, when it came to never hearing Tony's voice. Her tears made an accusing spot on the pillow.

But she wiped her eyes and sat up in bed before long and managed a tired shaky sort of smile. Since Marg'ret was knocking on the door and—what was it somebody once cruelly said?—"Life goes on forever . . . like the gnawing of a mouse."

Marg'ret was warmly distressed by the ineffaceable evidence of Lila's tears.

"Didn't ye get no letter from home this marnin'?" she inquired gently, wiping off the dressing table. "Or what is it now?"

"I'm not feeling awfully well, I think," said poor Lila.

"Peter says ye ain't had no breakfast at all."

"I wasn't hungry, Marg'ret."

"That's too bad," said Marg'ret, pursing her withered mouth and drawing her scanty brows together. "Anny trouble in the worrld sits better on a full stomick."

"I can't eat," said Lila.

"Was ye out awful late last night?"

"No, I wasn't; I wish I had been."

"Ye're missin' yer husband, that's it!" decided Marg'ret, applying the vacuum cleaner with praiseworthy energy. "I s'pose when a woman gets used to havin' a man around she misses him somethin' crool, if all at once she don't have him."

Get on a train, tell Tony good-by, and never see him any more? Lila couldn't bear the thought of it. Tell him anything—everything—sooner than that! How had she let him in such a little while come so close—grow so dear? Why, things that had happened before she knew Tony seemed vague to her now—vague and uncertain, of no especial importance. He had thrown her whole world out of perspective, merely by being himself.

Things that might happen to her, without Tony, didn't seem to matter in the least. All her senses were tuned to his look and his smile and his touch. Other impressions slid off the surface of her mind like raindrops off a pane; she had been living within the past few weeks as if Tony were to be part of her story forever.

Well, apparently he wasn't. The jolt had come, as it always came in time. And the prettiest part of the whole thing was—she had done it herself. Digged her own pit. Laid her own mine.

If she had met him in the ordinary decent honest way she might have had him. He was free. She was free. There wasn't a thing in the world between them but Lila's own silly unforgivable lie.

On the other hand, if it hadn't been for that lie she might never have met him at all.

So there you were!

"Try a bit of bacon and smidgin of toast!" advised Marg'ret kindly. "Peter's just across the hall. Let me have him in. Ye look awful peaked!"

"Oh, very well. Call him, please, Marg'ret," said Lila.

At least looking awful peaked helped nothing. And when she saw Tony again—she must see Tony again—soon—there must be some way out of a tangle so absurd and yet so forbidding.

Peter came in. He was all solicitude, and recommended warmly the country sausage, which he said was very good that morning.

"Country sausage!" sniffed Marg'ret. "For a lady that's missin' her husband and home! Try an egg now—and a cup of hot tea."

The kindly pair glared at each other across Lila's counterpane.

"Oh, anything!" said Lila desperately. Then she remembered her waning funds and added in haste, "Only nothing—very much."

Peter departed, bowing. More than ever he reminded Lila of the Duke in Rigoletto—a something faintly sinister, demanding wide black cloaks and hissings and vows under ladies' windows.

"Peter's a good boy!" said Marg'ret, with a final flick of her dusting cloth across the mirror. "He has an ould mother and a widow-woman sister—the both of 'em on his shoulders at wanst—but niver a complaint out of him."

So Peter, too, was not what he seemed.

It wasn't only Lila who wore a false face. Truth, in a well, indeed!

"Eat yer breakfast now!" adjured Marg'ret, departing reluctantly, "and don't be thinkin' too much of himself. Think how glad ye'll be to see each other whin ye get back home ag'in! It won't be long now, will it?"

"No," said Lila miserably, "it won't be long, Marg'ret."

She lay there with her eyes shut when Marg'ret had gone, thinking how short the time was—less than a week—before she must go back to Columbia—back to Cousin Maisie, and Sam Humphreys, and Tommy and Myra, and all the rest who made up her actual environment.

A feeling almost of nausea came over her when she thought of Columbia, and the little old house with virgin's bower blooming above the doorstep; Sam, saying good night, on the doorstep.

Did one pay for a bit of make-believe so cruelly always?

Lila remembered incredulously with what secret satisfaction she had worked out the details of her adventure into

spurious matrimony. It had seemed at the very outside a foolish lark—an amusing experiment.

She hadn't expected to make herself appear an adventuress, a vulgar adventuress, to the only man in the world she really wanted.

Peter brought her breakfast. She couldn't eat it, and eventually, with a look of eloquent sympathy, he took it away again.

She could see he was thinking, "Poor woman, she misses her husband. Well, she'll be going back to him soon."

Standing inside a lie grew to be an abominable thing. Like Frankenstein, one made oneself a monster—and then had to live with it. One couldn't feel clean any more.

The telephone rang. It couldn't, of course, be Tony. Life wasn't so kind. Lila stood with the thing in her hand, her heart pounding a good ten seconds before she said faintly, "Yes."

Because, it couldn't, of course, be Tony; and she couldn't bear it if it were just the valet, say, or the laundry, or anything else.

It was Tony. His voice—no one ever had a voice like that before—after the operator's crisp impersonal, "Nineteen-fifteen? Mrs. James Duval?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" said Lila, breathless.

Then Tony, very quiet, very cool, very brief.

"Lila?"

"Yes. Good morning!"

"How are you?"

"Oh, well enough!"

"Sleep well?"

"Not very."

"I'm sorry. I took you home before twelve, too, didn't I?"

If he could laugh! Warmth feathered back through Lila's veins.

"I—perhaps it was too early. You see, you've rather spoiled me for early hours."

"I see. I'm awfully glad. Suppose—how about tonight, then? Are you too tired to see me?"

"No. I'd like to see you. You know, I'll be going home the end of this week."

She couldn't keep herself from saying it, and it got to him; she knew by the little silence that followed.

He said at last, "I hadn't forgotten. Tonight, then; about half after eight?"

"That will be very nice," said Lila.

And good-by.

XV

HE WASN'T taking her to dinner then. They weren't going to a theater or somewhere to play. Half after eight. That meant he really wanted just to talk to her, to have things out. He was more dreadfully in earnest, even, than she had guessed. A reckoning—that was what it meant. Lila leaned against the wall beside the telephone, with the tips of her fingers pressed hard against her eyes. Was she going to tell him? What was she going to tell him? Or was she going to tell him anything at all? Could she ever make him see in what spirit of rebellious boredom she had disguised herself and gone out to waylay romance? Nothing worse than that. But could he see it?

Tony, with his cool fastidious contempt for things cheap and—stupid. With his sophistication and his background of knowledgeable good breeding. Tony would never understand that a woman he—liked—could have been such a fool.

And when he understood he wouldn't—like her—any more. Lila wiped her eyes and turned on a steaming bath.

She thought, "If I stay in this room and go round in circles like this I shall be a wreck by evening. I'll go out to luncheon and a matinée." But she hadn't enough money now for matinées—so she went to a movie instead, and sat all afternoon in a darkened stuffy theater watching zebras and tigers come down to a water hole to drink—watching elephants plow through the dusk of an ancient crater.

People, she couldn't have borne; nor a happy ending. The elephants gave her a sense of an aloof and trampling fate. It suited her desolate mood.

Tony came at his appointed time—she was ready ten minutes before, with the tips of her fingers icy—and they sat in the stately red writing room, than which nothing could have marked more clearly the change in their relations, the imminence of a different basis

"You look—rested," he said.

They sat on a deep wine-colored couch in the respectable if ruddy shadow of a tall crimson-shaded lamp. There were a good many other people about, and after he had shaken hands Tony did not even offer to touch her fingers.

"Paint does it; and powder," said Lila.

"Don't say that! I thought perhaps you'd been asleep."

Lila said recklessly, "Not since night before last."

"Lila!"

"What, Tony?"

"Don't rub it in, will you?"

"I'm not. You asked me."

"What've you been doing all day?"

She told him listlessly.

There was an old lady in the chair nearest them reading a book. There was a man at a little table beneath a shaded light writing a letter. People came and went from time to time; a sluggish current of conversation flowed round the place.

"I got up late," said Lila, "and had my breakfast. Then I went out and looked in windows and rode on a bus. Then I had luncheon." At a ratty little tea room, it had been—a miscalled chicken sandwich and a cup of acrid tea; she knew he was thinking she had lunched at the Ritz or Pierre's. "Then, let me see, I went to a movie—of animals."

"By yourself?"

"No, Tony; I took along several thoughts."

He asked, looking steadily down at the cigarette case he was turning between his fingers, "Were they happy ones?"

"Not in the least," said Lila. "And what have you been doing?"

He told her grimly, "Sitting at a desk. Nothing at all. With intermissions of cursing fate." He added before she could speak, "Indoor sport of a weak sister, of course. Don't say it!"

"I wasn't going to," said Lila.

"After all—it's my own doing."

"What?"

"This—the whole thing," he elucidated amazingly, in that quiet voice of his, with the placid old lady, the letter-writing man not twenty feet away from his elbow. "I mean to say, I knew you were married. I knew you were away from your husband. I knew, almost from the first, that you weren't in love with him—to any great extent. I had no business hanging around you, trying to make you like me."

"You didn't have to try," murmured Lila. He looked straight into her eyes at that, straight and deep, and the wide dark high-ceilinged place faded from her consciousness like the setting of a dream. She saw the faintest tremor of his lips, saw him set them hard, saw the blood burn high across his cheek bones, and felt her own come flaming up to answer it.

"Is that true?" he asked carefully. "Don't say it because you're sorry for me, please."

"The person I'm sorriest for," said Lila, with her soul in the words, "is myself."

The man who was writing a letter got up and went away. Someone else took his place. A faded beauty in black moiré, a wrap with a big collar of chinchilla drawn high about her face, sat down upon a near-by settee with a young man of negligible charm but immaculate appearance, and became involved at once in a whispered duo of obvious dramatic quality.

"Do you think they can hear what we say?" asked Lila, tilting her head in the beauty's direction.

"I think not," said Tony. He went on, lower even than before, without a flicker, now, of expression, "You mean—you feel—as I do?"

Continued on Page 84

One Thing, Merely, Stood Clear in Her Mind—She Couldn't Tell Tony, She Wasn't Going to Risk It

Shall We Give Muscle Shoals

Panorama of Nitrate Plants, Muscle Shoals on the

DURING the World War it became apparent to many governments, and particularly to many government officials who had inside and confidential information, that the Allies were in danger of defeat because of the growing scarity of nitrogen in the manufacture of explosives. An inexhaustible supply of nitrogen is contained in the air we breathe, but the method of its extraction and the expensive character of all such operations then known to the scientific world outside of Germany, made it impossible for a sufficient supply to be obtained from that source. The best understood method at that time for the extraction of nitrogen from the atmosphere was what is known as the cyanamide process. This process required as one of its essential features a very large amount of power. An abundance of cheap power was absolutely necessary therefore, in order to secure the supply of nitrogen necessary to carry on the war, and those behind the scenes knew that if the war should continue very long this supply of nitrogen meant the difference between victory and defeat.

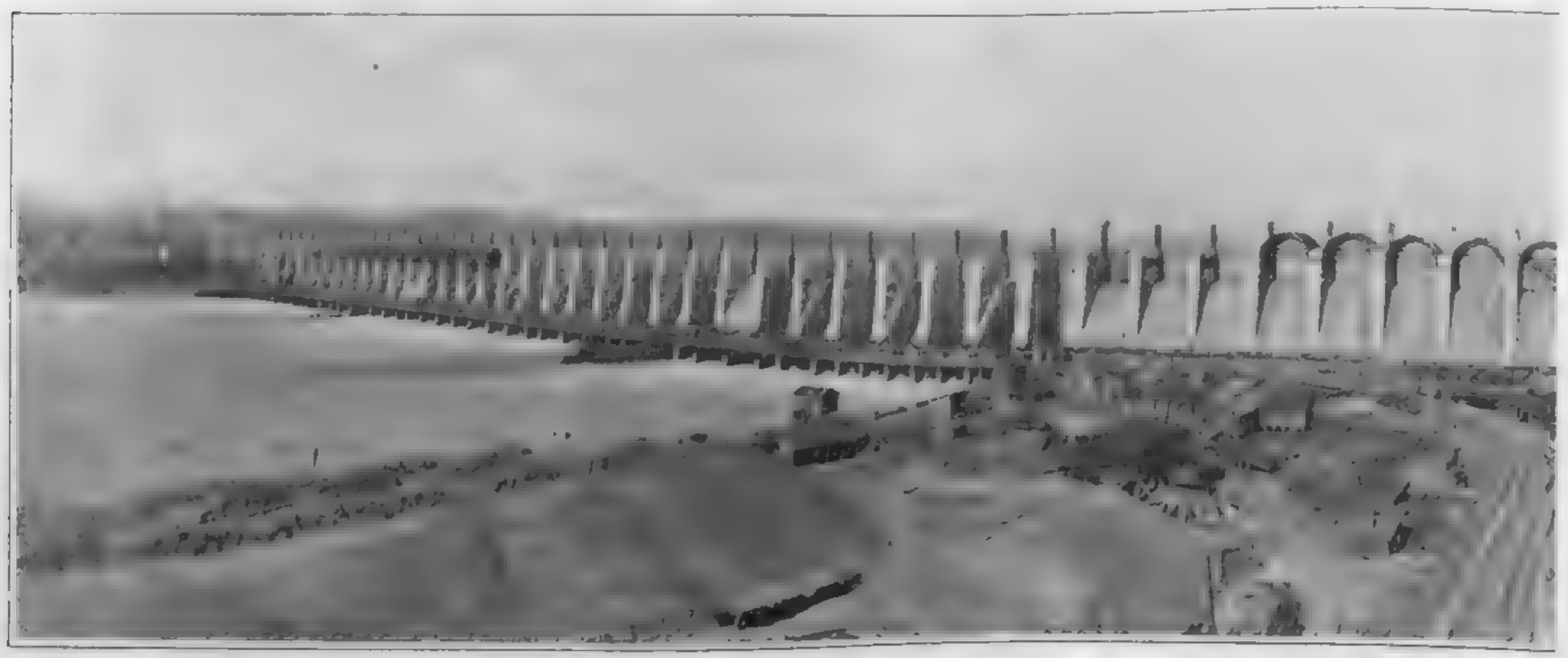
With a view of meeting this emergency our Government selected Muscle Shoals, Alabama, as the place where it would develop enormous quantities of power on the Tennessee River, and go into the business of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere. Muscle Shoals is a term applied to a section of the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama where the power possibilities are very great.

This section of the country was entirely undeveloped and the Government went into the enterprise much the same as it would go into a virgin forest if it were desirous of securing lumber on a wholesale scale. It was necessary to employ thousands of men and to build habitations not only for those who should be engaged in the construction of the works necessary but to provide permanent residences for families of employes and officials necessary for the operation of the works when they were completed. The first workmen were housed in tents while temporary living quarters were built. A railroad was built connecting the various localities with the two railroad systems in that vicinity of the country. The Government purchased about 5000 acres of land. It built about 100 miles of standard-gauge railway. It bought engines and all the box cars and flat cars necessary to carry on the work in the most economical way.

Limestone is one of the necessary materials in the extraction of nitrogen from the air by the cyanamide process. Twenty-six miles away from the works at Muscle Shoals the Government purchased between 400 and 500 acres of limestone land and opened a large quarry. It constructed two nitrate plants, known as No. 1 and No 2, several miles apart. It built a steam plant at each of these nitrate plants having an aggregate capacity of 120,000 horse power. These steam plants are as modern as any similar plants anywhere in the world. At each of these two nitrate plants the Government laid out and built a town, with macadamized streets, electric-light facilities, and everything necessary for permanent living quarters. These houses are modern in every way, containing bathrooms, have hot and cold water, and are surrounded by beautiful lawns and growing trees. In short, by the expenditure of public funds a desert was converted into a garden, and everything known to science for the comfort and happiness of the inhabitants has been installed. Many of these houses are furnished with modern, up-to-date furniture. In one of these towns a clubhouse was built for the enjoyment of officials and employes. It is modern in every way, and completely furnished. It compares favorably with anything of its size ever constructed. A hotel was built containing 100 rooms, completely furnished, and operated by the Government for the convenience of its employes and the public. The Government also owns the land around these towns so that they are capable of almost indefinite expansion.

Dam No. 2

WHILE these building operations were going on at Nitrate Plants No. 1 and No. 2, the Government was engaged in the building of Dam No. 2 on the Tennessee River, several miles farther up the stream. It purchased the land on the river abutting the location of this dam. It laid out another town with macadamized streets, sewers, waterworks, a filtration plant and electric-light system. This town is similar in all respects to the two other towns located at the nitrate plants. This location is connected with the other towns by a standard-gauge railway. The dam itself is the largest concrete structure of its kind in the world. Its total length from bank to bank is approximately



Panoramic View of the Wilson

to Henry Ford?

By GEORGE W. NORRIS
United States Senator From Nebraska

Tennessee River—Built by the Government During the War

4500 feet. It dams the water of the Tennessee River for a distance of over fourteen miles, and the lake thus formed will cover an area of over 14,000 acres. The height in round numbers is 100 feet. When completed it will contain a roadway 20 feet above this height. The foundations extend nearly 20 feet into the bedrock of the river. At bedrock the dam is 100 feet thick, and it has an apron of about 60 feet, making a total width of approximately 160 feet. The maximum head of water on the turbines will be 96 feet, and the minimum will be 68 feet. When completed it will have units installed that will be capable of 540,000 horse power. The flow of the river, however, is sufficient at some times to produce about 1,000,000 horse power, but the river in some exceedingly dry seasons has gone down so low that the horse power would be reduced on some occasions to about 100,000. It was because of this variation between the high and low water flow of the Tennessee River that the immense steam plants were constructed.

The Government has been working on Dam No. 2 ever since the beginning of operations at Muscle Shoals. It has spent on this dam alone, to date, somewhere between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000. It is estimated that its total cost, when completed, will be between $45,000,000 and $50,000,000.

Dam No. 3

THE plans of the Government contemplate the construction of another dam still farther up the river, located at the head of the lake formed by the backwater from Dam No. 2, just described. This dam is to be known as Dam No. 3. It is similar to Dam No. 2 except that it will be only 40 feet high and nearly 7000 feet long. Its power possibilities will be a little over 40 per cent of the power possibilities of Dam No. 2. The construction of Dam No. 3, however, will greatly increase the power possibilities of Dam No. 2, because it will be able to hold back large quantities of water when the river is high, and thus convert, at Dam No. 2, secondary into primary power.

Dam No. 3, when constructed, will back up the water of the Tennessee River for 65 miles, and it is seen, therefore, that the flood-control proposition involved, in addition to its power possibilities, is a great item—increasing not only the power which is developed at Dam No. 3 but also at Dam No. 2. Nothing has been done at Dam No. 3 except the necessary surveys, soundings and borings. The estimated cost of Dam No. 3 is $25,000,000.

Total Governmental Expenditures

I HAVE thus briefly outlined the activities of the Government and have also noted the condition of the entire project up to date. The total expenditure of the Government up to the present time, on the entire enterprise, is between $125,000,000 and $130,000,000.

It might be well to consider what the property owned at Muscle Shoals by the Government is fairly worth at the present time. Much of the work was done during the war period, when prices were high, but the cost of both material and of labor has decreased very little since that time, and it is doubtful whether the property could be replaced for much less than it actually cost.

It should be remembered also that this wild, barren land has been converted into streets and towns, and that as far as the land is concerned, its value has increased many fold. If a city is to spring up in the vicinity of Muscle Shoals, as many people believe, the Government could sell vacant and improved lots in these three towns and make vast sums of money by the operation. It is not contemplated, of course, that the Government will do this, but if the property is sold or given away to a private corporation, such a possibility becomes an actuality, and without doubt if this vast property is turned over to some private corporation it will proceed at once, as good business would dictate, to sell all the buildings and vacant lots located in the three towns above described. Such a corporation would very likely plot the adjoining land which it would thus acquire, and thus increase in a very legitimate manner the value of its investment.

Mr. Ford's Bid

MR. FORD has made a bid to the Government for all this property which I have enumerated and described. He proposes that the Government shall give him a warranty deed to all this property except Dams No. 2 and No. 3 and the one town and the real estate located at Dam No. 2,

(Continued on Page 54)

Dam Across the Tennessee River

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24, 1924

Rose-Colored Spectacles

MR. F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, in our issue of May tenth, interpreted with remarkable clearness the attitude of the average moderate-thinking Englishman toward Britain's new Labour government. We suppose the great mass of his intelligent fellow countrymen who are neither reactionaries nor radicals, who are neither rich nor poor, but still have a stake in the Empire, know its history and have a fairly sound knowledge of elementary economics, would accept him as their spokesman.

In two other articles, the first of which appeared last week and the second of which is to be found in this issue, we present a view of Mr. MacDonald's government by Mr. Norman Angell. This English journalist appears to have unfaltering faith in the ability of the Labour Party, in Parliament and in the cabinet—an extraordinary aggregation of socialists, communists, longshoremen, labor leaders, theorists, conscientious objectors and internationalists—to make England a better place to live in.

No man who has any acquaintance with the British industrial system, which gives to those born in poverty a forlorn hope rather than a fighting chance, can regard their lot without compassion, or blame them for striving to better their condition, even though they make many false starts and learn only by disastrous experience.

Mr. Angell makes much—quite too much, we think—of the point that Britain heaved a long sigh of relief when it was found, after the socialist government had been in office for a few days, that its leaders were behaving more like Englishmen than like savages. There was no visible upheaval. Mr. MacDonald created some new peers in order that the government might have spokesmen in the House of Lords. In this he followed long-established custom. Socialist leaders who were received by the King actually wore the attire that court convention prescribes. Having been admitted to the royal presence they conducted themselves in an exemplary way.

Such reassuring trifles as these, Mr. Angell appears to think, had the effect of convincing his countrymen of the harmlessness and benevolence of the new government. He may be right, but we find it hard to think that a people whose genius is so largely expressed in politics could be so easily deceived. The average Englishman may not be a superman, but he is certainly not an imbecile. Burn him for a fool, as the Welsh say, and you will get very wise ashes. And yet we are asked to believe that conformity to a few minor conventions quite blotted out of the mind of Britain the fact that the program of the leaders of the new government involves the gradual destruction of old conceptions of mine and thine, a capital levy, nationalization of bank credit with a managed currency and state ownership of coal mines.

Arguing, in effect, that he who has been ducked in the river need not dread the passing shower, Mr. Angell represents the proposed capital levy as a mere fleabite in comparison with that greater capital levy already exacted and collected by means of inflated currencies emitted by the nonsocialist governments of Europe. American readers will be quick to perceive that the two methods of sapping wealth are entirely different in their essential nature and therefore have no common basis for comparison. Inflation is a device that permits debtors to defraud creditors. It nullifies the value of every promise to pay that is not expressed in terms of gold or of nonmonetary goods. But as every new issue of paper money sends down the value of bonds, mortgages and other promises to pay, the value of land, commodities and the instruments of production shoots up like a rocket. Bondholders are wiped out. Stockholders are swept on to fortune.

Capital levy, however, is confiscation, pure and simple. It robs not only the individual but it impoverishes the community as a whole; for, like the excessive inheritance tax, it depletes the aggregate fund available for domestic development, such as the construction of new housing, public utilities and private productive enterprise, and cramps foreign trade and investment. It is just as short-sighted for a nation to meet running expenses out of the savings of its citizens as it is for these same citizens to dissipate their own capital by allowing their expenditures to exceed their incomes. This form of confiscation is bad morals and worse business.

There are two standards by which political parties may be judged—by their platforms and by their performances. Now the Labourites can write platforms and formulate programs till the cows come home; but until they have a substantial majority in Parliament they cannot give their declared principles full effect except by grace of Liberal or Conservative assent. For the present, therefore, they must be judged by their declaration of principles rather than by their parliamentary behavior. Their moderation, so far as legislative action goes, counts for little or nothing to their credit, for everyone knows that it is a moderation forced upon them by circumstances. Executive and administrative power is, however, theirs to wield as they choose, and in this direction we may look for signs of their fitness or unfitness to govern.

We might go on at much greater length to direct attention to points in Mr. Angell's argument that challenge sharp disagreement, but we think our readers will experience no difficulty in perceiving upon what unstable bases many of them rest.

Frenzied Finance

INVESTIGATION of government departments being the order of the day, it will not be out of place to suggest further lines of inquiry in a rich new field, provided no one takes the suggestion too seriously. Already the Bureau of Internal Revenue has come in for severe scrutiny, and scathing comments have been made by unfriendly critics concerning methods and practices. Great sums of money must be handled by this bureau and many contested points are constantly arising.

But why should investigation confine itself to the drab dull returns made by large corporations and mere captains of industry when so much more spicy material lies close at hand? Newspaper headlines have told of the large income taxes paid by bootleggers and even by burglars. Why not follow out that line and find out whether the bureau is really living up to its opportunities?

Newspapers have been known to exaggerate, especially when the story harms no one. Correspondents must live, and readers who have any saving sense of humor do not expect a news diet of unalloyed seriousness. Yet it does not pay to be too cynical, too suspicious of these yarns. The income tax possesses marvelous possibilities. With its strict injunction of secrecy, a tax is likely to be collected from the most surprising persons.

Possibly burglars and bootleggers conceal their occupations under some such description as "dealer," but theoretically at least not even this disguise is necessary. The prohibition unit and the income-tax unit are under the same bureau of the same Federal department. But the law requires one to enforce prohibition and the law requires the other to collect taxes wherever they may be found. The compartments are legally separate; the left hand knows not what the right is doing. It is passing strange, a nightmare of sorts, but the conflict of laws produces many unexpected bedfellows.

Whatever the defects of our system, income taxation in this country appears to have attained an inclusiveness which up to a certain point is refreshing, even if it be a bit amusing. For occasional but conspicuous and notably successful speculators, movie stars, fight promoters and champion pugilists to get caught by the highest brackets is a demonstration in pure democracy that all can understand and enjoy. But bootleggers and burglars? That is going a bit far! The possibilities are disturbing, to say the least. Consider quite briefly a few of them.

If bootleggers are to pay income taxes, then why should not the hijackers who are said to prey upon the former be compelled in the same way to disgorge? Or for that matter if a collector of internal revenue is successful in collecting from bootleggers and burglars, why shouldn't he be just as successful in gathering in large surtaxes from those prohibition agents who, it is charged, have become rich through graft?

One shudders at the vistas which are opened up. Will Senate committees hereafter investigating a commissioner of internal revenue declare him unfit for office just because his annual report on the statistics of income fails to show proportionate sums obtained from bandits, dope peddlers and automobile thieves? Perhaps an especially vigilant investigator may find that the Treasury regulations governing permissible deductions for expenses in the burglar profession are out of date. Presumably in their perfecting, it will be necessary to add to the present Tax Simplification Board a few prison wardens and chiefs of police, as well as professionals.

Perhaps future Presidents in looking about for secretaries of the treasury will find them among the criminologists and psychiatrists rather than among the financiers. Certainly we should not expect too much of the income tax, if we are to keep reasonably sane. Perhaps, indeed, we would rather have smaller revenues but from sources which to say the least are less novel and piquant.

Stepping Ahead

CASTE is crumbling. Labor appointees direct the pomp and audit the books of Buckingham Palace. A tailor is president of what was once the German Empire. Turkey and Persia, seats of absolutism, have become republics. Princes and princesses of the blood royal are marrying commoners. Even in India, where caste has held millions enslaved for centuries, there is ominous unrest and a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees of class. The world is moving on to new standards, new ideas.

The British Government allows the pariah opportunity for education, throws open the native railway compartment to him, offers him the benefits of Christianity and endeavors to balance evenly the scales of justice.

Our slow and groping advance will inevitably bring us to the day when all men will be born equal; and to those with the head and heart for clear thinking it is a highly desirable development. It is no longer acceptable that any man should be marked for special privilege solely because he is his father's son. Birth is no excuse for preferment. As long as Nature shapes skulls differently and varies the tempering of human steel, the race will be full of excitement. There will be lagging on the course, plenty to drop out at all stages and brilliant rivalry on the home stretch.

All men may soon be born equal, but the day will never come when they will die equal.

The British Brand of Socialism

WHAT THE COMING OF LABOR IS DOING TO BRITAIN

By Norman Angell

IT COMES then, as we have seen, to this. The fact that a Socialist government has actually held power and that none of the dire and immediate disasters so freely promised by the sensational press has occurred; that the "bloodstained Bolsheviks" wore court dress and were quite polite to the king; that some of them have been made peers and the House of Lords did not blow up—all this has robbed the word "socialism" of its terrors for a still rather bewildered John Bull of the middle class, and prompted him not merely to examine with relative coolness what these fellows are driving at, but to extend a good will which, though conditional upon good behavior, is none the less genuine.

John has already made certain discoveries. These phrases about ending the capitalist system, which he heard so plentifully on Labor platforms when the Socialists were in opposition, do not appear to mean that everybody's bank account is to be confiscated and all incomes pooled; do not, indeed, mean anything more than the acceleration of a process which certainly he does not like—which, indeed, in his insular soul, he loathes—but which he has come regretfully to admit is necessary in the crowded and industrialized island in which he lives. He does not like coordination or system and order. He calls it Prussianism and prefers the old happy-go-lucky muddling-through ways of personal independence. Yet he begins to see that a dense population, packed onto a small island, cannot live with all the individual idiosyncrasies possible to shepherds and peasants. If, for instance, he is to continue to turn coal into bread—continue to make his coal the basis of an industry capable of competing with the highly organized industries of certain foreign countries—that basic raw material must not be subject to a chaotic state of affairs in which thousands of unorganized private owners go gayly each his own way, and which a recent royal commission stigmatized as wasteful and impossible; and that if the industry of these thousands of slow-moving conservative private owners is to be unified and coördinated with the railroads, harbors and power system of the country, state action of some kind will have to be invoked in order to override all the obstacles, historical and other, that unification will have to encounter. If this be socialism, he begins to see that he may have to accept it.

Socialists as They See Themselves

AS TO his savings, he remembers that it was conservative governments of law and order which ruthlessly confiscated his property by debasing the currency—paid coupons of the bond he had purchased with good hard-earned gold in depreciated paper, and not gold at all. He has seen the professional and small *rentier* class of most of the Continent reduced to utter penury by this same dodgery of paper money. He fears less now what the Socialists might do to him in view of what the conservatives have done and are doing, and has a feeling that perhaps these new chaps will be in a better position than the old parties to tackle a new situation. So he is looking at this socialism quite cold-bloodedly, and has, indeed, already gone a very long way—very much farther than many Englishmen realize—in sanctioning the application of one side of it—the eleemosynary side.

The measures already taken in that respect—and which the present government is extending and developing to the utmost by means of its administrative powers—have gone far to change the life of the bulk of the English people. Let us examine that rather sweeping statement and judge what even the mere acceleration of this relief side—which does not touch the constructive and productive side of the Labor Party's program—will mean to English social organization.

Take the old-fashioned English village in the south or a town of the industrial north. It is the former, perhaps, which English fiction has made more familiar to non-British readers. In the old days the villager was at the mercy of the squirarchy to a degree which reduced him, in fact, to a feudal position. He lived in a cottage which belonged to the squire and could be turned out, neck and crop, at the owner's whim. If his wife fell sick, it was to the lady at the hall that the family had to look for any sort of help, the Lady Bountiful, with her basket of calf's-foot jelly and a certain cheap brand of port wine. At Christmas, when work was hard to come by, coal and blankets were distributed.

The folk at the hall were not bad according to their lights, but the worker was at their mercy, as we know, to

(Continued on Page 165)

THE KNITTER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Deflating the A.B.

A MODERN young miss from an up-to-date college
Who had gone to much pain to develop her brain
Was in search of a job on a par with her knowledge.
She had an A. Bee in her classical bonnet
And felt it behooved her to cash in upon it.
To a bureau that helps women find a vocation
Without hesitation she made application
To discover what fortunes the world held in store
For an A.B. with languages, logic and lore.

She had studied, she said, Latin, Greek and Psychology,
No mental embroidery, freakish or Freudery,
But Philosophy, Physics and applied Sociology.
As result of such versatile training her mind
To creative, executive work was inclined.
She preferred to take time to select with discretion
Some work or profession that allowed self-expression,
And as pay in her case played a trifling part
She'd accept a mere hundred a week as a start.

Her initial idea was to go in for banking;
In the home of the dollar a likely young scholar
Should receive recognition and adequate ranking.
She had mastered four tongues and her consequent range
Of language would help her with Foreign Exchange.
As she figured like lightning she would never get frantic
At the mark and its antic across the Atlantic.
When they told her stenography would be required
She collected her cultural wares and retired.

With a business concern she next sought a position,
Where she let it be seen that dull daily routine
Would be deadly for one of her gifts and ambition.
With executive talent and broad education
She should shine at constructive reorganization.
Her potential employer explained that though smart
She might be, at the start she must play a small part,
And suggested she come in capacity clerical;
Whereupon she showed symptoms that verged on hysterical.

When she'd found that no firm or concern seemed to need her
She decided one night she was destined to write,
And would get helpful hints as a manuscript reader.
Her researches in Chaucer and Marlowe and Spenser
Would make excellent background for a critical censor,
Though she didn't know much of the present-day writer,
As tomes erudite were more apt to invite her.
To a magazine office she outlined her case
And was stunned at their failure to find her a place.

She was told on all sides where she offered her learning
That a college-bred brain would mean ultimate gain
But 'twas hard to set classics and culture to earning.
And no matter what heights she had hopes of attaining
Daily dozens in detail were excellent training.
Though her lore she could use to advantage some day,
At the start, one might say, 'twas a bit in the way.
And even A.B.'s would discover the door
Of admission to business was near the ground floor.

The Foreign Author, Speaking at the Movie Actors' Dinner, Gives His Opinion of America

So at last this young miss with her high education,
Who to market her brain had endeavored in vain,
Came to see that she'd suffered from mental inflation.
For though college exams she'd been able to pass
She belonged to the business-school primary class.
To discover what fortunes the world held in store
She adventured once more, but not quite as before,
Since stenography now she had added as bait
For the big fish who settle an applicant's fate.

—Adelaide W. Neall.

Why Immigration Should be Stopped

IME come to thees contry wen ver yong. My fadder an my modder an my brudders an my sist. My fadder he not got so mooch money so we come ova like he say "sewerage." He joost plain ole feller. Ime more edjucate. He mean steerage where is ship bools and cows.

I come tirty year go. Itsa no troub fine job here. Ime strong an healty. Get job right way in New Yoke. I save me my money so mooch I can. Kep thees op. Byn by I get me leedle fruit stan wit peenits. No hard wurrk. Kip ope all time. What I give dam I do nights but kip ope? Make mooch money.

Well, byn by I say myself, time you get marry. So I peek out nice leedle donzella an we make marry. Fine healty gal. Soon I buy anodder stan wit peenits for she. Kip ope all time. What I give dam she do nights but kip ope? Make mooch money.

Well, byn by I hire feller kip her stan. She have fine big bounce boy—all my keeds boys. Den she go back to stan. I fire feller. Wen boy is ole enuff, bout 6 year, he sell papers. For why should loos time in school? Soons ole enuff I buy stan for heem. An so an so an so. Make mooch money.

Well, byn by I buy hoose 7 rooms no bat. Me an famly live in front room—nice room rent res of hoose. Make mooch money. Den I buy anodder hoose an so an so an so.

So prit soon Ime prit well feex. But Ime going back to ole contry. Thees contry getting bum. Now is all run ova wit bloody forriners what don give dam what they do night but kip ope. Makes ver bad for us Mericans. So I go.

—R. E. Hauerath.

How to Keep Sick

(Dr. Boojum's Daily Helpful Health Hints)

DEAR Dr. Boojum: I am ninety-five years old and have for years been taking Dr. Doom's Pain-Killer before breakfast, Nuxated Arsenic with my dinner, Old Reliable Snake-Bite Specific during the afternoon, and Jazzbo Tonic at supper. Would it hurt me to take a pint of Re-ju-vo Wine before retiring?

MRS. A. J.

ANS.—Nothing would hurt you.

Dear Dr. Boojum: I have been much bothered with falling hair. Following a suggestion of my barber, I bought a bottle of Hair-Blight. I have used half the bottle and am now totally bald. What can I do?

ANXIOUS.

ANS.—See answer to Worried Maiden, below.

Dear Dr. Boojum: I noticed recently an advertisement of Surprise Complexion Cream, warranted not to grow hair. Taking advantage of their Free Introductory Offer I tore off the coupon and sent it to them with a money order for $2.98 to cover cost of mailing. I have used about half the jar and am now growing a beard. What can I do?

-WORRIED MAIDEN.

ANS.—Swap with Anxious.

Dear Dr. Boojum: My husband, aged 91, is afflicted with hallucinations. It has been his custom lately to drink half a bottle of Mrs. McWheeze's Hiccup Cure before supper. During supper he has his hallucinations. He usually thinks he is the Union Army shelling Vicksburg. I am very much distressed and would like to know if there is anything I can do.

—(MRS.) S. GAMP.

ANS.—Why not finish the bottle and have a good time too?

Dear Dr. Boojum: I am trying hard to reduce, and wish you would criticize my diet. I have been to three doctors and they gave me three different diets. Dr. A

(Continued on Page 82

"Fire?" "Nope. Dinner Bell"

Vegetable Soup

We'll tell the world we're living high;
We've climbed up here to tell you why.
Just eat your hearty Campbell's daily,
To feel your spirits mounting gaily!

says something to your appetite

And what it says is: "Good Food!"

A tempting, savory plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is often just your idea of what a good meal should be.

Yes, a meal! For this hearty and delicious soup is eaten by thousands daily as luncheon or supper.

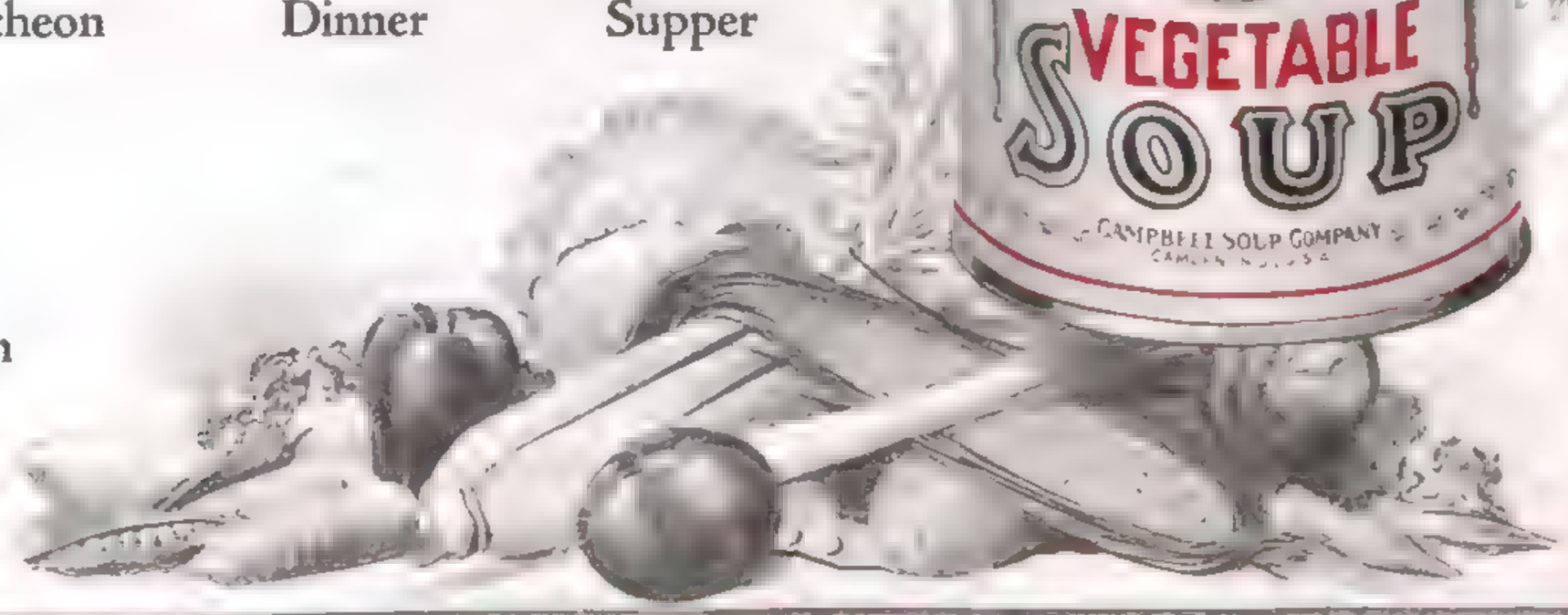
Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains fifteen different vegetables, each the best that any one can buy; beef broth that invigorates; cereals that nourish; herbs and seasoning that make it a treat to the taste.

Thirty-two ingredients of the famous Campbell's quality!

Many a time nothing will appeal to you but this soup.

Luncheon Dinner Supper

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XV

"YOU told me so?" snapped Colquitt. His face, filled at first with consternation, was convulsed now with savage resentment; and he gave Blandon a frowning glare.

"Norry!" Blandon choked.

He had reason, too, for choking. Colquitt's sudden resentment seemed aimed as much against him as anyone; and he was still wondering at it when Colquitt gave another murky growl.

"Why didn't you tell me at first Effy had lit out? What?"

"But I did," protested Blandon; "I told you all along."

"You did, like merry H!" retorted Colquitt. "You filled me up with all that hokum about Malays and murderers and dead hands of Kali—bah! That's like you though," he added irately; "you always wanted to be around like a fireman if anything was happening; and I might have known those two girls would stuff you up to the craw with their buncombe. I might have known, too, they were up to something when they did it!"

Thrusting the sheet of notepaper into his pocket he jerked around and thudded across the carpet to the door.

"Come along," he ordered gruffly.

Blandon's face was sullen. He had stood about all he meant to stand that night.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

Colquitt gave a snort. "To the office, of course. Where do you suppose? I want to see what that letter says."

"I'm not going," said Blandon.

"Suit yourself," rumbled Colquitt.

He was stalking on, and he had reached the door when Blandon spoke.

"You'd better say good-by, Norry."

Colquitt halted. "What's that?" he snapped.

"You heard me," said Blandon, his jaw set. "I've been tricked and bamboozled and made a fool of generally in this house till I'm pretty well fed up on it. I'm going to breeze along now."

"Pshaw! Don't be an ass, Jerry," grumbled Colquitt; and Blandon grinned sourly.

"I'm an ass all right. I'm more kinds of one than I ever suspected I could be, but that's nothing. I haven't told you yet why I came here tonight to see you, but that's nothing either. All I can say is that I've had a swell deal for all my pains—been made a fool of and nearly laid out cold into the bargain. It's good-by, Norry!"

"Why, Jerry!" Colquitt cried.

Blandon looked at him bleakly.

"Shake hands, Norry; I'm on my way."

"Jerry!" Colquitt cried again.

Blandon felt a little sick. His head again had begun to throb, and a sudden mist dimmed his eyes. He managed to put out a wavering hand to Colquitt, but Colquitt didn't take it. Blandon took an unsteady step toward him.

"Shake, Norry."

Then Colquitt caught him, an arm wrapped about Blandon's shoulders. "Jerry, old man! Why, what's the matter? Good old Jerry! You don't think I'd let you go? Nonsense, man! Look up at me now; it's your old pal Norry! You wouldn't chuck me over, either, would you?"

Four Men Had Just Burst in From the Back—One of Them the Scar-Faced Mulatto Thompson; a Second, Colquitt's Skipper, Larsen of the Black Patch

Blandon felt his bones creak as the arm tightened stoutly around his shoulders. He gulped, his weakness momentarily overcoming him.

"It's nothing, Norry. I'll just get away."

"Like H you will!" retorted Colquitt. He gave Blandon another squeeze. "You're not going, you're going to stay—stay for good. There's a job waiting for you, one that will suit you down to the ground; and when this mess is all straightened out you and I are going off on a little jollification together—a bang-up trip!"

Blandon shook his head.

"You can't do that—go away."

Colquitt gave him another squeeze.

"I'd like to know why not!" he chirped; but Blandon shook his head again.

"You've got to stay on the job, Norry. That's what has been all the trouble with me. I wouldn't be in a mess like this tonight if I had stayed on mine."

Colquitt looked at him curiously.

"That so, Jerry? Tell me now, what brought you here tonight? You haven't told me that."

Blandon's eyes fell.

"I dunno," he mumbled; "it wasn't anything."

"Yes, it was, Jerry. What was it now?"

"Well, if you want to know," Blandon answered thickly, "it was because I was fed up, Norry; tired of knocking around and being nobody. I was homesick too—sick for a home; and, though a place like this always seemed like a dump, a graveyard to me, when Semple wanted me to go off on the loose again I thought I'd like to see you again and talk with you about it. I guess now," said Blandon with a sickly grin, "this place isn't so dead as I thought it was."

"No," said Colquitt, his face thoughtful, "it isn't."

His arm dropped from Blandon's shoulders; and for a moment his eyes darkened. Blandon watched him covertly. The look of care had dawned again on Colquitt's face; its distress was evident; and Blandon began to regret that in his momentary emotion he had pushed his own troubles into the foreground; as it was, Colquitt's cares were much more real. But Colquitt did not appear to be thinking of that. He spoke presently, his voice slow.

"Look here, Jerry; I can't tell you what's back of all that's gone on here in my house tonight. It's frankly because I don't know. A good deal, however, has been happening around here of late; and tonight, if I'm not mistaken, I'm going to get some light on it. You may not know it," he added, "but you've got me pretty well stirred up. I laughed at you, I know, but the point is this: Some of the stuff you've told me, no matter how crazy it sounds, is not far from the truth—ugly truth too. Now tell me this," he questioned; "you said, didn't you, that Graham was in that car with Pegram?" It was so; and Colquitt frowned more thoughtfully. "You say, too, that Pegram was here at the house?"

"Yes; so was his son too."

Colquitt scowled fitfully.

"Never mind the son, Jerry. He's got nothing to do with this."

"Nothing to do with it?"

"Certainly not!" said Colquitt. "Burt and the old man are on the outs; they haven't spoken for months. Burt's as innocent as you are."

"But, Norry"—Blandon's voice rose till it broke—"Norry, he's run off with her!"

"Run off with whom?"

"She —— Why, you know. Her letter said, didn't it, she'd run away?"

"My wife?"

"Your wife, yes."

Colquitt gazed at him, his look morose.

"Don't be an ass, Blandon. What I'm trying to tell you is that for the last few weeks that fellow Graham has been up to something, something ugly, you understand? As for Burt, if that fat simp's run away with anyone it's that little bear cat Nanny."

"Nanny?" Blandon gulped. "She?"

Colquitt nodded grimly. "That's the row between the Pegrams. Burt wants to marry her, and the old man thinks she's too frisky. Just the same," added Colquitt, grinning, "if anyone could make a man out of that sap, Nanny could. Say, what's the matter with you now?" he drawled.

Blandon was looking as if he'd seen a ghost. Colquitt, as he saw the look, gave an exclamation.

"My eye, Jerry!" He peered at Blandon, his eyes round. "You—you don't mean —— What! She's got you listed too!"

"Don't laugh, Norry."

"But, Jerry ——"

(Continued on Page 38)

There's a way for every day to prepare Swift's Premium Ham. This dish, for example—boiled shank with green vegetables—makes a perfectly rounded meal

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Of the quality of many foods you buy there is no sure test but the tasting. But when you buy ham you can know in advance, by tag, by wrapper and by brand, that it is Premium —acknowledged the best of its kind

Housewives merely thrifty see economy in the purchase of a whole Premium Ham. Housewives both thrifty and resourceful see besides economy a ready supply of fine meat, capable of endless variety in serving. Boiled, broiled, baked or fried, in soufflés or in omelets, Premium Ham is always tender—mild in flavor to the last scrap.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 36)

Blandon felt a little dizzy again

"I asked her to—to marry me, Norry She said she wouldn't marry any man who hadn't a job."

"Well, can you blame her?"

"No"

"And besides, you've got a job, haven't you?"

"That doesn't make any difference now," Blandon answered heavily

"Pshaw!" Colquitt laughed. "It makes a heap of difference, Jerry. If she hasn't fallen for that fat sketch, Burt, it makes all the difference in the world!"

Blandon gave him another weird smile.

"You don't see what I mean. Do you think I'd have anything to do with a woman that let a hired thug try to stretch me out flat?"

"Rats!" said Colquitt. "Wake up and listen to the birdies! You don't think Nanny had any hand in that!"

Blandon didn't know what to think. All he knew was what had happened to him this night. It was enough, too, considering.

Colquitt gave another laugh

"You've just been seeing things, Jerry. Nothing's happened to you."

Blandon shrugged irritably.

"Laugh all you like, Norry; the croak I got on the head was no joke, however you look at it. That thug was in earnest all right!"

Colquitt's laugh ended briefly.

"You're sure?"

"Sure? Say," said Blandon, "look at my head! Look at my clothes! Do you think they're just a hazy dream?"

"I know," nodded Colquitt; "but are you dead certain, though I hate to say it again, you didn't fall downstairs or anything?"

"Huh!" said Blandon He shrugged disgustedly, then threw up both his hands "All right, Norry," he mumbled resignedly, "have it your own way. I'm raving, of course just cuckoo!"

Colquitt interposed abruptly. He was frowning fitfully, his face again concerned.

"Hold on, Jerry!" he growled. Giving Blandon's torn attire and the bump on his head another look he said slowly, "It may be, after all, that you're right in what you think"

"That I got a bunt on the head?" Blandon inquired. He added sourly, "Thanks for admitting it!"

"I don't mean that," Colquitt answered, his air reflective; "it begins to look, if there was such a man, as though he was here in the house for a purpose."

"You don't say!" sniffed Blandon, adding sourly, "You'd think so if you had the crack on the belfry he gave me!"

Colquitt did not seem to hear him His brows were twisted; he was staring fixedly at the floor.

"I begin to get it now," he said.

"Do you?" Blandon sneered.

Colquitt spoke again, his voice heavy

"That fellow was here to get me, Jerry. I see what he was after now. What I can't see though," he added, "is what those women are up to. If they had any hand in this ——"

Blandon cut in, "Well, you can find out easy enough." When Colquitt asked how, Blandon told him. "The letter at the office, Norry. Come on, let's go over and get it. Then we can see what it says."

As they rattled down the stairs Blandon now was in the lead, Colquitt at his heels.

XVI

THEY were running as they reached the floor below The lights were lit, their glow filling with brightness the nooks and corners of the living room; but the room was vacant, shrouded with a stillness that echoed only to their footfalls and the keening of the wind outside. Through the holes in the stained-glass window it moaned and whistled ghostily; and on the hearth, its fire dead again, a gust in the chimney swept up the gray ashes and whirled them about like a wraith. Ashes! Dead, gray ashes! They seemed symbolical at the instant to that house; and at the thought Blandon grinned sardonically, remembering, too, his own dead hopes.

"Where's your coat?" asked Colquitt.

Blandon was looking for it. He found it presently, the seedy dingy rag of a trench coat he'd hung to all these years; and he was slipping into it when Colquitt spoke crustily.

"I say, you can't go out in that, Jerry! Man, you'll freeze!"

"It's all I've got," Blandon answered doggedly.

Colquitt reached into the closet and snatched down a coat like his own, the coat huge, the fur thick and warm. "Here, put that on," he ordered; "you'll find gloves in the pocket."

Blandon slipped into the coat; the gloves, though, in its pockets were a woman's gloves. He was putting them back when Colquitt took them from him

"Effy's," he mumbled, his face working. He threw Blandon another pair. "Hurry," he growled. As they sped through the entry to the door at the back, Blandon heard him mutter to himself, "What an ass, what a fool I've been!"

"What say?" inquired Blandon.

Colquitt didn't reply. Outside already, he was hastening along the path that led to the garage

On the way Blandon shot a look at the square of light under the broken window. It was where the pistol must have fallen when Nanny Granger flung it through the glass. The pistol, however, was not there now. It was gone; and Blandon grinned sourly as he marked a line of footprints leading from the path to a hole in the snow where the gat had fallen. They were woman's footprints. He knew, too, who the woman must have been

Colquitt was inside the garage. A glare of light burst from its windows as he threw on a switch; and an instant later the doors rolled back on their hinges. Through the opening Blandon caught a glimpse of a low-slung, red-bodied roadster; and he stopped, staring at the car

"That's the machine they were going to take!" he said alertly. Colquitt was already clambering into it

"What? Who?" he grunted.

"Your wife, Nanny, Pegram. Maybe they haven't gone," he ventured.

"Get aboard!" snarled Colquitt.

Blandon said no more.

He had no more than swung himself in from the footboard when with a roar, a bellow, the car leaped out into the open as if launched from a catapult.

"Hold fast," growled Colquitt.

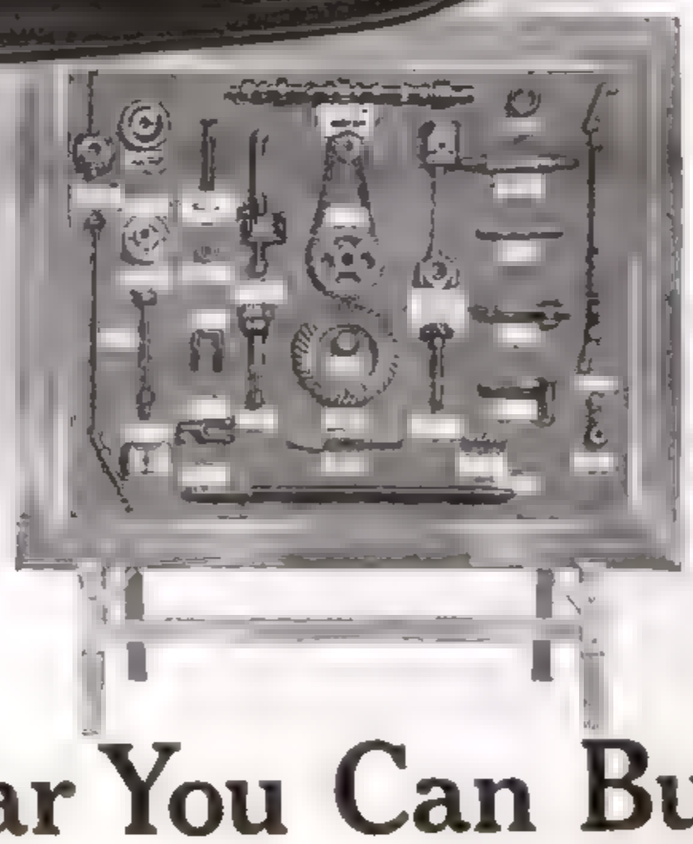
Blandon had reason, too, for holding fast. Hitting the drive with all the gas it could take the machine skidded around the curve in a whirl of snow and gravel, its exhaust rumbling like a barrage. Then, with another skid, another cloud of snow, it straightened out down the long stretch of roadway, and at the gate whipped around again with the same soul-racking slew into the road that led to Wickshire.

A nest of lights twinkled in the flat below. They blinked and sparkled into a glow where the long bulked-up row of mill buildings stood; and, as Blandon saw from their shining windows, the night shifts were still at work. He wasn't

(Continued on Page 40

"Keep 'Em Up!" Nanny Was Saying. "Keep 'Em Up!"

Hupmobile



Safety

Hupmobile, by means of fine materials and determinative tests, provides safety throughout the chassis. The parts shown here—steering knuckle, steering arm, and front axle—are of the finest material that can be used. All are drop-forged steel, double heat-treated, and are unusually heavy. In this group, each individual part for each individual car must pass the Brinell test, within close limits, for proper hardness of material, and bears the Brinell hardness mark.

Now You Can See Why This is the Best-Value Car You Can Buy

Any Hupmobile owner would tell you that each dollar he paid for his car brought him the best and largest 100 cents worth of superior motoring it is possible to purchase.

He has learned this, to his own infinite satisfaction, through the untroubled service his car delivers year in and year out.

And when he buys a new car—like his Hupmobile neighbor—he buys another Hupmobile.

Passing Up the Appeal of the Glittering Parade

And why shouldn't he? He knows. He has learned the significance of those thorough and costly processes of manufacture that have always characterized Hupmobile methods. He knows now what real motor car values are.

This pretty contraption down the street and that one around the corner, he could have for less money than it takes to buy a Hupmobile.

But he lets the glittering parade pass on its noisy way.

The ballyhoo leaves him unimpressed. He knows that when the parade has passed, his good old Hupmobile will still be delivering bang-up service.

Besides, he has no more than a bowing acquaintance with his repair man. He has no desire for a more intimate relation.

What he knows through ownership, you can discover through ten minutes of observation.

Invisible Costs That Assure Quality

Those "invisible costs," that have so much to do with the proverbially solid and substantial qualities of every Hupmobile, have been made visible for you.

And a pretty and illuminating object lesson it is.

Step into the nearest Hupmobile salesroom and ask to see the parts display.

There are tickets on these parts that tell you in black type what they are for, how they are made and what they are made of.

The same ticket, in red type, tells you a similar story about similar parts in other cars not so carefully and thoroughly made.

How a Wise Buyer Reaches a Decision

If these other cars could match the Hupmobile in excellence and reliability of performance, in durability and economy of up-keep—well you might then be justified in laying your money down on the "red."

But wisdom says black is the safe and sane color when it comes to investing hard-earned money in an automobile.

It takes quality to produce quality results.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 38

especially interested in that, however. Neither was he especially interested in anything but the road that lay ahead. The car had just hit the long down grade that streamed away to the valley flat; and his eye wandered fitfully to the speed dial on the dash. Its needle was creeping up, quivering as its point nicked another marking on the scale; and he crouched down, clinging to the seat; forty-five—fifty—fifty-five. "Say!" he said, as the machine gave another headlong plunge.

Colquitt's reply was to step harder on the gas.

A streak of white fled past—the fronts of the village houses. The street crossings Blandon identified by the leap the machine gave as it came to them. It needed only some other car to turn out of one of those crossings to spell destruction—some flivver scuttling along as flivvers scuttle. There would be no time to slow down. At the rate they were streaking it, if Colquitt had shot home the brakes the car would have somersaulted through the air, end over end. But if so, what of it? A fever of morose exultation crept over Blandon; he hardly cared what happened now; and he sat back on the seat, moodily watching Colquitt's tense strained face and the way Colquitt flirted like this with death.

"I might have known it!" he heard Colquitt mutter.

"Known what, Norry?"

Under the thunderous drumming of the engine Colquitt's voice droned a reply. "That she'd quit me of course."

Blandon made no reply. He glanced furtively at the speaker. In the light from the dashboard lamp Colquitt's face was lined and careworn. The car leaped on.

They hit nothing on that mad race. The gods that watch out for madmen—for speed artists, drunks, and other fools that handle steering wheels—must have had an eye out for Norris Colquitt too. At the end of the long stretch of street he slowed down the engine; and barking and back-firing the machine slid up to the curb and stopped. Blandon looked out from under the low-hung top. Beside the walk was a wide plot of turf, back of which stood a two-story office building, brick with facings of neat white stone. An electric light hung above its door, and graved on the keystone above the entrance was the legend:

PAMQUID MILLS
1866—COLQUITT & SON—1915

Fifty years lacking just one year. A man could be proud of an inheritance such as that—monument, as it was, of long enterprise, activity and thrift. It would not be the pride, either, that mere money gives; it would be due, instead, to a sense of the achievement it symbolized.

The offices were dimly lighted; the long, far-reaching block of mill buildings were, for themselves, ablaze with the illumination. From behind the windows, too, came the clamor of machines—the whir of belting, the clack and chatter of the looms and their shuttle arms, the steady, unceasing purr of spindle, reel and spool. In that song, so far as he could hear, Blandon could detect no note of discord, trouble. When he stepped from the car and at Colquitt's heels hurried up the path he got a glimpse, too, through a window, of a knot of workmen; and the workmen were chatting to one another lightly, laughing as they worked. Then, as his eye wandered on, Blandon spied another figure. It was a man lurking in the shadow near the office door. Colquitt stopped short.

"Hey?" he said, his voice strange.

Blandon stopped too.

"What's up?" he asked.

Colquitt was still staring toward the man. Blandon saw him stiffen; then, his face scowling, he strode along the path. The man lurking by the doorway was Graham. Colquitt strode up to him.

"Well?" he demanded curtly.

"Howdy, Mr. Colquitt?" returned Graham. A leering, deprecating grin lit his lanky jaw. "I was waiting to see you, Mr. C. You telephoned, you know."

"No, I didn't," retorted Colquitt; "you telephoned me."

Graham looked less easy.

"Same thing," he returned; "you said, you know, you'd be home at eight. You wasn't though."

"What of it?" Colquitt answered.

"I wanted to see you," was the reply.

"What about?" Colquitt demanded as curtly as before; and Graham cast an uneasy glance at Blandon.

"Could I see you privately?" he said.

Colquitt didn't budge. "This is Mr. Blandon," he said brusquely; "one of my assistants." It was news to Blandon, and he started. Then Colquitt spoke again. "Anything you have to say you can say before him. Otherwise, why, good night."

Graham writhed uncomfortably.

"It's very private, Mr. C."

"I care nothing about that," retorted Colquitt; "I'm in a hurry, too; and you can say it now or not at all."

"It's about the strike," Graham edged in, his eyes wavering.

"The strike?" Colquitt's lip curled. "What strike? I haven't heard of any."

Graham's mouth twisted into a sneer.

"You'll hear of it all right. We've got your men all organized, you know."

"You have not," said Colquitt flatly.

"You think so?" Graham sneered.

"I know!" answered Colquitt. "You tried, and the men wouldn't listen to you; only a few dozens of them would."

"You'll find out different!" snapped Graham; but instantly lowering his tone he leered at Colquitt, the leer oily and insinuating. "Now we don't want to get all het up, Mr. C. We're practical men, you and me; and we c'n fix this little matter up. All you gotta do is to say so; and they won't be any trouble."

"I see," said Colquitt; "then it can be fixed?"

"Oh, sure!" said Graham.

Blandon listened curiously. He knew Colquitt—or thought he did; and Colquitt was the last one, he would have considered, to truckle with any ill-omened bird like this. Colquitt, however, switching suddenly in his tone, was now matching his manner to Graham's own smug, insinuating friendliness.

"You're certain you can fix it?" Blandon heard him ask.

"Sure, sure," Graham returned indulgently. Winking and nodding, his lean mouth grinning confidently, he rubbed the palms of his hands together, the movement suggestive. "You know. You twig, don't you? Easy, Mr. Colquitt; just between you and me."

Colquitt grinned back at him.

"How much, Mr. Graham? Mention a figure, will you?"

Graham considered. "Well, say, three grand; no, make it four. You otta stand for four thou, all right. It'd cost a sight more, y' know, if they was a strike and the hands walked out. Yeah," he added; "not speakin' of all that trade the Pegram people would take off you if we was to shut you down."

Colquitt ruminated a moment. "Four thousand, eh?" He looked over his shoulder at Blandon. "What do you think of it, Jerry?"

Blandon didn't know what to think. It was pretty rotten, business like this, whatever way he looked at it. However, it was no affair of his; and he shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I think of it," Colquitt said slowly. He jerked his thumb toward Graham. "Our friend here makes it pretty plain." He did not raise his voice as he spoke; and he was smiling evenly. "You heard what he offers, Jerry. The way it stands, he has been bought up to call a strike on us; and now the sneaking dog is trying to sell out the men that bought him."

Graham started as if he'd been struck."

"What's that!" he cried, his mouth agape.

Colquitt swung around to him.

"Faugh!" he said. "You'd not only sell out the men that have bought you, you'd sell out the hands in my mill that trusted you!"

Graham's voice rose into a snarl. "Then you won't come across? What!"

"Not a cent, not a sou!" said Colquitt.

The labor grafter's face turned livid.

"All right, you wait!" he threatened, an oath flung out with it. "When your mill's down and you've seen all your trade gone blooey you'll wish you'd listened. I'll fix you, young fellow!"

"That's so? Well, I know all about that," Colquitt returned calmly. "I know who put you on this job; and I know, too, what you and the men who bought you are up to. Mr. Blandon saw you with them tonight; with one of them anyway."

"Yes!" snapped Graham, his rage bubbling now; "and I'm wise what you tried to put over on me then. Tried to get me, didn't you? You had Mr. Pegram's car held up so's to bump me off!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Colquitt.

Blandon started too. Graham's voice rose to a shout.

"Say, that got you, did it?" he mocked triumphantly. "Tried to strong-arm me, you did; only sunthin' slipped. We got the goods on you, too, if you care to know. Me and Pegram's choofer tracked on the snow who done it; and the tracks led straight to your door!" Dancing up to Colquitt he thrust his jaw into Colquitt's face. "Now what're you gotta say!"

Colquitt apparently had nothing to say. Blandon, however, to mention nothing of Graham, was hardly prepared for the sudden and unlooked-for retort that Colquitt made. There was a sudden movement, then a flurry of arms and legs. The legs and arms were Graham's. Gripped by the collar, Graham was yanked from his feet, held in the air an instant; and then, arms and legs flying, he described an arc through the air. A wild yell burst from him; he yelled again as he struck. Then scrambling to his feet he turned and bawled curses at his aggressor. The curses were filthy; the man's face was as unspeakable.

"Git!" said Colquitt inelegantly, yet graphically.

Graham got. As Colquitt took a step toward him he turned and scuttled off, still shouting his imprecations.

"Gad, what a mess!" growled Colquitt.

It was a mess indeed; Blandon, too, saw it clearly. The least part of it, though, was the trouble in which it might involve Colquitt's mills, his business. Once a man like that got wind that a member of Colquitt's own family—his wife, perhaps—had staged the holdup that night, there was no telling what he'd do. Colquitt's wife, in fact, seemed to have got them in a pretty pickle.

"My wife?" inquired Colquitt.

"Yes, of course," Blandon returned; "your wife held up the car; she and your butler Temple."

"That so?"

It was, wasn't it? Hadn't Blandon seen her trying to hide in the garret the clothes she had worn—the soldier clothes?

"That's right," grunted Colquitt; "but how do you know it was Effy who had worn them?"

Blandon hadn't thought of that.

"Huh?" he inquired, jolted.

"My young friend," said Colquitt slowly, "you'd better come to and look at the scenery. I may be wrong, of course; but I'm willing to lay you odds that Effy had no hand in it. She's no fool to try to put over anything like that."

But if she hadn't done it—if it was not Colquitt's wife who had staged the holdup—then who was it?

"Nanny," said Colquitt.

"Nanny!"

"Righto," replied Colquitt; "I'll lay you any amount she's been at the bottom of every blooming thing that's been put over on you tonight!"

"What?" gasped Blandon.

He was still gasping when Colquitt took him by the elbow and led him up the stairs to the offices inside.

XVII

NANNY GRANGER! Nanny again! It began to look now as if Colquitt was right; and once more, in his confusion, Blandon began to piece together the riddle in his mind. Clearly if Blandon had been the destined victim of the holdup, Effy Colquitt hardly would have dared to try it on. If Nanny, though, had done it, what was her game? What had she tried to gain either by that or by all the rest that had happened? The stone crusher, too, in all the business was that murdering dog, the fellow who had tried twice to lay him out. Was it he, Blandon, the fellow was trying to get? Or was it Colquitt? It seemed, on reflection, to throw little light on the business. One way or the other—that is, if it was either Blandon or Colquitt who was to be murdered—what was Nanny's part in it? Blandon gave it up and tracked along after Colquitt.

The mill offices were big. A long passage ran down through the center of the building; and on each side of it was room after room, each with a glass door on which was the name of some executive or other officer. Even in his hurry they gave Blandon a sense of the bigness of Colquitt's business. Colquitt bustled on, Blandon beside him. As they neared the end of the passage a man, a watchman evidently, appeared; and Colquitt called to him. The man turned back and threw on a switch, flooding the hall with light. Opening a door at his left Colquitt stepped inside. Then motioning Blandon to step inside he turned and closed the door.

Blandon saw his face. Colquitt again was scowling, his brows dark. On his face, too, once more the moisture had started.

The office in which they stood was commodious. A rug with a thick, heavy pile covered the floor; and down the middle ran a long heavily built table with chairs on either side of it. In a corner beside a window was a desk of a like massive construction. Opposite it, as Blandon saw, was the door of a steel vault, a safe, let into the wall. It instantly caught his eye. The steel door was marred and battered, the knobs of its combination knocked off, its handle bent. Then, as he looked at it, he remembered they had told him the safe had been blown open the night before.

A lurking smile spread for a moment on his jaw. Had that girl Nanny done this too?

"Don't be an ass, Jerry!" Colquitt snapped. He had gone to the desk and was unlocking it, his air hurried.

Blandon gave a grunt.

"Well, she ran off with the books, too, didn't she? She and your wife?"

Colquitt gave another disgusted growl.

"Huh, Jerry! Are you trying to tell me now my wife stole the firm's books?"

"They were at the house, weren't they?" retorted Blandon; and he added, "I saw her with them too—she and that fellow Burt."

Colquitt's voice grew weary.

"I know all that. I telephoned to have the books sent to my house. That's another reason, too, why I came home. The safe was blown up last night; and I didn't know what was up. Last week they blew up a safe over in Blackhall."

"They? Who?"

"Yeggs, burglars. What did you think—Malays?" He turned back to the desk, unlocking its top. "Shut up now till I find that letter."

But yeggmen, burglars? Blandon gave a sudden start. A thought, a new suggestion, had sprung into his mind. He did not utter it, however. Hovering over the desk, Colquitt had given a sudden exclamation.

(Continued on Page 76)

Two Passenger, Six Cylinder Roadster

Howard Automobile Company,
Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

The new 1924 model Buick car I purchased from you has given entire satisfaction in every respect. In particular I wish to say that the action of the four wheel brakes has proven a wonderful success. Before purchasing the car I talked with several mechanical engineers who told me that the principle of the four wheel brakes was mechanically correct. The addition of two more brakes to the car does not stop it with a jerk any more than the addition of two cylinders to the engine causes the car to jerk ahead.

Verne L. Ketchum,
Portland, Ore.

MERE mention of the name Buick brings to mind a thoroughly trustworthy motor car—a car that everyone respects—a car for which everyone has a favorable word. This unique condition is the cumulative result of twenty years of dependable and satisfying Buick performance. Year after year each succeeding Buick model has made good. That is why Buick is now well on its way towards the manufacture of its two-millionth motor car.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

GOD'S COUNTRY—By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"He Must Have Got Into the Top Flat and Gone Up Through the Skylight," She Cried. "They're on the Roof"

ROSIE gazed dreamily out of the window, an open book in her lap. There was nothing to look at except the back of another tenement house and, in the space between, hundreds of shirts and undergarments flapping from five tiers of clotheslines which spanned the alley, yet a tender smile curved her lips. For she did not see at all this noisome hive of humanity where two thousand people swarmed in one block; she was watching Barbara Maddox and gallant Tex Caruth ride side by side toward the sunset out in God's country. An elevated train rushed past under her nose, with shrieks of flange against rail. It shook the house and rattled the windows, but Rosie remained wholly unconscious of it.

"Their lips met in a long, pure kiss; then hand in hand they set out toward the great golden orb of fire sinking slowly to rest on the horizon. The two rode in a silence that was holy—on and on toward their heart's desire." Rosie's jaws ceased their rhythmic action, and in a sort of divine ecstasy she parked her gum. Did she get this picture? I'll say she did! She had seen it on the screen four times in one week.

"Rosie," shrilled her mother, who was hanging out certain articles on the fire escape, fifty feet above ground, "go bring it some coal."

The girl got up reluctantly.

"There ain't any, mamma."

"Lookit in the bathtub."

"I did."

"Maybe there's some under papa's bed."

"No, it's all gone."

"Then run across ——"

She was cut short by the violent opening of the outer door, and a man rushed in and dived under the bed in which she and Rosie and the youngest slept. Neither of the women made a sound. Both had recognized him.

"Lock it!" he hissed.

Rosie ran and did so. A noise of heavy feet on the stairs, then loud debate followed by much running about on the landing. Presently the tumult halted at their door. "He's in here!" declared a voice whose owner was panting hard. A baton beat a peremptory tattoo.

"What'll I tell 'em?" whispered Rosie to her mother.

"Don't tell 'em nothing. Open that door."

Perceiving there was no help from that quarter Rosie said to the man under the bed, "You'll have to beat it, Arturo. They'll bust down the door in a minute."

Two stalwart shoulders were already endeavoring to do that very thing. Failing at the first shove, they withdrew across the corridor for a run at it.

"All right," assented the fugitive, scrambling out with marked agility.

He made a dash for the fire escape and fled lightly upward just as the door crashed back. Four policemen came tumbling in; but hearing their quarry on the fire escape, they did not even pause for a glance around, but tore after him.

A woman's shriek from high above them. Rosie leaned far out, just in time to see the last policeman disappear through an upper window.

"He must have got into the top flat and gone up through the skylight," she cried. "They're on the roof."

The trampling of feet died away. A moment, and the two women caught a muffled report, then another.

"Serves him right if he does get shot at," her mother puffed. "I told you all along what'd happen."

"I'm going to find out."

"Don't you dare to move outside of this room! Come on back now! I tell you, Rosie, he's nothing short a bum, that Lefty."

"You leave me go, mamma, d'you hear? You're always running of him down."

"And what's the foist thing the loafer does when he gets in trouble? Hey? Tries to get us in too! There's a fine one for you! Do you call that nice? Now we will have the polis asking questions, and you know how papa ——"

"Let go, mamma. I'm going out to see."

She wrenched loose, and grabbing hat and coat ran downstairs to the street. The shawl-clad women who had been strolling from cart to cart, pawing things over, the idle men, the urchins playing in the road and on the sidewalks—all had run off to follow the hunt. Rosie hurried round the corner. That street, too, had knocked off to be in at the finish. Any part of New York will drop what it is doing at any moment to gaze up in the air or stare for hours at a hole in the ground.

Sobbing in her excitement, she duck-footed it another block, arriving just in time to see Arturo led out of a door between two policemen and loaded into a patrol wagon. Rosie tried to get near him, calling out his name, but the press of the crowd was too great.

"Is he hurted bad?" she asked a small boy who had climbed to a window ledge.

"Naw."

"But they shot at him."

"Those guys couldn't hit nothin'."

"There was blood all over his face."

"Sure!" he agreed, with relish. "That's where they walloped him. There they go now. Gee, I bet they don't do a t'ing to that boid!"

The patrol wagon departed with harsh clanging of its gong and Rosie started to follow toward the police station. Halfway there she stopped. What could she do when she arrived? How could she help Arturo? They might arrest her too—and then what?

It was not any risk to herself that turned her back, however, but the thought that she might do more harm than good. A hundred times had she heard Lefty say that when a guy got into trouble, the less his friends butted in the better for him. Also, she had grown up in an atmosphere of fear and suspicion of the police. To her kind the police never seem to be protectors, guardians of their peace and security and rights, but always as enemies against whom one must be constantly on the alert. Her father was forever dropping dark hints about what calamities would befall them if the bulls ever turned an eye in their direction.

She went home.

"Well?" said her mother.

"They pinched him."

Mrs. Ambrosini's satisfaction was quickly submerged in a new anxiety.

"I don't know it what your papa will say," she remarked. "He's going to be awful mad."

"Why?"

"Why? Don't talk so foolish, Rosie! Because the polis was here—that is why."

"Maybe Arturo will send for me, or something," said the girl hopefully.

"If he does you won't go," her mother declared. "You hear me, what I say to you?"

"All right. Let's not talk nothing more about it."

Each went about some work, keeping as far apart as their cramped quarters would permit. The Ambrosinis occupied two rooms on the fifth floor of the house. There was also a tiny bathroom adjoining, to which they had exclusive access, although originally it had been designed to serve every tenant on their side of the hall. It was a source of great pride to the Ambrosinis, that bathroom, and they often dragged it into their conversation with less fortunate acquaintances.

Its presence seemed anomalous there, but every floor had two, their installation representing a belated effort on the part of the owner's father to make his peace with

(Continued on Page 48)

On the dining room floor is shown pattern No. 518. The pattern in the kitchen is No. 540

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs Make Dining Rooms So Cheerful!

What a satisfaction it is to any housekeeper to have a colorful, durable *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug on her dining room floor!

The hospitable warmth of its rich, tasteful pattern creates an ideal setting for her furniture; and there's the added advantage that, like the rug in her kitchen, she can keep it clean with a minimum of effort.

Patterns for Every Room

Because they are artistic in design as well as easy to clean, Congoleum Rugs are becoming more and more the choice of up-to-date women everywhere. The variety and beauty of their patterns—colorful Oriental motifs; dainty floral designs and neat wood-block effects—suit them to any room in the house.

And cleaning them is wonderfully easy and quick. Their seamless, waterproof surface cannot be penetrated by dirt and grease. A few strokes of a damp mop and the colors are as spotless as new.

Another advantage, they lie flat without fastening—never curl up at the edges.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

Look for this Gold Seal

The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. It is your protection against substitutes and gives you the assurance of our liberal money-back guarantee. Look for the Gold Seal!

"*Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs*," a very interesting booklet by Anne Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in full colors. It is free.

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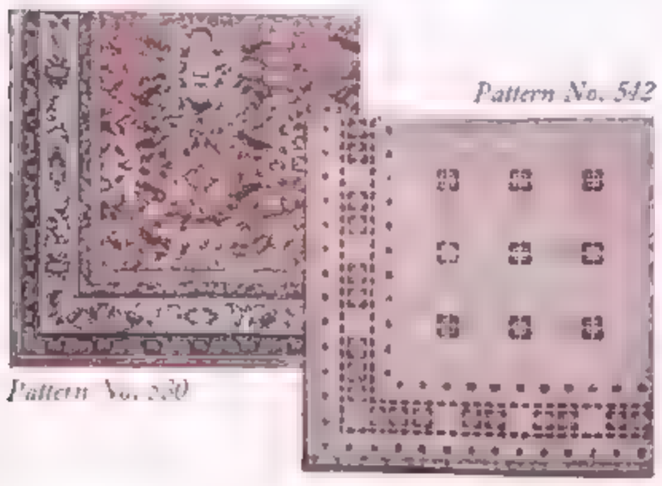
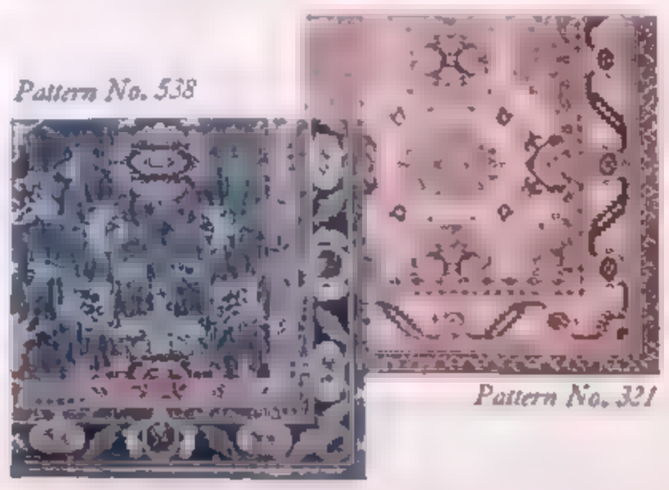


Pattern No. 542

Pattern No. 530

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 321

EGGS AT $60,000 A DOZEN

By Roy Chapman Andrews

WE ALWAYS knew that the Chinese were fond of ancient eggs. In fact they put them away for 100 years so that their great-great-grandchildren may have a really well-seasoned egg. But Mr. Andrews has gone the Chinese one better. He has brought back from Mongolia eggs that are 10,000,000 years old. Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who will tell you about the dinosaur eggs."

Such was the way I was introduced to seventy-five separate and distinct audiences last winter when I came to lecture on the Mongolian explorations of the Third Asiatic Expedition. Only one man failed to mention the eggs, and he confessed to me later that he restrained himself with difficulty. That day I was feeling particularly fed up on eggs, for I had something else that I wanted to say, and perhaps he got my mental radio to keep off the subject.

Not that I dislike dinosaur eggs. Far be it from me to repudiate the hatchet-faced reptile which deposited those eggs in just the spot where we could find them 10,000,000 years later. She laid a good deal better than she knew, for it has made the name of all her kind a household word in America.

For years we have been trying to make the public take an interest in dinosaurs. We have been telling them what really extraordinary beasts they were and how much they deserved serious consideration—that they were the biggest things in the way of animal life that ever walked the earth; that the story of their evolution reads like a page from the Wonder Book. But all in vain. Nine out of every ten men or women thought that a dinosaur was a new kind of disease until last autumn.

I suppose it is the age of the eggs and the difficulty we have in getting hens' eggs only one day old that make them interesting. But whatever it is, the fact remains that they have done more for the popularity of the dinosaur family than all the vast halls of world museums wherein their bones are displayed.

Dinosaur Chicks and Pullets

I HAVE just sold one of the eggs for $5000. At first thought the price may seem high for an egg only eight inches long, but J. Alden Loring, of Owego, New York, has presented the other side of the case in a letter to the New York Times. Loring, by the way, was one of the naturalists with the late President Roosevelt on his African expedition, and he looks at the matter from a professional museum point of view:

"Five thousand dollars for a dinosaur egg 10,000,000 years old! Why, man, up here in the country we are paying five cents apiece for hens' eggs only a day old. At that rate dinosaurs' eggs should be worth $182,500,000; but since a dinosaur's egg is at least ten times larger than a hen's egg, its actual value should be $1,825,000,000."

Until we sold this single egg, which goes to Colgate University at Hamilton, New York, as the gift of Col. Austen Colgate, we had a corner on the dinosaur-egg market. Hundreds of dinosaur skeletons have been found in various parts of the world, but not an egg. They so persistently eluded capture that scientific minds began to wonder if dinosaurs really did lay eggs. They should have, according to the laws of logic, for most reptiles lay eggs and dinosaurs are reptiles. Moreover, the eggs of birds several million years old had been found. And then, all of a sudden, we stumbled on them out in the Gobi Desert of Central Mongolia. How do we know they are dinosaur eggs? Well, first of all, they are elongate like reptiles' eggs and not like the output of a bird.

Then, second, no birds are known to have lived at the time these eggs were laid—that is, in the lower part of the Age of Reptiles. And if they had lived then, they would have been much too small to produce an egg eight inches long.

Third, the eggs were found in a great deposit of dinosaur bones, where there was nothing else.

But best of all, as Hashimura Togo said, "I met its child which were inside," and that really is true—two of the eggs contain the fossilized skeletons of baby dinosaurs.

Right on top of the first nest, or cluster, we found the skeleton of a dinosaur. At first we thought it might be the lady who produced the eggs; but now the skeleton has been studied and we find that it couldn't be. It is much too small.

This particular dinosaur is toothless, but from heredity, not age, and we have strong suspicions that it was an egg sucker. Some catastrophe such as a sandstorm, or perhaps just an ordinary stomach ache, had overwhelmed it while in the very act of robbing the nest.

We are a good deal better off than we thought we were in the way of eggs. Study has shown that instead of one, we have three different kinds of dinosaurs represented by our twenty-five specimens. This makes them more valuable, and I am beginning to feel that we broke our egg corner at much too low a price. But the public probably thinks that $5000 for an egg only eight inches long is quite enough. What they know of dinosaurs is only that the great reptiles could look into a second-story window without half trying. Therefore they expect to see an egg as large as an office safe, to say the least. They register disappointment when they look at our eight-inch productions.

But here is the point: If they were bigger, they probably wouldn't be so old. For these eggs were laid by the great-grandmother, raised to the nth degree, of the horned dinosaurs which came over to America 6,000,000 years later. They are eggs of ancestral dinosaurs, which were only about eight or ten feet long.

While we were about it we thought we might as well do a good job; so, after finding the eggs, we proceeded to get a complete series of the children in all stages of growth up to the oldest parent. One little block of stone contained the skeleton of a dinosaur chick, just hatched. Dinosaurs didn't believe in down or this one would have had it, for it was in just the downy stage. There is another about the age when it would begin to take an interest in running with its mother and perhaps nipping off choice bits of salad from the Cretaceous vegetation.

Pullet dinosaurs also are represented in our collection, and we go through the whole gamut of yearlings and two-year-olds, up to those so ancient that they got bored with living and died.

Fourteen skeletons, seventy-five skulls and twenty-five eggs was our haul from this one sandy basin. Some of the skeletons show the stomach stones, for this kind of vegetable-feeding dinosaur swallowed gravel to help digest his food just as chickens do today. And one has the tendons along the back fossilized; another showed bits of skin impression, but they were too delicate to preserve.

It has been somewhat more difficult than usual to reconstruct in our imagination the conditions at this place; but still we know pretty well what happened back in those dim, dark ages some 9,000,000 years before Adam was thought of. It was a sandy region; that much we know. Perhaps there was a pool of water, or something which especially attracted the dinosaurs as an egg hatchery. Anyway, the fact that so many skulls and skeletons and eggs were there shows that the reptiles liked the spot. When the hen dinosaur was impelled to contribute something to posterity she scooped out a nice shallow hole in the sand, laid her eggs and then covered them up to be hatched by the Cretaceous sun. She didn't overdo it, for the biggest clutch of eggs contained only nine, and reptiles today lay as many as thirty to ninety eggs. But she believed in quality, and when you think that she did a job which lasted 10,000,000 years, we can't really blame her for not producing more at one setting.

Ideal Conditions for the Hunt

IT IS going a little too far to imagine that she had the Third Asiatic Expedition and the great American public in mind when she laid that particular batch of eggs. She was happy in the mother thought of all the cunning little dinosaurs which would be scampering at her heels in a few weeks. But something happened. We don't know just what it was; but the eggs were broken, the contents ran out and fine red sand sifted in very gently, forming a hard, smooth core. The tiny skeletons of the poor little dinosaurs in the eggs were imbedded in the sand and fossilized along with the shells themselves.

Then there were hundreds of feet of sediment heaped upon the eggs as millions of years went by. After a while the building-up process ended and there began a period when erosion was faster than deposition. So the sand which had been hardened by pressure and chemical action into rock began to be worn away, and eventually a great basin was scooped out of the plain exactly over the spot where the eggs were waiting to be found. That was where we came in with our dinosaur detectives. And when Granger, Olsen, Kaisen and Johnson take up the trail it has to be a pretty clever dinosaur that can get by without being excavated.

Naturally, we didn't expect to find eggs. In fact we joked Olsen a good deal when he reported that he had discovered a nest of fossil eggs. But you can believe that we became serious fast enough when we realized what they were. It was pretty thrilling to know that they were in the exact spot where the dinosaur buried them 10,000,000 years ago. I imagine our feelings were similar to those of Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter when they peeped into King Tut's tomb for the first time. Only their thrills were more prolonged. Still, Kaisen and Johnson both found other nests during the next weeks, so our excitement wasn't ended with the first clutch.

There is good reason for feeling sure that the eggs were in their original position, for otherwise the individual specimens in the different groups would not have been associated. They would have been scattered about over a considerable area. The eggs and the dinosaurs themselves must have been covered by wind-blown sand. Usually when we find a great deposit of fossils the causes are obvious. Quicksand or bogs often trapped the animals. Or sometimes it is in the bed of an ancient stream where the bodies were caught and swept together in a particular spot. In such cases the bones almost always show indications of water action and are a good deal broken up.

But with our dinosaur deposit none of these things had happened. The eggs couldn't have been rolled about by water or they would have been broken, because the shells are hard and brittle like the well-known productions of the domestic hen; and moreover the dinosaurs themselves were just where they had died. Kaisen found one beautiful skeleton lying on its belly, with the legs partly drawn up and the neck outstretched. Everything was there, even to the tiny bones of the tail. Water action never would have left an animal like that. The bones would have been scattered and probably some of them lost. Another perfect skull has the mouth wide open, but even the delicate cusps of the teeth are unbroken. All this indicates that a blanket of sand sifted gently over the animals when they died.

What! Mosquitoes in the Garden of Eden?

IT MAY be that these will remain forever as the only dinosaur eggs known to man. Conditions had to be absolutely perfect for their preservation, and in the hundreds of other dinosaur deposits in various parts of the world not a shell has turned up. We never have seen anything else like it in Mongolia. Therefore we sent out all our fossil detectives on egg hunts. The edge of the basin is about four miles long and they went over it almost on hands and knees. The result was the discovery of five nests.

I'm willing to bet my last cent that they didn't skip an egg. Those men don't miss things; they've been at the job too long. Walter Granger has been doing it some thirty-odd years, and to him fossils stick out like signs on Broadway. He'll be strolling along, apparently not interested in much of anything, and remark casually, "There is the second molar tooth of a rodent on that knoll." And sure enough, there'll be one just where he says.

This came by training and long experience, and that is the reason why we were able to open up the richest fossil fields of the world in Mongolia, where others had drawn a blank.

When I announced that we had sold one egg for $5000 a cartoonist drew a picture showing a stampede to the egg fields of Mongolia. Far be it from me to discourage the prospectors. Maybe they'll find the mother lode, but I wouldn't want to grubstake any one of them. It isn't a good bet.

Strangely enough, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was intimately connected with the dinosaur eggs. Before we left for Mongolia I got a complete set of the numbers for 1922 from the Peking Club. They served a double purpose. First they furnished us with good reading matter, and second, the full sheets are just the right size for wrapping the smaller fossils. The night that we discovered the first nest of eggs I was too excited to sleep, and lay in my fur bag until two o'clock in the morning reading the articles by Mr. Herman H. Kohlsaat, From McKinley to Harding. When the eggs had been excavated, each one was carefully wrapped in cotton, rolled up in sheets of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and packed in wool from our own camels. Thus THE POST helped to bring them safely from the center of the Gobi Desert to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Half the fun of fossil hunting comes in piecing together bits of evidence until you get a more or less complete picture of what the country was like in those far days when the world was young. Usually we work backward. If we find an animal related even remotely to one living at present, it is not difficult to draw a pretty accurate picture of what it was like.

Of course, if we find fossil plants, to reconstruct the vegetation is easy and that tells us what the climate was like. And sometimes we even get the insects. Yes, mosquitoes lived 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 years before Adam and Eve are reported to have taken up their residence in the Garden. No one suspected before that the miserable

(Continued on Page 47)

Why drive a shabby car?

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Why shouldn't women put their motor cars on the "spring cleaning" list? We sometimes associate the men of the family with the job of repainting the automobile, yet women are just as interested in keeping their cars looking smart and new. And Valspar-Enamels are so easy to use!

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S E P 1 2 3

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Suppose your cook-stove spoiled one-third of your food!

YOU wouldn't hesitate to get rid of it. The cost of the wasted food would soon equal the cost of a good stove. Keeping the old one would be the most short-sighted economy.

Yet you may be making a mistake in your cellar which you would never make in your kitchen. For if you have an old-fashioned heater, it is probably wasting at least one-third of your coal.

Coal is high; a one-third saving is quite an item; over a period of years it would pay for a modern boiler several times.

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(Continued from Page 44)

little beasts had such remote ancestors; and as only dinosaurs were living then, it appears to be probable that they fed upon vegetation. At the place where we found the insects there probably had been a pool which was so completely sheltered that not a breath of wind ruffled its surface. Mosquitoes, butterflies and other insects alighted on the water and died. They sank slowly to the bottom and were gently covered by fine sediment. Thus impressions of their tiny bodies were left as though they had been cast in dental plaster. The rock was what is called paper shale because it strips off in thin layers, or sheets.

We found one great deposit of dinosaur bones which were thrown together in such a heterogeneous way that it was evidently the result of water action. The bones of huge vegetable-feeding duckbill dinosaurs, of their enemies the flesh-eaters and of the smaller birdlike species were in one deposit. It was as though they had all been dumped in a great pot and then been well stirred. A game of jackstraws had nothing on this, for sometimes we would find a bone standing almost on end and half a dozen other pieces would have to be removed before it could be taken out.

It was perfectly evident what had happened. This was a backwater, or eddy, on the shore of the great lake which our geologists told us had filled this basin some 9,000,000 years ago during the upper part of the Age of Reptiles. We could imagine one of the giant flesh-eating dinosaurs attacking a forty-five-foot duckbill. In their struggles the huge reptiles would be carried out into the deep waters of the lake and drowned. Their bodies would be swept along slowly until they came to rest in the backwater. There they would sink to the bottom, the flesh decompose, the bones be covered with sediment and eventually fossilized. Then we came along 9,000,000 years later, dug into this prehistoric burial ground and brought back the skeletons for the people of America to gaze upon.

The Beast of Baluchistan

Bone hunting sounds drier than the Eighteenth Amendment, but you are dead wrong. It is as full of excitement as stalking the wily bighorn on his mountain crags. I've been a sportsman all my life, but I'm just on the verge of quitting in favor of fossil hunting. I'm all for thrills, and now after some fourteen years in shooting big game all the way from New Guinea to Siberia, I don't get a real kick in the nervous system when an animal drops at the crash of my rifle. It is too much of an old story. I know just about how well I can shoot and stalk and more or less what a beast may be expected to do. But you always have something new and unexpected when gunning for fossils. One is apt to have its nose poked up through the ground when you least expect it; and best of all, you never can tell what sort of a beast it is going to be. I'll never forget the day I found the skull of the great Baluchitherium. Some years ago a friend of mine, C. Forster Cooper, of Cambridge University, discovered the first neck vertebra and a foot bone of a huge creature in Baluchistan, India. They didn't prove much, except that the mammal which wore them was bigger than any other that ever trod the earth, so far as we know. Cooper tacked on the name Baluchitherium—the Beast of Baluchistan, and there the matter rested until we went to Mongolia in 1922.

Within the first week Walter Granger, our chief paleontologist, found a heel bone which could belong only to a Baluchitherium. That was interesting because it showed that the animal must have roamed far and wide and that 5,000,000 years ago, when it lived, the climate and country of the Central Asian plateau must have been much like that of India.

Two months later we were 500 miles to the west in the Gobi Desert and heard reports from Mongols that there was a place where they had found fossil bones as big as a man's body. Baluchitheriums had slipped our minds by that time and we put the stories down as native exaggeration.

But when we reached the spot, Shackelford, our cinematographer, stumbled over the end of a foreleg bone in the bottom of a wash. It had just broken out of a cut bank in the natural process of weathering. That brought Baluchitheriums into our heads again, and we began to realize that the Mongols hadn't exaggerated after all, for the bone was nearly as large as a man's body. But nothing more was found and life flowed on peacefully enough until just when we were ready to leave. Granger and Shackelford, who had been alone, actually had broken camp and were on their way to join the rest of us, when Wang, their Chinese chauffeur, found another Baluch bone. Granger and Shackelford gave the spot the once-over and got part of a lower jaw and more leg bones.

The next day I went back with Shackelford and Wang. While they were digging in the wash I strolled to the summit of a little ridge and looked down into a ravine. There lay some huge gray-white bones partly buried in the sand. There was no mistaking them, and I leaped down the slope, yelling like an Apache Indian. Shackelford and Wang came up the wash on a run.

Where to Look for Fossils

For the next hour we dug like ground hogs and exposed enough to show them that without a doubt we had the skull of a Baluchitherium. Even then we didn't know what sort of a beast it would prove to be, but the next day Granger uncovered the teeth. That told the story—the Baluchitherium was a giant rhinoceros! But a very different sort of rhino from any the world ever had known before—a rhino which had developed the habits of a giraffe! Professor Osborn, who studied and restored it in the American Museum of Natural History, believes it fed on leaves from the upper branches of trees. It had a long neck and could stretch up twenty-two feet above the ground. It stood thirteen feet high at the shoulder, was twenty-four feet long and the biggest living rhino could run under its belly without scraping the tick birds off its back. Heaven knows how many tons the beast weighed! A single Baluchitherium would have kept a whole village in meat for a week.

At one time the bones had been buried under many hundred feet of earth, but for centuries this region had been going through a process of erosion. The earth and rock had been slowly worn away by the action of wind and water, heat and frost, until the layer containing the Baluchitherium bones had been exposed.

As a matter of fact, many fossils are found partly on the surface. I suppose I am asked no question more frequently than "How do you know where to look?" The prevailing idea is that we go into the field, stick a pick into the ground and say, "Here I will dig for a fossil and I hope to heaven that there'll be one." We'd get plenty of work that way, but not many bones.

In the first place you must have the proper kind of rock. Volcanic or metamorphic rocks, which have been subjected to heat or change, cannot contain fossils because the bones would be destroyed. Sedimentary rock, like sandstone, shale, slate or limestone, provides the fossil-bearing strata. Fossils are being made today just as they were millions of years ago. An animal dies, the flesh decomposes and the bones are covered with drifting sand. Year by year they are buried deeper, and by pressure, water and chemical action the sand is consolidated into rock. Then an exceedingly slow change begins. Cell by cell, mineral matter takes the place of animal matter in the bone, and eventually it is turned to stone, or fossilized.

Even when we have the proper kind of rock, the story is not ended. It must be cut or dissected into ravines or gullies so that we may have a cross section of the strata. I can explain it best by using a cake as an example. If the cake is covered with frosting you don't know whether it is a layer cake or a loaf cake, or whether it contains raisins. But if you cut it the whole story is told; if there are raisins there you can see them. That is exactly the method in fossil hunting, considering the rock as the cake, the surface soil as frosting and the bones as raisins.

Whenever we are riding over country which we know is of the right character to contain fossils we look for ravines, dry river beds or bluffs where erosion has given us a cross section. Then it becomes only a matter of examining the sides until bits of bone, discoloration in the rocks or other signs indicate that fossils are present.

A paleontologist almost never digs for a specimen unless he sees it or has a pretty definite clew. Sometimes it will be only a tiny tooth or point of bone sticking out of the ground. It catches his eyes, which are so trained that he will see things where one of us would miss them. When he follows the clew it may lead to nothing, or it may take him to a great deposit of bones most of which is covered by rock or soil and is invisible.

I remember one particularly nice piece of detective work at a place called Artyn Obo. Shackelford had discovered a few fossils on the face of a great bluff and called me to examine them. Professor Berkey, chief geologist, was a few hundred feet away. I saw him working slowly over to us, and when he arrived he remarked, "I've been following the course of an ancient stream. You can see it here in cross section." Sure enough, it was as plain as daylight—when he showed it to me. First there were the heavy stones, then light gravels and on top of those fine sand. Following it out we came to a spot where there was an abrupt drop to a heterogeneous mixture of materials.

"This," said Berkey, "was a pool at the base of a small waterfall. Any animals that were caught in the water above would be carried along by the current, which was swift, until they went over the fall into this pool, where they would stop. I believe it would be worth while to dig here and see what turns up."

The Fossil-Collector's Art

I began energetically with my collector's pick and in two minutes found a bone; then another and another, until it was evident we had discovered a deposit of considerable extent.

Then I stopped work until Granger arrived, for he does not look with approval upon my efforts to remove fossils. Everything Berkey predicted proved to be true, and we took out five or six beautiful skulls of Cadocotherium, a strange aquatic rhinoceros with affinities to those of Europe.

I suppose that Walter Granger is the world's greatest expert in removing fossils. He has had thirty years' experience and he ought to be good. It is a labor of love with him, for he has an abiding affection for those dry bones and he treats them like the most delicate of newborn babes. Far be it from him to use a pickax. He won't let me near the place, for I am too impatient to get quick results. He carefully removes the loose sand with a whisk broom and then works around the specimen with tiny steel instruments and a camel's-hair brush. As each bit of bone is exposed he soaks it with gum arabic and stipples on soft Japanese rice paper. After this has dried he soaks strips of fine burlap in flour paste and bandages the fossil, strengthening it with splints of wood.

This forms a hard shell and protects the specimen until it arrives at the laboratory in the museum. There the bandages are soaked and removed.

The aquatic rhinoceroses at the base of the 5,000,000-year-old waterfall required very careful handling, for they were extremely delicate and on a steep slope where work was difficult. Granger almost slept in the hole, as we named it. At first he allowed visitors, but one by one we all did something to incur his paleontological displeasure and were banished. Finally our camp dog Mushka and the two pet crows remained.

But Mushka soon followed the rest of us. One day he stepped on a tray of bones and sent them rolling down the hill. The crows furnished Granger much amusement, for they liked to eat the flour paste and would get most hopelessly stuck up.

He took out one skull which was perfect except for a tiny bit of bone. After nearly an hour of careful sifting he found the missing piece and triumphantly pasted it in position. Hardly had he turned his back when one of the crows hopped on the skull, picked off the newly pasted bit and swallowed it. Granger never quite got over that, and months afterward I heard him grumbling about it in the laboratory at the American Museum.

Watch This Column

Winsome Mary in New Picture

"Beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"

—EDWARD YOUNG

MARY PHILBIN is moving along the pathway to success with seven-league strides. Before long you will see her in a new picture entitled, *"The Gaiety Girl,"* a beautiful, wholesome drama based on "The Inheritors," by I. A. R. Wylie. The title, *"The Gaiety Girl,"* was suggested by Mrs. William Curphey of 1655 No. Alabama St., Indianapolis, Indiana, and the prize of $100 has already been forwarded to her. Twenty-five titles were selected by the judges and mailed to several thousand Saturday Evening Post readers of this column for their opinion. The result was the selection of the title *"The Gaiety Girl."* Winners of other title suggestions for Universal Pictures will be announced shortly.

REGINALD DENNY and his racing picture, *"Sporting Youth,"* have captured the New York Times, which in a recent review said: "As an illustration of a well-knit, swiftly moving story, we have viewed no better example for some time."

And leading newspapers, throughout the country, say that Universal's great picture, *"Merry Go Round,"* is one of the best pictures ever made. For instance: New York World—"It is big. It is enormous. It is colorful. We consider it first rate screen entertainment." San Francisco Call—"Impressive, eminently worthwhile." Chicago American—"A rare accomplishment. A credit to the industry."

If you haven't seen *"Merry Go Round"* ask your favorite theatre to show it. Enterprising exhibitors are always anxious to please their patrons, and it might be a good idea for you to keep in closer touch with the theatre which entertains you.

Carl Laemmle

President

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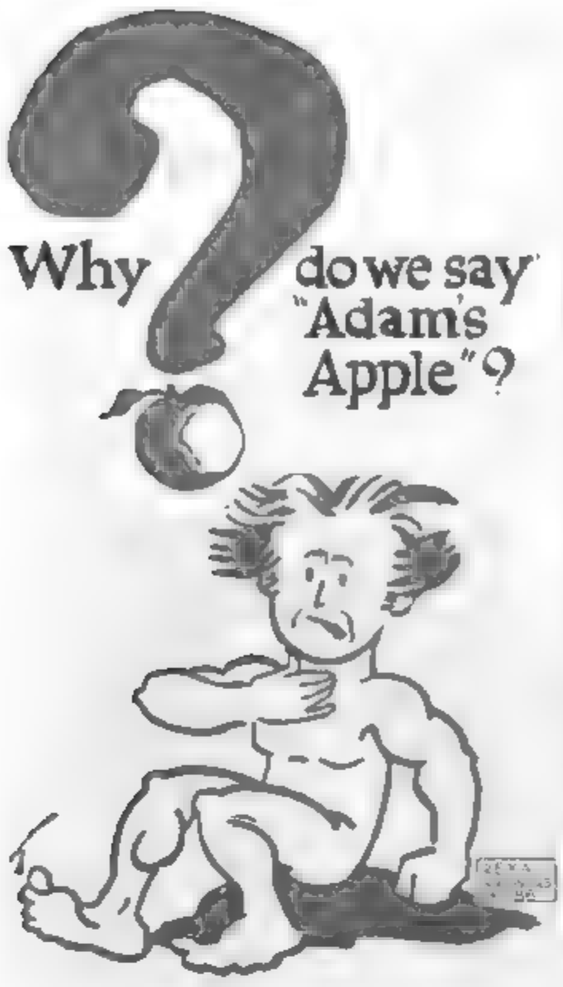

—because, according to myth, a piece of the forbidden fruit stuck in Adam's throat. There, in all of Adam's sons, the lump remains to this day! Both sexes and all ages find

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Puretest Castor Oil is a clear, bright laxative that acts gently and thoroughly. Extra refining gives it a sweet nutty taste that suggests the taste of a good salad oil. Due to its absolute purity, Puretest is the castor oil that children easily take.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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GOD'S COUNTRY

Continued from Page 42

heaven. Having devoted the days of his strength to wringing the last dollar he could wring from everybody who fell into his clutches, the old man took unto himself a young second wife. She proceeded to turn loose the fortune whose benefits the first one had been denied, and went in for uplift work. Contrary to the general rule, however, she started at home. Not only did she convert her husband to religion for a while, but actually persuaded him to spend twenty thousand dollars on bathrooms in his various properties, perhaps being directed to this form of good deeds through his strong antipathy to them personally. In spite of all her efforts, however, he died hard-boiled and unregenerate, because the tenants invited all their friends in to view the nice new shiny things and then made them receptacles for junk. He caught one family keeping chickens in the tub; another man used it to bed down a goat. Both passionately denounced America as a land of liberty when the agent made them move their livestock out.

There was a furious scene in the Ambrosini home that night when Rosie's father learned what had happened. He called Lefty every name he could think of and berated his daughter for having taken up with such a loafer.

"He can't even fight, that fellah."

"He can too!"

"The big bum!" continued Mr. Ambrosini. "Every time he go in ring, biff, bam!—lika that—and Lefty, he do a high dive. You askit your brothers. They will tell you."

"I don't see what harm he done by running up here. He had to run some place."

"And even when he run," roared her angry sire, "he don't run fast enough! Oh, don't mention it that fellah's name to me again, Rosie! He will be the ruin of us all."

He stormed up and down the room, rumpling his hair in such agitation that his daughter grew puzzled. Why so much fuss? She was accustomed to seeing the head of the family beat his breast over a trifle and vow he would never live through it; but now her mother seemed anxious, too, and that was unusual. During a lull in Ambrosini's impassioned harangue, the pair conferred in lowered voices, and her father announced that they would have to move.

"What for?" she demanded.

"What for? You hear that, mamma? She asks me what for! Why, because the bulls, they will come and poke their noses here—and there—and all around—won't they? Well, is that nice? No! We will move away from here and go to my cousin's in Mott Street."

"I don't see ——" began Rosie, and stopped, for suddenly she did see. Now she understood her father's nightly activity in bottling, which he had explained with a plausible story about making soft drinks for Mr. Carlandi's place.

She knew better than to ask any questions, however, for Ambrosini wouldn't have hesitated a second to slap her into a corner. And they packed all their belongings that night, including his bootlegging paraphernalia, and moved next morning.

So Rosie was not there when Lefty's message arrived from the police station. She managed to get word to him, nevertheless, and secured permission to visit him in his cell.

"What did you do, Arturo?"

"Nuttin. Honest, I didn't do nuttin, Rosie."

"Then what did they pinch you for?"

"Just because a coupla guys I drove to Grand Central the other night had stuck up a hotel cashier. Can you beat that? How was I to know what they'd been up to? They acted just like any other guys."

"If you didn't know nothing about it, what did you run for when the cops come for you?" demanded Rosie.

"Well, I thought maybe ——" replied Lefty sheepishly, and then told her all about it.

It developed that on the previous Friday night he had been one of a number of gentlemen who had crashed the gate at Madison Square Garden to see Rocky Kansas and Charlie White mix it, and when a bull tried to discriminate against him, Lefty had taken a swing at his jaw. Naturally, it was this offense which rose to mind the minute he saw the policemen were after him.

"It's worse'n crackin' a safe, to hit a bull," he argued. "So I beat it."

"What'll they do to you now?"

"Nuttin. The big squeeze'll fix it."

But the big squeeze didn't. That autocrat chose to ignore Lefty's appeal, and instead of the charge against him being dismissed as he had expected, Arturo Romano went to trial for resisting arrest and for assault and battery on an officer of the law. The judge might have been inclined to leniency had it not been for Lefty's appearance, but his broken nose and cauliflower ear imparted such a sinister look to Arturo that he never stood a chance. They gave him a term on the Island. Rosie went to say good-by.

"Oh, I knew it would come to this some day!" she wailed.

"It ain't my fault, Rosie."

"If you'd only got a job like I asked you to ——"

"Didn't I? Didn't I drive a taxi until that truck hit me? Maybe that ain't woikin'!"

"Four days! And look what it got you into! What you need is something steady, Arturo, and not fightin' one week and then loafin' for a month."

"Well, I sure got something steady now," he remarked. Then he looked at her and asked, in perfect sincerity, "What else is there for a guy like me to do?"

"That's Just It. You'll Never be Anything Different as Long as You Stick Round Here, Arturo"

"That's just it. You'll never be anything different as long as you stick round here, Arturo. But there's other places. Yes, places where you can live clean and honest, away out there in the great open spaces where men are men. You'd ought to go out to God's country, Arturo."

"Where's that?" he asked.

"Oh, out West," said Rosie vaguely.

Lefty frowned and scratched his head.

"I seen some of those boids at the rodeo in the Garden last year, and except for their leather pants ——"

"They're Nature's noblemen," insisted Rosie. "You'd ought to read about them, Arturo—about Tex Caruth and Barbara Maddox. I'll send it the book to you."

Time was almost up and Lefty was not disposed to argue.

"I tell you what, Rosie," he promised, "just as soon as I get out, me and you'll get married and we'll go out there to God's country. Hey, kid? How about it?"

The generosity of this

(Continued on Page 50

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So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

(Continued from Page 48)

offer so thrilled Rosie she clung to Arturo. Then they took him away, and Rosie went back to Mott Street.

Not long afterward she wrote to Lefty that she was leaving for God's country, because her mother's sister from away out West had written that she wanted Rosie there to take care of the house and children while the baby came; and papa and mamma were willing because she had lost her job, anyhow, on account of the strike; so she would go out there and get everything ready, and as soon as he got out of jail he could come there, too, and they would get married. She would write to him regular, and good-by, farewell, here's kisses, don't tell.

A fortnight later a local on a branch line deposited Rosie and her suitcase on the platform at Windy City. The station loafers stared at her critically; but her uncle was there to meet her, and Rosie hardly saw anything in her joy over greeting one of her own people again. They got into a flivver and drove through clouds of dust to the fruit store above which the Giannottis had their home.

Windy had a population of about twelve hundred and was situated well out in the cattle country. With the exception of the bank, all the buildings were of frame. All around the town stretched a sandy waste flecked with mesquite trees. Here and there showed rectangular patches of green where some optimistic settler was trying dry farming. Beyond, a cañon that furnished ideal steer pasture; then, high against the sky line, the rim of cap rock, beyond which lay the great plains—hundreds of miles of rich, treeless country whose bald prairie was relieved only by windmills and occasional orchards clustering around farmhouses, and lines of poplar marking a town.

"Bless you, child, how pretty you have grown!" cried her aunt, embracing her warmly.

A good many people in Windy were of the same opinion. Regardless of other attributes, youth has a beauty of its own, and Rosie was only eighteen. Her eyes were very dark and fine, and they could beckon. Backed up by a complexion which was a delicious olive softly tinted with pink, easily flushing to a deeper hue when she laughed, and by red lips and a figure inclined to the voluptuous, they made Rosie a menace.

"She's lovely, but she'll fade early," was the women's verdict as they turned to stare after Rosie. To them she never won to a name; it was always "that girl at the fruit store."

As for the men, they did no worrying over the transitory nature of human beauty. Rosie was a knock-out, and they governed themselves accordingly. Had they been of her own world she would have been on her guard; but Rosie didn't want to wound their chivalry, so she received their advances with shy graciousness. But not one of them talked like Tex Caruth. Not one behaved like that gallant gentleman either.

However, they were town men, she reflected, and of course that was different. Out in the great open spaces where Nature's noblemen dwelt—a cowboy asked her to go riding. At last she was going to experience the real thing! In his leather chaps he looked exactly like the pictures in the fillums. Rosie eagerly accepted, although she had never been on a horse in her life.

They set out together just before sunset. The great golden orb of fire was sinking slowly to rest on the horizon. The town glowed in the mellow radiance which softens outline; a blue-and lavender haze made of the cañon an enchanted land. It was a typical cattle-country sunset—deep, deep peace, and the majestic calm that wipes out human cares. For a while the two rode in a silence that was holy.

"Gee," said her escort, "I got a carbuncle that's like to kill me!"

Rosie expressed her sympathy. He went on to ask about New York—he sure would like to go there. Yes, he had been east once—to Kansas City with a load of yearlings. He reckoned they went in for high old times in New York, hey? He bet they stepped out there, sure enough champagne and all that! Out here you couldn't get good liquor no more. D d she have a feller back East? Go on now, didn't she?

The ride terminated very shortly after dusk, and Rosie returned from it angry and racked and stiff. She hated the entire breed of horses, and she was through with Nature's noblemen for keeps.

"Talk about fast workers!" she told her aunt. "That Coney Island bunch ain't got a thing on these cowboys!"

"I hope you slapped him good."

"He won't forget me for a while, the fresh thing," said Rosie, her eyes snapping.

The explanation of her various experiences lay, of course, in the fact that she was an alien. To the resident of a small town, any stranger's morals are open to doubt; and if the stranger be of foreign birth, that clinches it. Also, it is well known that New York is a sink of iniquity, so it follows that people who come from there must be inclined to step out. In the course of time a town may learn better and take the stranger to its heart, but at the outset a newcomer must expect to encounter some misconceptions.

Rosie accompanied her uncle to a city on a buying trip in order to do some shopping for her aunt.

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Mrs. Giannotti on their return. "It is better than here, hey?"

"Just like any burg back East."

"They're awful nice and polite to women down here, though, ain't they?"

"Sure they are," responded the girl with a hard laugh. "I got into an elevator with six men, and it was awful cold and windy, but every one of 'em took off his hat and held it in his hand."

Her aunt nodded approvingly.

"And every one of 'em tried to pick me up, too, Aunt Rosa."

Now and again she heard from Lefty. He was getting along O. K. and expected to be out soon, because some of his friends were working a pull.

"For the life of me, I don't see what you see in that fellah at all, Rosie," exclaimed Mrs. Giannotti, primed by Rosie's mother and several scrutinies of a photograph the girl carried.

"I don't either, auntie. But I just can't help it. It's—I dunno—but I love him."

"You're a good girl, Rosie, and maybe you'll make a man of that loafer yet."

She patted her niece on the cheek and later confided to her husband that they need never have any fears for Rosie.

"What does she let that Lon Sparger hang around for then?" he demanded.

"How can she help it, Giannotti? When a customer he comes, she has got to wait on him, ain't it?"

"Yes, but she should keep away from that man. He is no good, I tell you, Rosa. Look in his eye!"

"He is very handsome. You never did like handsome men, Giannotti."

"Bah! What should I fear?"

Nobody could deny that Lon was handsome. Very tall and lean, he had finely cut features and a hawklike poise of head; but the eyes were apt to give one pause, being about as warm as the muzzle of a .45. However, when Lon clinked out from the Red Front Drug Store and nonchalantly threw his leg over his dun horse, he made a picturesque and attractive figure, reminiscent of frontier days. Indeed, he properly belonged to them, having been in a score of gun fights. His reputation as a gunman added glamour to his personality, so that he held a unique position in Windy. Otherwise Lon didn't amount to much.

Of all those attracted to Rosie, he was the most persistent. For one thing, he had plenty of time, being a deputy sheriff of the sidewalk-hero type. He would dawdle about the store for hours on one pretext or another. The Giannotti children provided him with the excuse, as they never grew tired of admiring his horsehair hatband and his jingling spurs and pearl-handled gun.

"What's he up to, anyhow?" queried Mrs. Giannotti.

"Search me. I'm scared of him," Rosie admitted.

Yet she had nothing to complain about in Lon's behavior. She rather expected an invitation from him to go riding or to the movies, but apparently Lon had no such projects in mind. He just stood about, or sat in the cane-bottomed chair and stared at her with his steady, unwinking gaze.

One day they were alone in the store together. It was early afternoon and Windy City dozed under the first warmth of summer. Rosie was sorting fruit, Lon occupied his chair near the door, and he was staring at her as usual. Suddenly he got up, threw a glance down the street, and then without any warning tried to grab Rosie and kiss her. She fought him off, scratching, but making no sound.

Baffled, he picked up his hat and strode out, giving a curt nod of the head in farewell. That nod puzzled Rosie for a long while—it was entirely free from chagrin. Rather, it seemed to denote satisfaction over an experiment.

"Will you marry me, girl?" he shot at her one day, for he had continued to come to the store as though nothing had happened, and Giannotti was too frightened of him even to mention the incident.

"No, I will not."

"Yes, you will too."

"Huh, you're crazy with the heat!" replied Rosie.

"There's lots of girls in this town who'd jump at the chance."

"They must be mighty hard up."

"That's no way for a lady to talk," he continued, with a rasp in his tone. "It ain't every girl I'd ask to marry me, understand? More special a girl like you."

"What d'you mean—a girl like me?"

"Why, a stranger, you might say. But I got you sized up and you're all right, kid. So how about it? Me and your uncle could clean up if we went about it right."

"How clean up?"

Lon grinned and looked at her knowingly.

"Think I'm not wise? All you Dagos make it. But if he'll go in cahoots with me, he don't need to be afraid of any trouble, see? We could clean up a thousand a month between us easy."

"Oh, I see! Bootleggin'!"

The deputy did not deny it.

"So that's why you want to marry me, is it?"

"No, it ain't," declared Lon indignantly. "But it's a side proposition worth thinkin' over."

"Well, I don't have to think—I can tell you now."

"What you got against me?" he inquired, bewildered.

"Nothing. Only you leave me alone. And don't make this a place to loaf no more neither."

"Is that so?" he retorted. "I reckon this is a free country." A sudden thought struck him. "You're stuck on somebody else!"

"Am I? That's my business."

"I'll make it mine too. Who is he?"

"Huh! Find out for yourself."

"If I do, he'll wish he'd never been born."

"You take my advice and lay off him!" shrilled Rosie. "He could take a dozen like you and break 'em in two, like that."

"Nobody in this country ain't never been able to do it," remarked Lon in a curiously quiet voice.

"Maybe not. But wait until you go up against big-league stuff!" she retorted boastfully.

"I'll be right here when it comes," he told her.

And he was. Three hours after Lefty arrived in Windy City, Lon clanked into the store.

"Well," he said to Rosie, "I've come to look him over."

"He's upstairs asleep."

"I can wait."

He sat down and lit a cigarette, tilting back in the chair. Rosie eyed him askance. After a while she went upstairs.

"He'll shoot sure," she warned Lefty.

"Let him shoot. You don't suppose I'm goin' to hide here like a rat, do you?"

"I think you'd best beat it out the back way, Arturo. This Lon, he's sure enough tough."

"They're my meat, them tough guys," Lefty assured her, and went downstairs, Rosie at his heels. The deputy was still there.

"Was you lookin' for anything?" Arturo inquired politely. Like all professional fighters, he was unhurried.

Lon eyed him up and down before replying.

"Big-league stuff, hey?" he said, in a voice like a file. "You look more like a jailbird to me."

Lefty swung a half-arm right for the point of the jaw, but he wasn't quick enough. Lon didn't shoot, but before the words were out of his mouth he brought down the butt of his gun on Arturo's close-cropped dome and the pride of the Clover Leaf Boxing and Athletic Club went down and out.

"They're always good in their own back yard," Lon jeered as he departed.

"You big coward!" yelled Rosie, hurling a banana at him.

Lefty was laid up for a week, but he had a skull like concrete and suffered only from the gash.

(Continued on Page 52)

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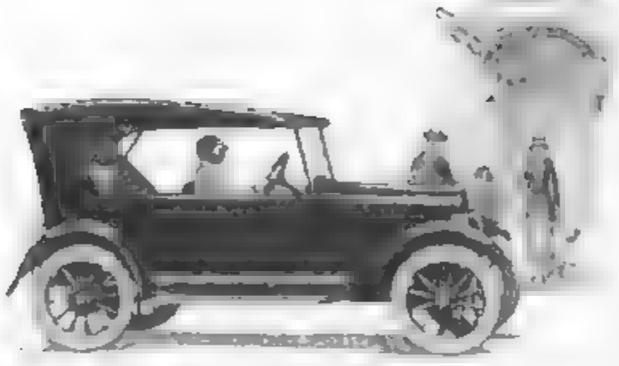

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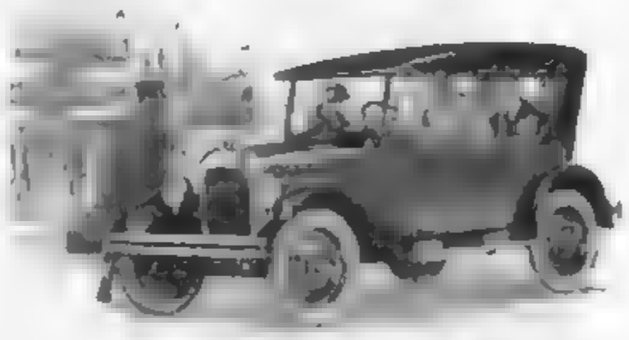

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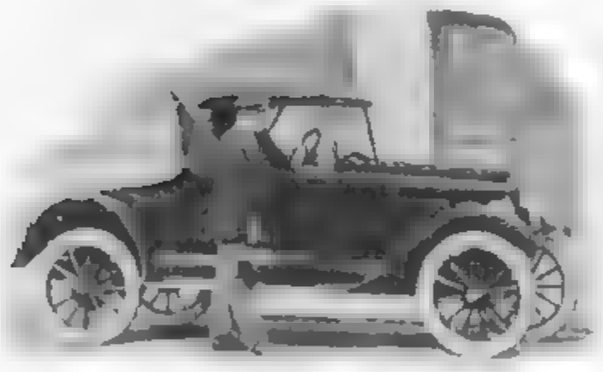

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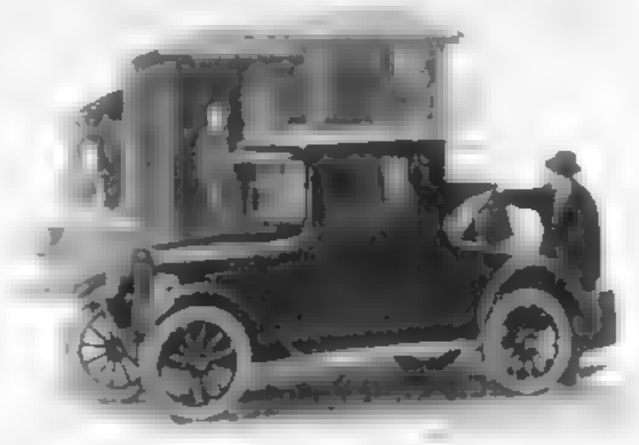

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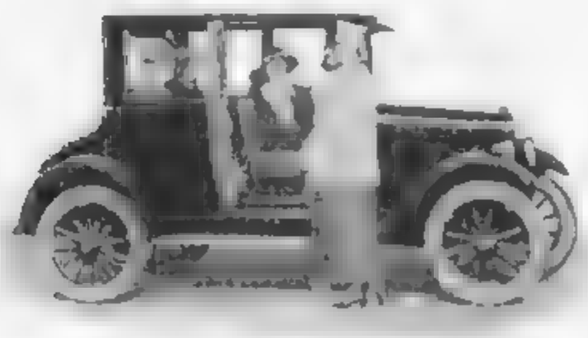

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You can buy a Chevrolet just as you buy any other important necessity. Not one family in a thousand pays cash in full for a home. They make a substantial down payment, then pay off the mortgage with what they used to pay for rent, plus other savings, and in a few years obtain full title to a home of their own.

This most popular and most economical family car is just another home—but on wheels. It takes the whole family evenings and holidays to where they are eager to go, and daily transports one or more of the family's workers to and from their business, therefore, all the family gladly helps to pay for it.

It can be bought just as you buy a stationary home. It earns its own way and you ride while you pay.

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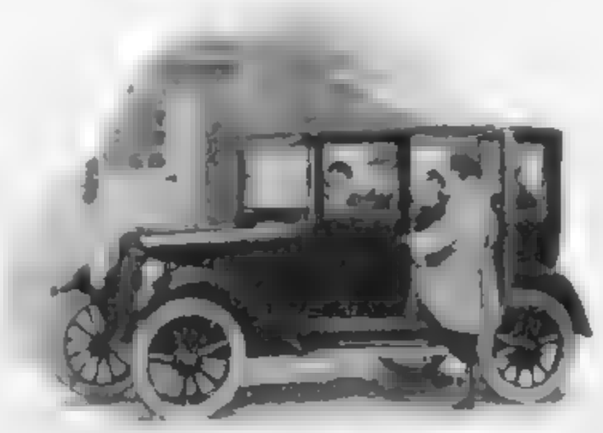

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You serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And as a special allurement, with fresh or cooked fruit. No breakfast before has ever compared.

To children Quaker Puffed Wheat brings the nourishment of whole grains with the richness of a rare confection; to adults an almost perfect food. Quickly digested and assimilated; kernels steam exploded, with every food cell broken.

An energy food of fairy delight—yet with vitamines, bran and minerals in balanced combination.

Quaker Puffed Rice, also

Whole rice kernels, steam exploded to 8 times normal size, like the Puffed Wheat. Dainty morsels so light and inviting you would never dream they could be so nutritious.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 50)

"Say," he complained, "I don't sleep good here. How do you folks stand it anyhow? I'm always layin' awake, all drawed up, just to listen to the quiet."

"It did that to me at first too," Rosie admitted. "But you get used to it."

Arturo glumly fingered the bandage on his head.

"Well, what d'you think of God's country now, Rosie?"

"I reckon God's country is wherever you live," said the girl, with a sigh.

"You bet your sweet life it is, sister—and that's little old New York for me!"

"Oh, you mustn't go back there, Arturo!" she exclaimed. "It'll be just like it was before."

"Unh-uh! Things'll be different from now on, Rosie. My old side kick cleaned up seven grand on a fight, and he's bought a swell all-night restaurant. And he needs a good night waiter who can make them bums behave. It's an ideal job, you might say, and steady woik."

Probably Lefty would have returned immediately to New York on the strength of this prospect, taking Rosie with him, but for two important considerations. He didn't have the money and Giannotti wasn't inclined to lend it. Also, Lon Sparger was openly boasting that he had whipped the wop and aimed to run him out of town.

"Just for that," said Lefty, "I'll stick. And one of these days I'll catch that boid without his gat."

Despite this tall talk, Lefty showed a fine respect for Lon. He not only kept out of his way as much as possible but displayed a considerable meekness of demeanor whenever the deputy was around. Several times Lon raised laughter among his cronies by comments when the fighter passed on the street; but the latter ignored them, although it was patent to everybody that Sparger was hunting trouble.

"If I was you, I'd go, Lefty," said Giannotti one day, growing uneasy over the outlook. "You can't get a job here, it looks like, and the business ain't enough for two. Maybe I could lend it the money, after all—if Rosie will sign too."

"All right. I'll go on July fifth, Giannotti, but not before."

"Why that day?"

"Because there's a big ham coming here to fight on the Fourth, and there's fifty dollars in it for anybody who'll stick three rounds. It's a pipe."

"You know him, this fellah?"

"A pork-and-beaner. They ain't got a middleweight down here I couldn't flatten in four rounds."

"Then perhaps me and you, we might make some money between us, hey?" suggested Giannotti. "What do you think, Lefty? We keep our mouths shut and make us some bets."

"You can gamble the fam'ly stove on it, old kid."

"Fine!" said Giannotti.

Rosie protested strongly against this project; but the men were bent on it, and when Lefty promised it would be his last fight she made no further objection. Upon which Arturo went into light training and soon had the local sports all agog over the strange spectacle. Few of them had ever seen a bout; not one had ever known a professional fighter. So they flocked to Lefty's workouts and unanimously picked him for local champion in place of Don Taylor, the fire chief, who had been their first choice on account of his size. Don didn't take kindly to his elimination and intimated that he could whip the big stiff from New York any day with one hand tied behind his back; wherefore they arranged a bout, and Lefty, taking no chances with the giant fireman, sent him to dreamland with one punch. After that Windy would have bet their shirts he could whip Jack Dempsey—didn't it stand to reason he could, since Don was twice the size of Dempsey?

About the only sportsman who remained unimpressed by this exhibition was Lon Sparger.

"Anybody could whip that big freight car," he scoffed.

His hostility led him to lay a number of bets against Lefty; and as the deputy had a large following, the town became divided into two camps of wildly enthusiastic rooters, represented by the Kandy Kitchen sports who supported the wop, and the Red Front Drug Store crowd, which was for Reb Rutter to a man.

Nothing could have prepared the ground better for the visiting pug's purpose than this rivalry, yet both he and his manager showed scant appreciation when they arrived in Windy the day before the bout. In fact, after looking the local champion over, Reb's manager declared he would call it off. Here was no hulking country boy whom Reb could toy with for a few rounds, but a seasoned fighter; they could see that at a glance, and they wanted none of his game.

Call it off. A howl went tingling to the skies from the Kandy Kitchen pack. Yelping like coyotes, they surged en masse to the hotel and defied the visitors to crawl out of it. The manager tried to placate them; but just to make sure that Reb would be on hand, a specially selected committee stayed with the fighter, trailing him wherever he moved. The pair soon perceived that it would be impossible to skip out of town, so the manager announced in desperation that Reb had thrown out his shoulder.

Har-har! That was a good one! They would see about that too. The committee sent for a doctor, who made an examination of Reb's shoulder and hands and general condition and reported him A1 except for a slightly accelerated heart action.

"That's all right," declared the committee. "That's only because he's scared. It's like his feet is cold, too; but he's going through with this fight."

As a last resort, Reb's manager appealed to the law for protection. And the law, in the person of Lon Sparger, responded. The committee could not very well refuse to permit the visitors to confer with the deputy, but they waited outside the door like terriers at a rat hole.

"The fight's on," announced Lon when he came out. "Reb will go through with it."

"He'd better!" chorused the committee.

Shortly afterward it was announced that, owing to the heavy betting and the intense feeling aroused, no local man could be found for referee who would be acceptable to all parties; therefore the promoters had selected a neutral—Judge Cassidy, a distinguished member of the bar from an adjoining county. Nobody had ever seen or heard of Judge Cassidy, but this formality seemed unimportant to the Windy sports and they let the arrangement stand.

Practically the entire male population of Deaf Adams County headed for the fairgrounds hours before the fight next day, and when the two climbed through the ropes they were packed around the ring like sardines. There were no seats, and the stand erected for the band and the morning orations served as a ring.

The first thing the crowd spotted was a black patch just above Lefty's right eye. That was where Sparger had hit him with his gun, and the sight raised high hopes among Reb's backers. Yet the wop seemed cool and confident. From time to time he grinned from his corner at Rutter, who couldn't sit still for nervousness and kept forever turning his eyes from his manager to the deputy sheriff, squatted with several of his friends close to the ringside.

The men were introduced and it was given out that each weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, although Rutter looked to be twenty pounds heavier. Then Judge Cassidy called them together to receive their instructions, and a moment later the gong sounded.

Reb tried for a surprise and came bounding from his corner with a wild swing for the bad eye. It landed, but there was no apparent damage. Arturo shook his head and began to talk to him, punctuating his conversation with left jabs and short right uppercuts which effectually stopped all Rutter's rushes and sent him back on his heels. Being a round-arm fighter, Reb left himself wide open, but he early proved to the experienced Lefty that he could take it and keep boring in for more.

Suddenly the Italian stepped back from a clinch in which he was doing all the work, and danced away. He had caught a signal from Lon Sparger to the referee, and he was taking no chances. Not once after that did he play for the body or try any mauling, knowing full well they meant to disqualify him on a foul. He began to box at long range, fearful that Judge Cassidy might wave him to his corner on any blow which the whole crowd could not see.

"This ain't a tango!" snarled Lon Sparger's faction. "Go on and fight! Mix it! He's scared of you, Reb! Knock his block off!"

Yet the deputy was growing anxious, for Reb was plainly not in the other's class,

(Continued on Page 54)

A New Creation by Paige!

The 4-Door Brougham—$2175

HERE'S the latest Paige creation—the 4-Door Brougham. Think of an enclosed Paige at less than you must pay for enclosed models of smaller, cheaper cars—$2175! And what a car! You'll agree its appearance is smarter than any car you've ever seen—with its close-coupled lines and striking finish. The lower half of the body is finished in maroon, contrasting with black fenders and black fine-grain leather finish on the upper rear quarter of the body.

Smartly Finished

Interior finish matches the outside in fineness—gray mohair upholstery; silvered fixtures, silk shades. Equipment includes sun visor; windshield wiper; heater; gasoline gauge and clock on the dash. Door pockets carry travel comforts. In the rear a commodious trunk—leather finished to match the top—for luggage.

There's all the chumminess of a coupe in this smart New Paige with ample room for five—and the convenience of four doors. And such riding comfort—with rear springs more than five feet long, snubbers front and rear, 131-inch wheelbase!

Paige Performance

And remember—this striking Brougham has all the famous performance of the New Paige. For here's the smooth, silent, big 70 h. p. Paige motor—its long-lived performance assured by high-pressure oiling. Drive from two miles an hour in high to as fast as you'll want to go—smoothly and silently. Pass most any cars on the road or up hills.

Steering is easy with the ball-bearing steering spindles in the New Paige. Jerking or stalling is forbidden by the gently engaging Paige clutch. Gear shifting is easy and quiet.

Think of this New Paige 4-Door Brougham with all its smartness of appearance, its comfort, its marvelous performance—at the astonishing price of $2175! Remember, too, the New Paige is still the same big quality car, improved throughout, that last year sold for hundreds of dollars more. For example, the Paige Phaeton formerly sold for $2450. The New Paige sells for only $1705.

Big Plant Lowers Price

Our plant capacity has been increased 300% for this year. Increased production means lowered overhead—savings in purchasing. The hundreds of dollars in lowered cost on each car comes to you in the many improvements of the New Paige—and its low price. See this New Paige 4-Door Brougham. Drive it. Call the Paige dealer for a demonstration at your convenience. [518]

4 or 7-Passenger Standard Phaeton, $1795
5-Passenger 4-Door Brougham, $2175
5 or 7-Passenger Standard Sedan, $2595

Open Models Now $1795

All Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

4 or 7-Passenger De Luxe Phaeton, $1995
5 or 7-Passenger De Luxe Sedan, $2770
7-Passenger De Luxe Suburban Limousine, $2895

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

After shaving or washing the face. Removes the shine and protects the skin
After bathing. Cooling; makes clothes feel comfortable Dries the body thoroughly
MENNEN
TALCUM
FOR MEN
NEUTRAL TINT
WON'T SHOW
ON YOUR FACE
Put it on your feet and in your shoes. Keeps feet dry and prevents chafing
Before and after exercise. Counteracts rubbing and galling

Use it this summer

for your skin's sake

Men everywhere are learning the luxury and protection afforded by Mennen Talcum for Men.

They like its neutral tone that blends with the hue of masculine skin. It does not give the face that "talcy" look.

They like the way this he-talcum removes every trace of shine that comes from shaving or washing the face, and from perspiration.

They find Mennen Talcum for Men a delightful after-the-bath shower to dry and refresh the body. It forms a silky film that makes clothes feel loose and comfortable.

Each tiny fleck of this man-talcum is like a miniature absorbent sponge. Millions of these sponges dry the moisture left in the pores, leaving the skin cool and healthy.

Because Mennen Talcum for Men absorbs moisture and forms a protective film, it is highly valuable as a foot powder. Dust it on your feet and in the shoes every morning to keep the feet dry and unchafed.

One ingredient in Mennen Talcum for Men defeats friction, another combats skin acids. One element increases the absorbency, while another forms a silky film. Safe antiseptics of definite therapeutic value aid in counteracting infections.

A big shaker tin costs only 25c. It will contribute greatly to the appearance, comfort and protection of your skin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
TALCUM FOR MEN

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Neither did the blows he landed on the plastered eye bring the expected results—possibly because Lefty had plastered the uninjured one. And as the second round progressed, the wop cut loose and whanged the visitor all over the ring. Even Reb's iron jaw could not hold out long against this attack. His knees began to sag and he grew wilder than ever in his swings, almost hurtling through the ropes after each miss.

Amid his yelling henchmen Lon Sparger sat without moving; but his face was ashen and his lips a thin line. Every time Lefty glanced his way he saw the deputy's hand steal toward his gun, and so he hesitated to slip over the haymaker which would end it. Then he perceived three members of the committee get up from their places, circle the ring—bent double so as not to obstruct the view—and approach Sparger. What they said he could not hear, but presently the chairman's voice reached him in a fog-horn bellow:

"Go on and finish him, Lefty, ol' settler! There ain't going to be no foul and there ain't going to be no gun play!"

Like a flash, the wop stepped in and sent over a crashing right. Down went Rutter. He hit the boards so hard they bounced, and Lefty stepped back and started to take off his gloves.

"One—two ——" began the referee. "Keep back there, Lefty! Get up, Reb, get up! Three—come on, you big bum, get up and fight—four, five—in your own corner, Romano—six ——"

It was no use. The judge did the best he could by Reb, but he might just as well have counted five hundred, because Rutter had gone to bye-bye. He didn't wake up for three minutes and then he wanted to know when the fight was coming off.

"And now," said the chairman of the committee as he and his friends ostentatiously escorted the victor from the fairgrounds, "if you take my advice, Lefty, you'll beat it. Get me, ol' kid? They're cheering for you now, and you done a fine job—but there's like to be trouble. Lon's an awful sorry loser—awful sorry."

"I'm on my way by the 5:10," said Lefty.

"That's the talk. Say, do you know what we told that ornery rascal when we went round the ring? Huh?"

"No."

"Well, I seen the play he was making with his gun every time he got your eye, so I says to him, 'Sparger,' I says, 'if there's any shootin' round here this evenin', your old daddy will be chief mourner. Look back of you!' We had seven men right in behind."

"Much obliged."

"Don't mention it," replied the chairman. "I got mine. Well, *adios*. We'll be on hand to see you get aboard safe."

And so Lefty and his prospective bride departed from Windy amid plaudits and the farewells of an armed escort. Lon Sparger did not attempt any interference. With some of his cronies he was busily engaged in trying to draw down the money they had bet, their contention being that the force with which Reb's head hit the boards had put him out, and not Lefty's punch. It was a nice point and found lots of support among the Red Front losers; but after long wrangling and a couple of cutting affrays, they had to pay up.

However, Lon was not the man to endure defeat. The affair proved a terrific blow to his prestige, for in some fashion the story of Rosie's treatment of him had spread around town. In place of the respect his prowess had always commanded, he now met with ill-concealed smiles.

It maddened him. He was one of those men who will brood over the least offense against their vanity until it looms like a deadly wrong which can only be wiped out by violence. He started to drink, and when Lon was drinking he became a fiend. It was then that, red-eyed and ashen of face, he grew quietest and most dangerous.

In the evening of the second day he flicked the stub of a cigarette into the street and said to his assembled cronies, "He thinks he's got the laugh on me, hey? Well, nobody yet ever got away with that—and lived. I aim to go to New York."

"Shucks, Lon," they protested, "what's the use?"

"Lots of use."

"You don't even know where he lives."

"No; but I know where she lives."

"But you're like to land in trouble."

"Maybe, but nothing like what he'll land in! When I come back here, gentlemen, I'll fetch that sorry hound's ears—and every cent that he took out of us too."

"We sure hope you do, Lon."

"What I'll do to him," Lon went on, "will fill the front page of every newspaper in New York."

There was no dissuading him. They thought that perhaps sober second thought might blow cold on the project next day, but Lon didn't get sober and so he had no second thought. He didn't go to bed at all, and early next morning drew out of the bank what money he had left and took the train East.

Everybody declared for the hundredth time that Lon Sparger was a sure-enough bad man, and he would make New York sit up and take notice too.

In this belief they ordered daily copies of several metropolitan newspapers through Jed Walker, the postmaster, and eagerly scanned their pages for news of Lon. For a fortnight their wearing labor was all in vain and they began to fear that Lon had sobered up and repented. Then one day Ray Thomas came hurrying into the Red Front Drug Store, all in a daze.

"Look here, fellers! Here it is!" he cried, waving a newspaper.

There it was, sure enough—not quite what Lon had promised, but there was no mistaking the item. I mean to say it wasn't spread all over the front page, but he had got to New York all right. In a small column headed Along the Way, and buried among other obscure paragraphs, we read:

Lon Sparger, thirty-two years old, who refused to give any address, but intimated he came from God's country, was taken to Bellevue Emergency Hospital last night suffering from a broken nose, two fractured ribs and the loss of three front teeth. He says he attended a wedding in Mott Street.

SHALL WE GIVE MUSCLE SHOALS TO HENRY FORD?

(Continued from Page 31)

and that the Government shall give him a lease for 100 years to Dam No. 2 and Dam No. 3, together with the real estate and the town located at Dam No. 2. It will therefore be seen that Mr. Ford's bid can properly be divided into two parts. I will consider these subdivisions of his bid in the order named.

1. *Property Conveyed by Warranty Deed.* The property which Mr. Ford proposes shall be deeded to him in fee simple has cost the Government in round numbers about $85,000,000. As a consideration for the conveyance of this property by warranty deed, Mr. Ford proposes to pay the Government $5,000,000. He also agrees that he will operate Nitrate Plant No. 2, or its equivalent, to its present capacity, which is admitted to be 40,000 tons of nitrogen per annum. Since his bid provides for a profit on this operation of 8 per cent, I do not consider it any valuable consideration for this deed of conveyance. I will discuss the proposed fertilizer operation of Mr. Ford later on.

Included in the bid of Mr. Ford, to which he will get absolute title, is not only the real estate which I have heretofore described but a vast quantity of personal property as well. There is personal property which under his bid would be conveyed to him, amounting in value, in round numbers, to $2,000,000. Most of this personal property has a definite fixed market value. There are all kinds and quantities of building materials, all stored in sheds and kept in perfect condition. This building material was bought by the Government and stored on the property because it was thought at the time it might be necessary to use it in extending the towns owned and built by the Government, and in the construction of other shops and works. For instance, there is more than 6,000,000 feet of lumber; millions of common and fancy brick; immense quantities of slate shingles and hollow building tile. There are more than 10,000 wooden doors and 3000 screen doors; vast quantities of shingles and windows,

(Continued on Page 56)

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

This car is now driven by a great many people who never before owned, and never intended to own a closed car.

It is driven daily over roads that heretofore were considered too rough and too heavy for anything except the sturdiest open cars.

As a matter of fact, the Type-B Sedan *is* as sturdy as an open car, and was built by Dodge Brothers for the same identical kind of service.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

ScotTissue Towels

—have changed the towel habits of the nation.

—have made it easy to have clean hands.

—have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.

—are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.

—are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

150 towels in a dust-proof carton 40c
Canada and Rocky Mountain Zone . . . 50c
Case of 3,750 towels (25 cartons) . . . $6.15
F. O. B. Factory
Weight 60 lbs. per case
Even lower prices in 5, 10 and 25 case orders
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa
Also makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper

Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c

Kitchen For Bathroom
Automobile
Office Factory

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and, in short, all the material that goes into the construction of modern homes. All this material is the same as new, has not deteriorated in any respect, and could all be put on the market and sold for cash, without any delay whatever. In addition to this, there is a vast quantity of secondhand lumber, and other kinds of building material used in the construction by the Government of temporary homes and halls for the use of its employes in the early stages of construction. There is also a large quantity of office furniture—typewriters, desks, and so on. All the tents and other camping equipment used by the Government at the beginning of its development at Muscle Shoals are still there, properly stored and in excellent condition. In addition to this, there are supplies for the use of the nitrate plants, much more than would be needed within any reasonable length of time in the operation of these plants. For instance, there is one item of platinum having a definite known market value of more than $700,000. Many miles of standard-gauge railroad built during the construction period of Nitrate Plants No. 1 and No. 2, and the two steam plants, are unnecessary in the operation of these plants. There are also numerous engines and freight cars, all in good condition, used during the construction period, which are unnecessary in the operation of the plants. Mr. Ford could dispose of this personal property if he so desired, upon the market, and realize sufficient cash from it to pay the entire $5,000,000 which he proposes to give to the Government for the entire property.

It is an open secret that if Mr. Ford gets this property he does not intend to sell any of the electricity which he develops at these great dams. He intends to use it himself for manufacturing purposes, and to supply power for such manufacturing as he may desire to develop at Muscle Shoals. It will follow, therefore, that quite a city will spring up in this vicinity. By the bid, Mr. Ford will get several thousand acres of land adjoining the two towns at these two plants. He will be able—and it would be a perfectly honorable and legitimate thing to do—to lay out this real estate into lots and sell it. He would perhaps sell not only the vacant lots but all the residence property in these two towns which the Government has already improved by building modern homes. There is no reason why the owner of these steam plants, these nitrate plants, this stone quarry, and the lessee of these dams, should own the homes in which the citizens of the vicinity will live. It would probably be good business judgment to sell them and thus have a city of home owners instead of a city of tenants. If Mr. Ford took this course with the property, which under his bid would be perfectly legitimate and good business, he could sell these lots and residences for many times the $5,000,000 which he offers for the entire property. It would be safe to say, therefore, that on this part of his bid alone he would be able to make millions of dollars and still have left, by fee-simple title, all the property necessary or desirable for its use and its utilization. The lots comprising these towns are already worth many times what the Government actually paid for them. If Mr. Ford builds a large manufacturing plant in the vicinity their value would double and treble within a comparatively short length of time.

The effect, therefore, of the bid would be not only that Mr. Ford would acquire this property without any consideration whatever but that he would make a profit out of it, without any other consideration, of many millions of dollars. For him and the corporation which he proposes to organize it would be the most gigantic and profitable deal that he ever made in his wonderful business career. If he builds the manufacturing establishments that he has given the country to understand he will construct at Muscle Shoals, he can make enough profit out of this land speculation alone to build all his manufacturing establishments and have sufficient money left to operate them without at any time investing a single dollar. His operations in the automobile world, which have resulted in such wonderful success, would sink into insignificance compared with the enormous profit there would be to him and his corporation in the Muscle Shoals development. This conveyance would in effect be the greatest and most magnificent gift ever recorded in history, and, as I have said on a former occasion, it would be the greatest gift ever bestowed on mortal man since salvation was made free to the human race. It would not only assure Mr. Ford that he would be the richest man in the world but it would give him a power in the commercial field by which he could dominate the industries not only of this country but of the world. And if Mr. Ford loses, his loss will be greater than any loss ever incurred in the speculative world, and could be compared only with the loss of Adam and Eve when they were driven out of the Garden of Eden.

2. *The One-Hundred-Year Lease.* We have seen the enormous possibilities of profit to the Ford corporation in that part of the property to which, under Mr. Ford's bid, it secures absolute title. The opportunities for making the vast sum outlined would not be possible if it were not for that part of the bid which provides for the leasing of these two great dams. The conveyance of the property by fee simple, though resulting in a loss of over $75,000,000 to the Government and though important in itself, sinks into insignificance when compared with that part of the bid in which Mr. Ford demands a lease to his corporation for 100 years for these dams. No one has ever secured from the Government of the United States—or so far as I know from any civilized government of the world—such an advantageous lease.

The conservation of the natural resources of the country, so far as navigable streams are concerned, has been under discussion for many years. The importance of the question increases with the passing of the years. These great streams belong to all the people. The wonderful power possibilities ought to be developed so as to benefit all the people. It would be an economic sin for Congress to turn over to any corporation the use of this power for 100 years without regulation of any kind. We owe something to the generations that will come after us. We have no right to mortgage the inheritance of unborn millions for the benefit of a private corporation, unregulated and unrestrained.

In the wildest stretch of the imagination we cannot foresee the wonderful possibility of electric energy generated from these streams in the next forty or fifty years. We only know that the use of electricity is becoming more general every day, that it is part of our civilization, and that in one form or another every citizen has a right to enjoy the privileges which it affords. It should be understood, to begin with, that Mr. Ford's bid provides that the Ford corporation shall have the electricity developed at Muscle Shoals without regulation by either Federal or state authority. For the space of 100 years this electricity becomes the property of the corporation, as absolute and as outright as though it were a king or a potentate, who owned in fee simple all the property and all the people of his domain.

The bid provides that these dams shall be constructed at the cost of the Government of the United States. The taxpayers of the country, through the Treasury of the United States, will contribute every dollar that will go into them. When the dams are completed, then a lease will be given to Mr. Ford's corporation for 100 years.

Mr. Ford's Corporation

WE OUGHT to pause and give consideration to the fact that in Mr. Ford's bid he assumes no personal obligation, except that he will form a corporation with a paid-up capital stock of $10,000,000. It is with this corporation that we are dealing. Mr. Ford has done all that he has agreed to do in his bid when he forms this corporation. The deed I have been speaking of is given to this corporation. The lease I have mentioned goes to this corporation. There is not even an implication in Mr. Ford's bid that he will even control this corporation during his lifetime. It is assumed, of course, that Mr. Ford will control it, and that all its stock will be owned by Mr. Ford or members of his immediate family; but we ought to understand, to begin with, when we consider Mr. Ford's bid we are dealing with a corporation that at the very best cannot be controlled by Mr. Ford for more than a few years. Those who favor his bid, if they do so upon the ground of the great confidence that the people generally have in his honesty, must realize that even if we give Mr. Ford credit for every virtuous attribute that his friends and admirers ascribe to him, it will nevertheless follow in the course of human events that this corporation will eventually be

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Balloon Tires *Demand* Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

Balloon tires are sweeping the country because they make any car ride easier, and soften road jolts in a way no tire has ever done before.

Their added resiliency and increased up-throw demand the controlling action which Gabriel Snubbers provide.

Both tire makers and car builders recommend Gabriel Snubbers for use with balloon equipped cars.

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1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
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Sales & Service Everywhere

THIS sign indicates a dealer who has been selected to sell Federal Tires because his methods and facilities for interested service are above the average.

The Federal Tire Sales Agency is extended to those who have established reputations as successful merchants.

These same dealers are the type of men who use care and discrimination in the selection of the tires they sell. They have accepted the Federal Agency because they are satisfied they can stake their reputations on Federal quality.

For Passenger Cars, Commercial Cars and Trucks
Federal Blue Pennant Cords Federal Defender Cords
Federal Blue Pennant Truck Cords

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owned and managed as all other corporations are.

I am not criticizing Mr. Ford. I have always had great admiration for him, but I do not agree with some of his admirers who think that he is superhuman. He is only an individual, after all, anxious perhaps to outstrip all competitors of the world by becoming richer than any other human being. He is asking a deed that will convey for all time this property that belongs to all the people, and a lease for 100 years to other valuable concessions, and the people who are advocating the acceptance of his bid do not seem to realize that he will not be with us long, and that our children and our children's children will be dealing with a corporation as cold and as clammy as though organized by a Stinnes.

Considerations for the Lease

IT IS claimed by the Ford adherents that under Mr. Ford's bid this corporation will pay to the Government a rental of 4 per cent on the actual cost of these dams. This is one of the many points of deception that have been heralded before the people of the country. An analysis of the bid discloses that there is no such payment provided for. The bid provides—with an exception that will be noted later—that the corporation shall pay 4 per cent on such expenditures made after May 31, 1922, the date of Mr. Ford's bid. The corporation does not agree and is not obligated to pay any interest on any expenditure made before that time. It must be remembered that prior to that date the Government had purchased the land abutting this dam, and had built the town heretofore mentioned at one end of the dam, and that the dam was partly completed on that date. The Government had spent at that time $17,000,000 at this dam. Mr. Ford's bid does not pay one penny of interest on that investment.

There is another exception, that a close analysis on the bid discloses, which is important. It is provided in the bid that for six years after the completion of Dam No. 2, this corporation, instead of paying interest, shall pay $200,000 per annum. This will be interest for six years of the term at less than ½ per cent upon the money already expended and to be expended in the completion of this one dam.

The bid provides that the 4 per cent interest does not commence to run on Dam No. 3 until three years after it is completed. During those three years the corporation pays an annual rental, instead of interest, of $160,000. This will be interest on the money invested in Dam No. 3, for three years during the term, at less than 1 per cent upon the cost of the dam.

The bid does not contemplate the payment of any interest until these dams are completed. This means that no interest shall be paid upon any of the money invested in these dams until completion, and then for six years and three years, respectively, the payment of interest upon the Government's investment at less than 1 per cent upon the money that is expended from the Treasury of the United States from year to year, amounting in the aggregate on the two dams to about $75,000,000, no interest whatever is paid during the construction period, and the 4 per cent interest does not commence to run on Dam No. 2 until six years after its completion, and on Dam No. 3 until three years after its completion.

If we make a computation, giving Mr. Ford's corporation credit for the 4 per cent while he pays it, and the rental installments above mentioned before the 4 per cent interest commences to run, and apply it to the investment of the Government from the various dates of expenditure in these two dams, we find that the mathematical result of such computation is that Mr. Ford's corporation is paying the Government exactly 2.79 per cent interest for this money; and when we realize that this corporation has the use of this money for 100 years, we begin to comprehend the generosity of the taxpaying public in behalf of Mr. Ford's corporation.

The So-Called Amortization

TO BE absolutely fair with Mr. Ford's corporation, it must be admitted that he makes other payments besides the interest payments above analyzed. It is claimed by the advocates of the Ford offer that he actually pays back to the Government its entire investment in these dams, by way of so-called amortization payments. This is one of the most interesting and deceptive propositions contained in the Ford offer. It has been heralded over the country that as a matter of fact the investment of the Government is entirely returned to the Treasury of the United States, and millions of our people believe today that if this lease is made to Mr. Ford's corporation the Government in the course of 100 years will secure a return of the taxpayers' money which is used in the construction of these dams.

The Ford offer proposes that commencing with the seventh year of the lease on Dam No. 2, and the fourth year of the lease on Dam No. 3, there shall be paid $19,868 semiannually as to Dam No. 2, and $3,505 as to Dam No. 3. It is alleged that if the Government would take these payments and loan them out at interest at 4 per cent, then collect the interest every six months and continue to loan such collections at 4 per cent, in 100 years the fund would reach an amount practically equal to the cost of the dams less the $17,000,000 paid by the Government prior to the Ford offer. It is not claimed even by the Ford adherents that the Government would ever get any return or any interest on this $17,000,000.

Mr. Ford will not even dare apply his own amortization theory to his own business, but on the other hand his corporation should receive credit for every one of these payments. If we figure them up, we find that during the 100-year period these payments so made by the Ford corporation would amount to $4,368,378; and, of course, the corporation is entitled to and should receive credit for these various installments upon the date when they are paid. These payments will have a tendency in a very small degree to increase the interest that Mr. Ford's corporation pays upon the Government's investment. If we give the corporation credit for every cent that it pays at the time it pays it, we find that after adding all these payments, which he calls amortization payments, to the interest payments, the corporation will be paying interest upon the Government's investment at the rate of 2.85 per cent. Analyzing the proposition therefore and reducing it to actual figures, we find that the Government would be loaning to the Ford corporation about $75,000,000 for 100 years, at an annual interest rate of 2.85 per cent. In other words, it means that the Government has not only loaned this money at this wonderfully cheap rate to this corporation for 100 years, but that at the end of the 100 years it will not have received back one cent of the investment.

In justice to the taxpayers of the country who must contribute this money, and in justice to the present generation and to the unborn generations who have title to the property conveyed, how can any lawmaking body acquiesce in the unreasonable demand that this corporation shall become the greatest beneficiary of public money in the history of civilization? By what magic has this financial wizard gained control of the public conscience so as to induce our public servants thus to barter away the inalienable rights not only of those who live but of unborn generations who shall follow?

But the loan of this money is not the only gift involved in the financial part of the transaction. Not only does the Government loan to this corporation, for 100 years, $75,000,000 at 2.85 per cent interest, but it gives to the corporation which is the beneficiary of this loan the absolute title to all the electricity developed, without reserving any power to the Federal Government or to the state government to control or regulate in any way its use or distribution.

But suppose we apply Mr. Ford's amortization theory to his corporation. If the Ford adherents still claim that this foolish and unreasonable amortization theory is correct, and that the Government should be so unwise as to accept it, they will certainly admit that the same rule ought to be applied to the corporation that is the beneficiary of the Government's charity. If we assume that a fair rate of interest in the commercial world is 6 per cent, and that therefore 6 per cent is what Mr. Ford would have to pay for this money that he gets from the Government at less than 3 per cent, we find, when we consider the Government's investment in these two dams, that the difference on the investment

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Hudson
Super-Six
Coach
$1550
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Essex
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Coach
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Since Closed Car Comforts Cost No More

Why Buy an Open Car?

THE issue with motor car buyers this year is closed car comforts at open car cost. The Coach exclusively provides such advantages without forfeit of chassis quality. It is a Hudson-Essex invention. No other type is like it.

More than 140,000 Coaches are in service. Sales exceed 3,000 each week. The Coach is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world. That proves the success of value.

It is the Closed Car for Everyone

Everyone prefers a closed car. The Coach alone is the quality car within reach of all. It changed the trend from open to closed cars. Now all can enjoy finest chassis quality with all-year utility, comfort, and closed car distinction.

In two and a half years the Coach has proved a staunchness and reliability never before associated with a closed car. In every service it satisfies the pride of ownership.

The Same Quality in Both Hudson and Essex

Hudson and Essex are creations of the same engineers. They are built under the same patents. There is no difference in quality of material or workmanship.

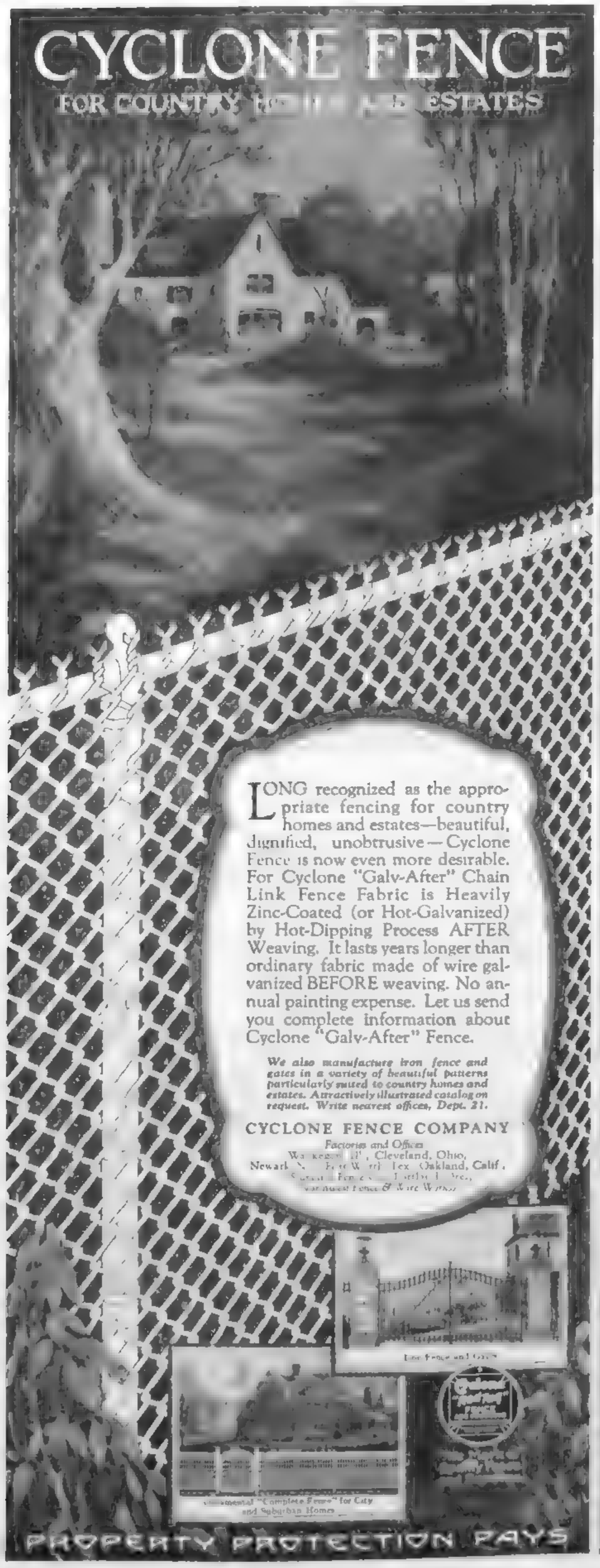
The price you want to pay will decide you for Hudson or for Essex. The closed car advantages of the Coach and its price surely leave no other consideration.

Which?—

at the Same Price—the Half-Utility of the Open Car, or the All-Year Comforts and Service of the Coach? It is the One Important Question Before Buyers Today.

Astonishingly low parts prices and a progressive service policy keeps maintenance down to a minimum. Be sure and get parts price list from your dealer.

Hudson and Essex Are of One Quality—Sales Exceed 3,000 a Week


CYCLONE FENCE
FOR COUNTRY
ESTATES
LONG recognized as the appropriate fencing for country homes and estates—beautiful, dignified, unobtrusive—Cyclone Fence is now even more desirable. For Cyclone "Galv-After" Chain Link Fence Fabric is Heavily Zinc-Coated (or Hot-Galvanized) by Hot-Dipping Process AFTER Weaving. It lasts years longer than ordinary fabric made of wire galvanized BEFORE weaving. No annual painting expense. Let us send you complete information about Cyclone "Galv-After" Fence.
We also manufacture iron fence and gates in a variety of beautiful patterns particularly suited to country homes and estates. Attractively illustrated catalog on request. Write nearest offices, Dept. 21.
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
Factories and Offices
Cleveland, Ohio,
Oakland, Calif.
PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 58)

between 6 per cent and what the Ford corporation actually pays, is about $236,250,000 during the entire lease period. This would be the actual profit if the money were used in business, and is, as a matter of fact, a fair statement of the actual profit based on this one item alone; but if we apply Mr. Ford's amortization theory, and require this corporation to take the annual earnings on this interest item each year, and loan them out at interest, compounding them the same as he asks the Government to compound his payments, we find that at the end of the 100-year period the Ford corporation would have a cash fund of $14,500,000,000. If Mr. Ford's theory is correct, as applied to the Government, and the same theory is applied to his corporation, we find that at the end of this period this corporation would be able completely to control and dominate the business not only of the United States but of the entire world.

The only consideration for this lease in the Ford offer is that the corporation agrees to furnish power, free of charge, to the Government, for the operation of the locks that are to be installed in both Dam No. 2 and Dam No. 3. This is such a small item when it is taken into consideration with the enormity of the entire proposition that it is hardly worthy of notice, and it would be difficult to make a computation of its value.

Keeping the Dams in Repair

IN THE Ford bid it is provided that the Government shall keep these dams in repair for the benefit of this corporation during the entire 100-year period. Again we approach a proposition that dazzles the human mind and causes us to wonder not only how any living mortal could ask the Government to undertake such an enormous task for the benefit of a private corporation, but how it could be possible that when such a proposition is made, the public would not as one man rise up in righteous indignation. In the history of our country no citizen has ever presumed to make such an extraordinary demand. In every law that has ever been passed by Congress, and in the General Leasing Law providing for the building of dams upon our navigable streams, it is distinctly provided not only that the lessee shall furnish the money to build the dams but that he shall keep them in repair during the leasing period. If this proposition were made without connecting it with the name of any man it would be really laughable, and would not receive consideration for a single moment by any citizen. The corporation under this bid does generously agree to keep its power house in repair, but the balance of the dam must be kept in repair and maintained in good condition by the Government of the United States during the entire 100 years.

In effect, the bid means that the Government shall go into the insurance business. It is true that Mr. Ford's bid provides that this corporation shall pay the Government $35,000 annually for this insurance on Dam No. 2, and $20,000 annually on Dam No. 3. Thus the Government insures these two dams for 100 years, upon the annual premium of $55,000. It is the most gigantic insurance policy ever conceived by the human mind. No insurance company in the world organized on business principles would give the proposition a moment's consideration. Every expert who testified on this proposition expressed the opinion that these insurance premiums were absolutely and entirely inadequate for the risk assumed. Dam No. 2 is the largest concrete structure of its kind in the world.

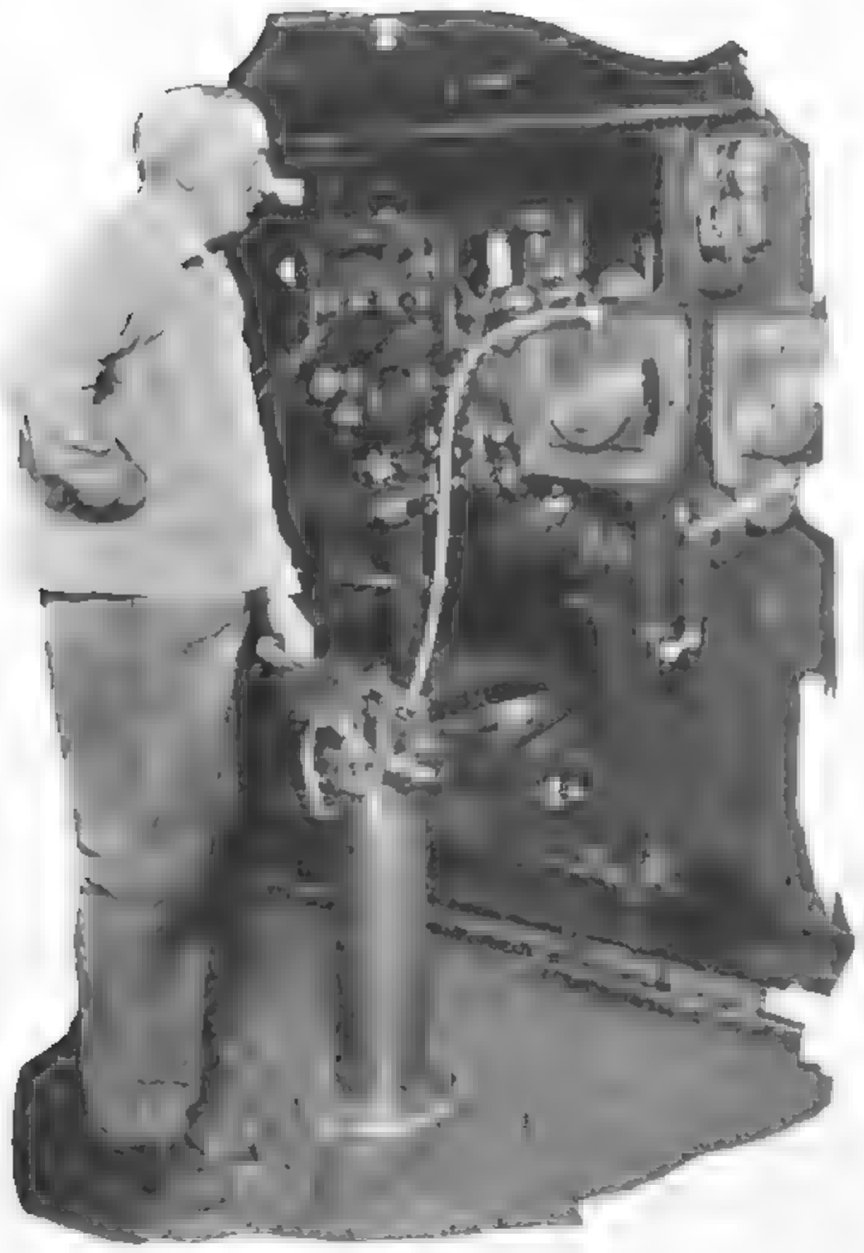
In the history of engineering there is no basis upon which an expert could fairly compute what the premium on such insurance should be. Do the taxpayers of America want to assume this risk for 100 years' time upon the payment of this nominal fee? This is putting the Government into business with a vengeance. It is putting it into a business that everybody knows in advance will be a losing venture. It is binding the Treasury of the United States for 100 years in the future to save harmless a corporation that is already smothered in governmental gifts at the expense of the taxpayers. If we give to this corporation, by warranty deed, all the property heretofore enumerated, and then give it a lease for 100 years' time, without any regulation as to the hydroelectric energy it shall produce, and in effect finance the operations for 100 years on a $75,000,000 basis at less than 3 per cent interest, why should the suffering public be still further mulcted by guaranteeing to this corporation any loss or any damage that might be sustained from the elements of Nature during an entire century?

The plans of Dam No. 2 provide for large steel gates running all the way across the dam proper. No one believes that these structures will last for 100 years. It is conceded that they will have to be replaced several times during this period. They are liable also to damage at any time during high water. No one can foresee what the possibilities may be. A crazy anarchist might blow out a section of this dam with dynamite. In case of a war the entire structure might be destroyed in a few moments by explosives dropped from airplanes. Extremely high water might cut around the dams or otherwise damage them. An earthquake might damage or totally destroy either one or both of these dams. Should the loss in any such case fall upon the taxpayers who have practically given all this property to Mr. Ford's corporation? A cloudburst might tear away some of the structure. There are hundreds—yes, there are thousands of ways in which extremely great damage might occur. We hope it will not occur. We do not expect them all to happen, but it is safe to say that in the course of 100 years many of them will naturally occur.

If a portion of this dam were torn out, under Mr. Ford's bid it would at once be the duty of the Government to reconstruct it at its own expense. If it were injured by an enemy or an idiot, the Government alone would be responsible for the damages. If a commercial corporation could be induced to issue a policy of insurance upon these dams it would under no condition issue one for a longer period than from three to five years. It is doubtful indeed whether any insurance institution would issue such a policy under any consideration. If the Government were going into the insurance business, and would issue an insurance policy upon all dams in the United States, charging a premium commensurate with the risk, it might well insure Mr. Ford's corporation against loss for a reasonable fee. But the insurance business is based upon the theory that the insurance company will take a large number of risks of a similar kind. No corporation would issue only one policy unless indeed it charged an enormous premium for it. The theory of all insurance is a promiscuous number of risks located in different sections, and it is based upon the theory that though loss will always occur somewhere, it will not come everywhere at the same time, and therefore the loss on one risk will be made up by the profits on many other similar risks.

But the proposition of Mr. Ford is that the Government shall go into the insurance business and confine the issuing of its policies to these two dams in the same locality, owned by the Ford corporation. During the entire discussion no one has ever given a reasonable excuse for this provision contained in Mr. Ford's bid, and it is safe to say that no one ever can, because it is not based upon any business consideration or upon any fair consideration of the subject. It is simply a proposition that binds the Government to guarantee the profits of this corporation through 100 years, after it has practically donated the property in the first place.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Senator Norris. The next will appear in an early issue



"We save $7 a day on each machine

—by lubricating this way"

Another case showing how it pays to use Alemite instead of oil and grease cups on machinery

THE Publishers of the Farm Journal Magazine were spending $14 a day lubricating each huge printing press. This was the cost of labor and press time required to "oil up" a press twice every 24 hours. Alemite lubrication was recently installed on one of their presses. With it the press receives *better* lubrication in *half* the time—at half the cost. The saving is $7 per day in labor and press delay alone. Over $2,000 yearly on *each press*. And in addition, they say, they get better, cleaner lubrication.

This is but one of many ways in which Alemite is now revolutionizing industrial lubrication—as it already has automobile lubrication.

10% to 40% Power Saved

Old fashioned grease and oil cups simply *feed* bearings. They allow them to cake and clog. Worn-out grease; grit particles, and frequently metal-to-metal contact at some points cause extra wear and an extra load always on the belt.

This Industrial Type Alemite connection is made in over 100 different sizes and models. Reservoir fittings for bearings subject to heat.

With the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System bearings are cleaned as they're lubricated. For a high-power compressor forces clean lubricant clear through the heart of the tightest bearing. At the same time old, worn-out oil or grease, dirt and grit are forced *out*. The bearing is *cleaned* as well as lubricated *along its entire length*.

That is why tests show a power saving of 10% to 40%. A reduction of friction loads new to engineering experience!

A great steel mill recently installed Alemite on 7 miles of machinery and equipment—after such a test of power saving.

Saves Bearings

When you reduce friction you save bearing wear. In one steel mill, bloomer feed roll bearings now last exactly 30 times as long as they ever did before using Alemite.

Bearings on high speed machines last 3 to 10 times as long as before. Expensive shut downs for replacements are practically eliminated.

New Book on Lubrication

Here is something new that thousands of plants in hundreds of industries are using to cut costs. Whatever type of machinery you operate or manufacture, it will pay you to learn just how this new method of lubrication stops power leaks and cuts labor costs.

Send today for our new book "Industrial Lubricating Facts." It gives the latest developments in machine lubrication.

Upon request our Industrial Department engineers will gladly arrange for a test of Alemite in your own plant, without cost or obligation.

Nation wide distribution through 56 branches assures expert service and cooperation.

Lubricating machinery with the H-15 foot pressure compressor—1 man does the work of 4. Machines have to be lubricated only about half as often as with old fashioned grease cups. Also the safest to operate. Dangerous machines can be lubricated from distances up to 20 ft.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A Bassick-Alemite Product

INDUSTRIAL

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High pressure lubricating system

You can stuff your body with food *and still* suffer from Malnutrition

"Dietary studies show that because of lack of knowledge of the nutritive value of foods, whole families are often underfed.

* * *

"A food may contain a comparatively large amount of a compound, and yet, on account of its low digestibility, fail to supply much of it to the body in an available form. Hence it is that the value of a food is dependent not alone on its composition, but also on its digestibility."

—*Human Foods*

In Grape-Nuts the carbohydrates have been *dextrinized*, that is, they have been scientifically broken down into the form your body most readily digests.

"The function of the mouth is to prepare the food for digestion, which is facilitated in proportion to the amount of this preparation. . . . Besides crushing the food, mastication is also of great importance for a thorough mixing with the saliva."

—*Teeth, Diet and Health*

Grape-Nuts is in a form which you must chew. This gives the teeth healthful exercise and starts the flow of the salivary and gastric juices—the first step to sound digestion.

4 Sample Packages Free

Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. S-10, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

(If you live in Canada, address Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.)

You can overeat and still actually starve.

You can do worse. With food you can breed in your body the poisons and acids that bring about almost every physical ill.

But there is another side. With food you can build yourself a healthy body, and supply it with all the power it needs for mental and physical work.

Three times a day—you make the choice.

The power that daily renews your mental and physical strength and vigor is stored in the carbohydrates (a great part of which comes from the grains). They are your greatest source of vitality.

MORE than three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts (made from wheat and malted barley) are these precious *carbohydrates*. And in Grape-Nuts you get the *carbohydrates* in the form the body can digest and transform into strength and vigor.

In the form your body can digest—dextrinized!

In order for your body to get the full nourishment from *carbohydrates*—they must be carefully prepared to suit your body's needs. Otherwise, instead of supplying you with nourishment they may clog your digestive machinery and produce the poisons and acids that give rise to almost every physical ill.

In Grape-Nuts they have been scientifically broken down into just the form your body best can utilize. They have been *dextrinized*.

No chance of choking or clogging your delicate digestive machinery. No chance of producing dangerous poisons.

Grape-Nuts has this great added value to your health

Grape-Nuts comes in crisp golden kernels you must chew. You can't help chewing them and you enjoy it. This chewing starts the proper flow of the salivary and gastric juices. It starts digestive processes in the mouth—*the first step to sound digestion*.

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or in taste. Eat it every day. You will be astonished to find how much better you feel.

Served with milk or cream, it gives you just the nourishment you need. All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

Served with cream or rich milk, Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration.

Incentives to Work

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

A BIG motor-truck manufacturer, after trying many schemes to provide a working incentive, finally introduced a bonus system that appears to fill the bill. The standard job was determined by time studies, and although the bonus chart is set at 100 per cent efficiency, an employe begins to earn a premium when his production reaches 60 per cent of the standard. If his output reaches 100 per cent, his earnings are approximately 25 per cent in excess of the day rate.

Another management is saving money through the operation of a bonus system for its delivery operations. Here the territory covered by deliveries is divided into zones, and a standard of production has been established for each zone. As is practically always the case, the bonus is based on a predetermined standard of accomplishment. If ten vehicles have been used in a certain zone, and the operating cost of each one, including the driver's salary, is $500 a month, then a saving of $1500 a month would result from an increase in efficiency that would make it possible for seven vehicles to do the work that had been done formerly by ten. It is evident that the saving per vehicle is one-seventh of $1500, or about $214 per driver. Having such a figure to work from, it is easy to determine a definite sum that can be assigned as a fair reward for the extra efforts of the drivers and their helpers.

It makes very little difference whether the scene of action is an office, factory or mill; the same opportunity exists to better the effort of the individual worker by providing some form of bonus. If the manager of an office desires to improve output, let him start by making a detailed analysis of the work of each clerk. This work is then divided into operations and a unit established for use as a measure of production. A cyclometer on the side of typewriting machines will indicate the number of key strokes that will supply a basis for determining units of operation. Time sheets must be filled in, reporting the starting and stopping time of each task. In many cases close observations must be supplemented by stop-watch tests. Finally, averages are selected for use as standards, and a rate of premium payment is fixed by first establishing some figure as a fair salary for an average clerk doing a prescribed work. After the standard time for a certain task is known, it is easy to fix a credit for any saving of time the clerk achieves. The plan then is to pay for this time economy on the basis of one-half to the clerk or typist's salary, the other half of the saving going to the company. Every such system should provide for an increase in the worker's wage in proportion to his or her corresponding efficiency.

Fatigue and Underproduction

It should be thoroughly understood that every wage plan that provides an incentive must have the full understanding and complete support of the foreman. When a company pays its men on a basis of straight time wages, about all the foreman has to do is closely to supervise the work and keep the men from loafing. But under the bonus system, the foreman's job changes from that of taskmaster to instructor. Instead of being regarded as their natural enemy, the workers now regard the foreman as their best friend. He no longer needs to drive them, for their chief desire is to learn to do the work in less time.

Perhaps the newest thought along this line is to apply the bonus plan to groups of workers so as not only to increase coöperation between employes but also to reduce the expenses of timekeeping, counting and inspection work. There is no doubt that successfully to carry on business and industry today we need devices like those here mentioned to increase the interest of workers in their jobs.

It has also become evident to modern management that there is a close connection between production and the health of workers. Adequate proofs are at hand to show that both health and individual output are materially affected by industrial fatigue. There is a loss of at least 20 per cent in production due to unnecessary fatigue in American industries. It is further estimated that the loss to employers in the United States by fatigue is more each year than the average loss from fire. Absences from work through accidents and sickness are often the direct results of unnecessary fatigue. Overtired workers are the most liable to injury and are most frequently absent.

Fatigue is caused by eye strain, dental troubles, unhappy thoughts, self pity, insufficient sleep, undernourishment and bad working habits. Other causes are the glare of reflected lights, long periods of standing and long stretches of work. No executive can hope to reach par in efficiency if he remains indifferent to this important matter.

Proper Illumination

There is no surer cause of fatigue in industry than improper and insufficient illumination. The tendency of every workman is to turn his eyes toward any bright object, so it follows that when there is an unusually strong reflection of light in the field of vision this causes a continual draw on muscular action. In many cases a condition of bad glare in a plant has alone caused a decrease in efficiency of as much as 25 per cent. The first rule in office or factory illumination is to eliminate all high lights. The whole visual field should be as uniformly illuminated as possible.

Notwithstanding much talk to the contrary, campaigns for health and safety have not yet been sold to the general run of American managers. In a majority of cases the relation of health to company profits is not recognized or understood. We must know that the worker who is tired and ailing is the one who spoils and wastes material and who ruins the reputation of a company for high-quality production. By establishing periodic medical examinations, many ailments not yet serious in character would be discovered and cured by referring the sick workers to their own physicians for treatment. Keeping men on their jobs always costs less than training new workers.

I have mentioned the close relationship between poor lighting and fatigue. Let me add further that no health program is complete unless careful provision has been made to conserve the worker's vision. The eyes of the employe are his most valuable asset. Sometimes industrial efficiency is actually increased by deafness, and often a worker can get along without legs, or even an arm; but the fellow without sight, or even with defective vision, represents a serious loss to industry and generally is a liability instead of an asset to the nation. In one examination of 10,000 workers it was shown that 53 per cent had uncorrected faulty vision and 13 per cent had defects that had been corrected, a total of 6600 employes out of 10,000 with defective eyes.

And talking of eye conservation, one must not overlook the evil effects of foreign bodies flying into the eyes of workers in plants where the air is often filled with solid particles. From this cause alone many hours are lost each year. In many establishments the present plan is to install an electric magnet, which has proved to be a very efficient device for the removal of steel from the eye. Also, our industrial physicians have discovered that butyn, a new local anæsthetic, is a valuable preparation in eye treatment. This drug is not affected by the Harrison Law, is more rapid and lasting in its effect than cocaine, and does not dilate the pupil or dry the eye.

57

©1924, H. J. H. CO

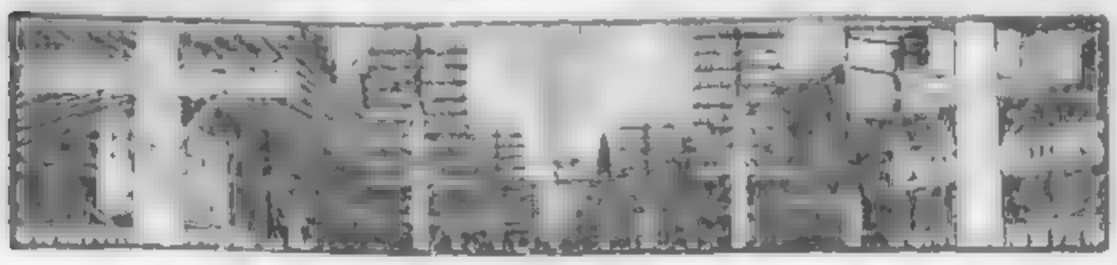
My, but bread tastes good when spread with Heinz Peanut Butter!

Children always like it, and it is good for them—at meal time, for school lunches or to shorten the time between meals.

Made by Heinz, it is not only better than any peanut butter you ever tasted, but it is wholesome and possesses great food value.

Only choice peanut kernels are used—even the little "heart" at the end of each nut is removed to enhance flavor!

HEINZ
Peanut Butter



I can hardly believe it's the same car

MURPHY FINISH

FOR the painter it's just part of the day's work. For his customer, it's a welcome surprise—a brand-new car, for all the world.

He didn't see, of course, all the hidden, patient things the painter did to give his car that beautiful plate-glass finish—the preliminary stripping and filling in—the priming and surfacing coats—the rubbing and finishing processes.

All he knows is that he ordered a new finish—and this wizard has given him a new car. The combination of professional skill and glorious Murphy Finish has produced a car that compares with anything on four shoes.

When your car needs refinishing, talk to the painter who specializes in the Murphy Finish. Ask him to show you the Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart. With its help and his you can instantly decide on a color scheme for your car that will be artistically correct, and at the same time different from that of any other car in town.

Save the surface and you save all — Say Murphy

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Montreal, Canada

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 5)

"Ha!" barked Sir George suddenly, lifting his son and heir a clear two inches off the seat of his chair. "Just as I thought! It isn't there!"

"What, father?"

"The fourth installment of that series on Bookmakers' Swindling Methods. It has been discontinued. Why?"

"Well, you see, father ——"

"Pilbeam told me it was a great success. He said there had been a number of letters about it."

Roderick shuddered. He had seen some of those letters.

"Well, you see, father," he bleated, "it was so frightfully personal."

"Personal!" Sir George's Jovian frown seemed to darken the room. "It was meant to be personal. Society Spice is a personal paper. Good heavens, you don't suppose these bookmakers can afford to bring libel actions, do you?"

"But, father ——"

"All the better if they did. It would be an excellent advertisement, and no jury would award them more than a farthing's damages."

Roderick shuffled unhappily.

"It isn't so much libel actions."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, father, it's like this: I happened to be down at Kempton Park last Saturday, and I met a man who told me that Ike Bullett was going about uttering the most awful threats."

"Ike Bullett? Who's Ike Bullett?"

"He's one of the bookies. The articles have been particularly outspoken about him, you know. And he was threatening that if I didn't stop them he would put the lads onto me and they would come and butter me over the pavement."

Sensational as this announcement was, it seemed to leave Sir George completely unimpressed. He did not actually snap his fingers, but he made an odd, contemptuous noise at the back of his throat that amounted to a finger snap. Having done this, he proceeded to speak his mind.

It was a manly, sturdy attitude that he adopted. He defied Ike Bullett and all his kind. Ike Bullett, he seemed to suggest, might put all the lads in the world onto Roderick, but he couldn't intimidate him, Sir George. He faced with a fine, fearless unconcern the prospect of people buttering Roderick over the pavement. Not since the days of Lucius Junius Brutus had there been a father so ruggedly careless of the comfort of his son.

"The series," said the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Co. tensely, at the end of a striking passage in which he had voiced some of the resentment he felt at the mean trick Providence had played upon him in making him Roderick's father, "will be resumed—at once. Understand that?"

"Yes, father."

"And if," said Sir George valiantly, "this Ike Bullett of yours doesn't like it, he can lump it!"

"Very well, father," said Roderick hopelessly.

His voice was like that of a nervous Roman gladiator saluting the emperor before entering the arena. Through his mind there had flashed again a recollection of those letters. Crude, almost illiterate documents they had been, written under the stress of strong emotion by rough and uncultured men; yet not even Walter Pater in all the glory of limp purple leather had ever expressed his meaning with a more exact precision. He turned to go, but the painful interview was not, it seemed, yet concluded.

"Wait," said Sir George, "I have something else to say to you."

Roderick poured himself into his chair once more.

IV

MR. SINCLAIR HAMMOND, easy-going consort of the Egeria of the Mammoth Publishing Co., basked in the sunshine in the garden of Holly House, his residence on Wimbledon Common. There was a notebook on his knee, and he was scribbling industriously with a stubby pencil.

Mr. Hammond was fond of his garden. It was—for a suburb—quite an Eden. Several acres in dimension, and shut off from the outer world by high brick walls, it contained almost more than its fair share of trees; and later on, when summer came, it would, he knew, blaze very nobly with many-colored flowers. There were smooth lawns, hedges of lavender and a decent-sized stone pool with goldfish. Not a bad place at all, felt Mr. Hammond as he put down his pencil, removed his glasses and leaned back in his deck chair; by no means a bad place for a man of quiet tastes who asked little more from life than to be left alone to do his writing.

His tranquillity now was largely due to the fact that he was alone. It had been quite an hour since anyone had bothered him. This was almost a record, and he had an uneasy feeling that it was too good to last. He was on the point of replacing his glasses and resuming his work when he saw that his forebodings had been well grounded. A female figure had come out through the French windows of the drawing-room and was making for him across the lawn.

Mr. Hammond sighed. Fond though he was of his wife, the Pyke blood in her made her occasionally a companion too restless and uncomfortable for a man who liked to sit and dream. Francie's life was a series of small wars in which cooks, housemaids, parlor maids, chauffeurs and tradesmen followed one another in the rôle of enemy, and she was apt to combine in herself the parts of fighter and war correspondent. If this was Francie coming now, it probably meant that he was in for half an hour's military gossip. With the cook, if he recollected rightly, an armistice had been concluded yesterday; but he seemed to remember hearing something said at breakfast about an ultimatum to the grocer, the

(Continued on Page 66)

An Old-Time Dwelling Along the Boundary of the United States and Lower California

Car Owners Endorse Full-Size Balloon Tires

"Skidding Done Away With"
Our ambulance has been in operation for a period of 9 months and every day we receive compliments on its easy riding qualities. At a high rate of speed on wet streets the skidding is done away with.—George P Bell, Fairfield, Ala

"Safety and Comfort"
Due to the satisfaction we have experienced with the first set of Balloon Tires applied, I have since equipped my Sedan with your 7 30 Balloon Tires I have instructed our Superintendent to equip all of our Salesmen's Ford Cars with Balloon Tires for the safety and comfort of our men.—The Parmelee Co., A. W. Moore, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.

"Improves Car's Appearance"
We find Firestone Balloon Tires increase the riding qualities of the car at least fifty per cent, and the appearance is much improved.—Bloede's Sales and Service, Buick Distributors, Crown Point, Indiana.

"Absorbs Rocks as Big as Fist"
The effect of this Balloon Tire is simply wonderful Rocks nearly the size of a man's fist may be passed over and entirely absorbed. Roads here about present a very uneven surface, with innumerable rocks protruding. The Balloon Tire makes a smooth pavement of this character of road. George Fouts, Gonzales, Texas.

"No Increase in Gas Consumption"
After 7,000 miles, I have not had a single puncture or flat tire. I watched the gasoline consumption very closely, and found the mileage was the same as on ordinary tires. I cannot discover any deteriorating effect on power with Balloon tires on my car.—E. H. Grey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enthusiastic Over Prompt Application With Firestone Change-over Unit

Quoted here are but a few of the many good things motorists are saying every day about their satisfaction with Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords.

Firestone Service Dealers are ready with standardized sizes of full-size Balloons and the correct wheel and rim equipment for quick, inexpensive change-over.

Change-over to full-size Balloons is quickly accomplished with the special Change-over unit, designed, perfected, and manufactured by Firestone for cars here listed. Only the rim and spokes removed. No change of hubs, brake-bands, or other parts. It is simple and easy for you to secure all the benefits of full-size Balloons—new comfort, safety, car protection, high mileage, and low fuel consumption.

Once you have experienced these and other advantages you will never be without full-size Balloon cords. You, too, will add your approval to that of the thousands of motorists and many prominent car makers who have adopted them. Drive your car to any Firestone Service dealer, who will show you how quickly he can equip you and at what small cost. Drive your car away the same day, completely equipped. Change-over can be made in record time and at minimum expense to you.

"No More Body Rattles"
They eliminate body rattles and the riding qualities are unexcelled. I have tried them on all kinds of roads—dirt, rough and smooth macadam and hard surface roads. They held the road when wet and icy, and increased the braking power. The pick-up of the car is quicker.—B. H. Avery, Bowling Green, Ohio.

"Improve The Car 50%"
Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords are such an improvement that I shall equip all my cars with them, regardless of the expense. I consider they improve car 50%. All roads are like asphalt, brakes are more efficient, skidding is practically impossible, the car pulls better in mud and chains are unnecessary. Elliott White Springs, Fort Mill, S. C.

"No Decrease in Mileage"
To date I have driven over 5,000 miles with the original four Firestone Balloon Tires and from their appearance 20,000 miles is a conservative estimate for their total mileage.—H Edson, Wheeling, W.Va.

"Lengthening Car Life"
Firestone Balloon Tires treat a car so tenderly that we fear from now on our Service Station will be a poorly-paying proposition. None of the cars we have delivered to date, has required any service.—Bryant G. Smith & Sons Co., Cole Distributors, Boston, Mass.

"Vibration Eliminated"
With Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords there is an entire absence of the short vibrations that tire you out in touring. Steering gives no trouble at all, a little more pull on the wheel when drifting in a garage, etc., but none at all when running
—Kirk Brown, Montclair, N. J.

Herewith Are Listed the Full-Size Balloon Tires Recommended for Your Car

Size 4.40
4½" tire
to fit 21" wheel

Ford
Chevrolet 490
Overland
Gray
Star

Size 5.25
5¼" tire
to fit 21" wheel

Auburn 6-43 (Except Sedan)
Chevrolet—Baby Grand
Chevrolet—F. B.
Cleveland
Columbia (All Except Sedan)
Dodge (All Except Sedan)
Dort
Durant—4 Cylinder
Elcar 4-40
Essex
Franklin—Open
Gardner
Hupmobile—Except Sedan)
Jewett
Kelsey
Liberty—(Except Sedan)
Maxwell
Monroe
Moon 6-40 (All Except Sedan)
Nash 4 Cylinder
National 4 Cylinder
Oldsmobile 1924
Overland Red Bird
Rollin
Seneca
Studebaker Light 6

The Mark of Quality

Pick out your car in this list and make a note of the size of Balloon Tire you should have. Insist upon the Full-Size Balloon which assures you maximum comfort, safety and economy.

Size 6.20
6¼" tire
to fit 20 and 21" wheels

American Anderson
Auburn 6—43 Sedan
Auburn 6—63
Auburn Beauty 6
Barley
Bay State—121" W. B.
Brewster
Case—Model X
Chalmers
Chandler (All Except Sedan)
Chrysler
Columbia Sedan
Davis Dodge Sedan
Dupont—Open
Durant 6 Cylinder
Elcar 6—60
Elgin Flint
Haynes—Small
H. C. S. Hudson
Hupmobile Sedan
Jordan King
Kissell Kline
Lexington
Liberty Sedan
Marmon (All Except Sedan)
Moon 6—58
Nash 6
Oldsmobile 1919-1923
Packard Six
Pilot
Premier (Except 7 Pass.)
Reo
R. & V. Knight (Except Sedan)
Sayers 118" W. B.
Stearns Knight—4 Cyl.
Sterling-Knight
Stephens—82, 83, 84, 92, 93 94, 96, 98, 12, 15, 16, 24
Studebaker Special Six
Stutz 6—90
Templar Velie
Westcott
Wills St. Claire
Willys-Knight (Except 7 passenger Sedan)

Size 7.30
7¼" tire
to fit 20" wheel

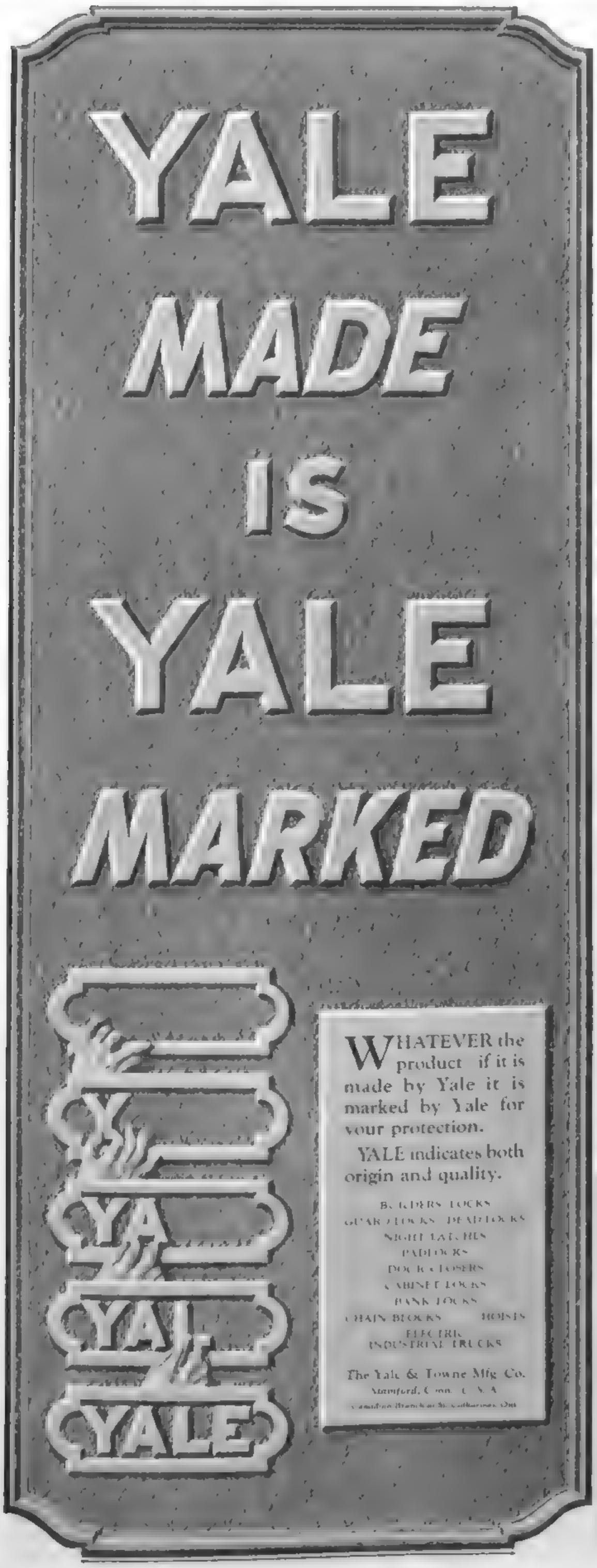
Apperson
Bay State—128" W. B.
Cadillac
Case V. Y. & W
Chandler Sedan
Cole
Cunningham
Daniels
Dorris
Duesenberg
Dupont-Closed
Haynes—Large
Lafayette
Lincoln
Locomobile
McFarlan
Marmon Sedan
Mercer
Meteor
National
Ogren
Packard Eight
Packard Twin 6
Paige
Peerless
Premier
Princeton
Pierce-Arrow
Revere
Roamer
Rolls-Royce
R. & V. Knight
Stearns Knight 6 cyl.
Studebaker Big Six
S. & S.
Stephens—85, 86, 95, 97, 18, 26, 27
Stutz KLDH
Stevens-Duryea
Willys-Knight (7 passenger Sedan)
Winton

Firestone

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

The Original Low Pressure Tires

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER . . . . H. S. Firestone



(Continued from Page 64)

stringiness of whose bacon had recently been causing alarm and despondency in the Hammond household.

With a little moan he put on his glasses, and was relieved to see that it was not his wife who was approaching, but his niece Felicia. This altered the situation entirely. He had no objection whatever to abandoning work in favor of a chat with Flick. They were firm friends and allies. Moreover, Flick shared his ability to see humor in the little things of life—a valuable gift in woman and one of the few great qualities his admirable wife lacked.

He looked at her, as she drew near, with the same mild wonder he always felt when he saw her nowadays. Seven years ago, when she had been dumped on him like a parcel on the death of his sister and her husband, Jack Sheridan, in a railway accident, she had been a leggy, scraggy, tousle-haired, freckled thing with nose and eyelids pink from much weeping, a curious object giving as little promise of beauty as a week-old baby. And now the sight of her suggested to him, given as he was to drawing his images from the classics, a hamadryad or some shepherdess strayed out of an idyl of Theocritus. Just when the astounding change had taken place it would have been beyond him to say. It had come so gradually and imperceptibly, first one feature, then another, ceasing to offend the eye—here a leg shortening to a decently human length, there a mop of amber hair miraculously tidying itself. He supposed vaguely that it was always this way with girls.

"Hullo, Uncle Sinclair," said Flick. She held out the overcoat she was carrying. "Get up!"

"I will not get up," said Mr. Hammond. "Why should I get up? I refuse to get up for anyone."

"Aunt Frances says it's getting chilly and she wants you to put on your light overcoat."

Mr. Hammond put on the coat. He knew that the sleeves would brush against the paper when he resumed his writing, thus distracting his thoughts and leading to intemperate language; but the alternative, throwing the beastly thing into the goldfish pond, was impossible. If he continued to sit out here as he was and after a lapse of two months caught a cold, that cold would, he was aware, be put down to his reckless refusal to take the elementary precaution of wearing the light overcoat.

"You know, of course, that you are an abominable nuisance, child?" he observed, reseating himself.

"Of course," said Flick equably. "It's awfully nice of you to offer me your chair, but I shall be perfectly all right down here on the grass."

"I wouldn't give you this chair if you pleaded for it with salt tears," said Mr. Hammond. "For one thing, you're only going to stay a moment."

"I'm not. I've come for a nice long talk."

"Leave me, woman. Get back into your tree, you yellow-haired hamadryad. Can't you see I'm busy?"

Flick glanced up. She was looking, Mr. Hammond thought, unusually pensive. Her mouth was a little drooped and white teeth showed below her lip. Her blue eyes, which always reminded him of a rain-washed sky, were clouded. This surprised Mr. Hammond, for as a rule she took life lightly.

"Are you really busy, uncle?"

"Of course not. I was just wondering when you came out how I should find a decent excuse for stopping work. Something on the mind, Flickie?"

Flick pulled at the grass thoughtfully.

"Uncle Sinclair, you know you always say you never give advice to anybody."

"My guiding rule in life. I attribute my universal popularity to it."

"I wish you would give me some."

"Oh, you're different. I'll give you all you want. State your case."

"Roderick has asked me to marry him. What do you think I ought to do?"

Mr. Hammond was appalled. Ironic, he reflected, to think that when he had found that it was Flick who was coming to disturb his privacy he had been relieved. But who would have supposed that she intended flinging frightful problems like this at his head? He was fifty-three years old and had grown to regard life as a spectacle, content to watch it without rushing in and grabbing hold of the steering wheel. He shrank aghast from advising this girl about a thing like marriage. Besides, what business had a child like her to dream of marrying anyone? And then Mr. Hammond realized that time had not been standing still. Flick was twenty-one.

"What does your aunt think?" he asked feebly, fighting for time.

"She thinks I ought to. But—I don't know ——"

A pang of pity for her innocence shot through Mr. Hammond. Francie had given her decision, and here the poor child was treating the matter as if it still lay open for debate.

"Your aunt knows best," he said, and blushed hotly at the words. They sounded to him like something out of one of the novels of his boyhood.

"Yes, but this is something I've got to think out for myself, isn't it?"

Mr. Hammond felt uneasy. He liked peace in the home, and this speech of Flick's seemed to suggest that conditions might conceivably arise to render peace a memory of the past. He, personally, never opposed Francie. It suited him to have a power outside himself directing his life for him. But the younger generation, he was aware, might look on the matter with different eyes. Flick's chin was round and soft, but it was a strong chin. You could not dragoon a girl like Flick.

"Of course, I like Roddy," said Flick meditatively.

"Splendid fellow," agreed Mr. Hammond heartily, growing more cheerful. He knew, as a fact, little or nothing of Roderick, for he was a man who avoided the society of his juniors; but if Francie indorsed him that settled it. "Good-looking chap, too."

"Yes, in a way."

"Ah," said Mr. Hammond, bravely trying to keep it light, "I see what the trouble is. Constant association with me has set your standards a little too high. You must be practical, my child. There is only one Sinclair Hammond in the world. You will have to resign yourself to something short of perfection."

Flick ran her fingers over the short grass.

"He isn't very—exciting," she said.

"You don't want a jumpy husband, surely? Not a fellow like the chap in the Bab Ballads who 'couldn't walk into a room without ejaculating Boom! which startled ladies greatly.' Is that what you're yearning after?"

"I don't think I've got quite the right word. I meant —— Oh, well, this is what I mean, though it sounds horribly silly when one says it: I suppose every girl is sort of half in love with a kind of fairy prince—a sort of ideal, you know. Doesn't it sound idiotic? Still, there it is, you know. And Roderick isn't a fairy prince, is he?"

Her rain-washed eyes were more cloudy and serious than ever, but Mr. Hammond stuck doggedly to light persiflage. The conversation seemed to be displaying a perilous tendency to plunge into the depths, and he disliked depths.

"I know exactly what you mean," he said. "We all have one big romance in our lives that is apt to make everything else seem commonplace and dull—a beautiful, opalescent dream, very pleasant to dig up every now and then and brood over. In my case it was the passion I conceived at the age of fourteen for a lady who played in comic opera at Terry's Theater. I used to sneak off and watch her from the gallery and write for her autograph and wish I could save her from red Indians. I sent her a shilling box of chocolates once. Heavens, how I loved that woman! There was none like her—none. Those were the days when lovely, free, unfettered goddesses roamed the earth—between eight-thirty and eleven at night—with their beautiful limbs emphasized by frank satin tights. It hardly gave a fellow a chance. I was bowled over like a shot rabbit the instant I saw her. Still, I'm glad that for one reason and another we were not able to marry. I suppose she would be about seventy-eight now. Much better to have her image tucked away in my heart, always as good as new. . . . Well, now tell me your romance. From the way you were speaking, I'm sure you've had one. Out with it! Some fatal, fascinating boy with a jammy face and a Lord Fauntleroy suit whom you met at a birthday party, eh?"

Flick smiled indulgently.

"It isn't quite so long ago as that."

"Oh, then there really was somebody? Come on, child, confide in me. I'm quivering with excitement. Very bad for me, too, at my age."

"You'll laugh at me."

(Continued on Page 69)

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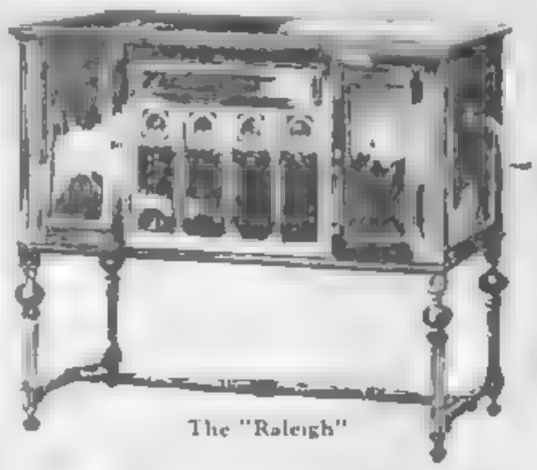

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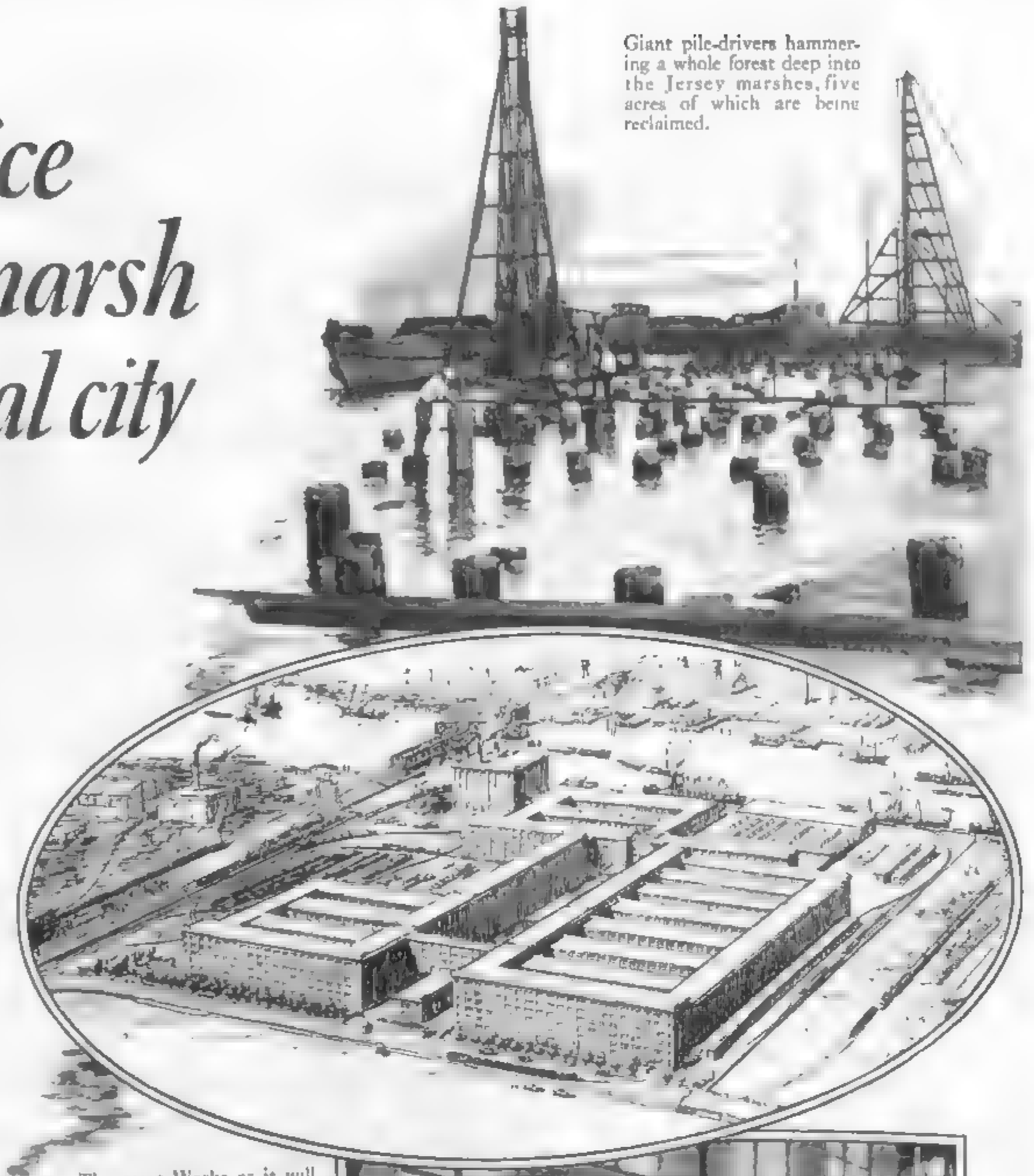
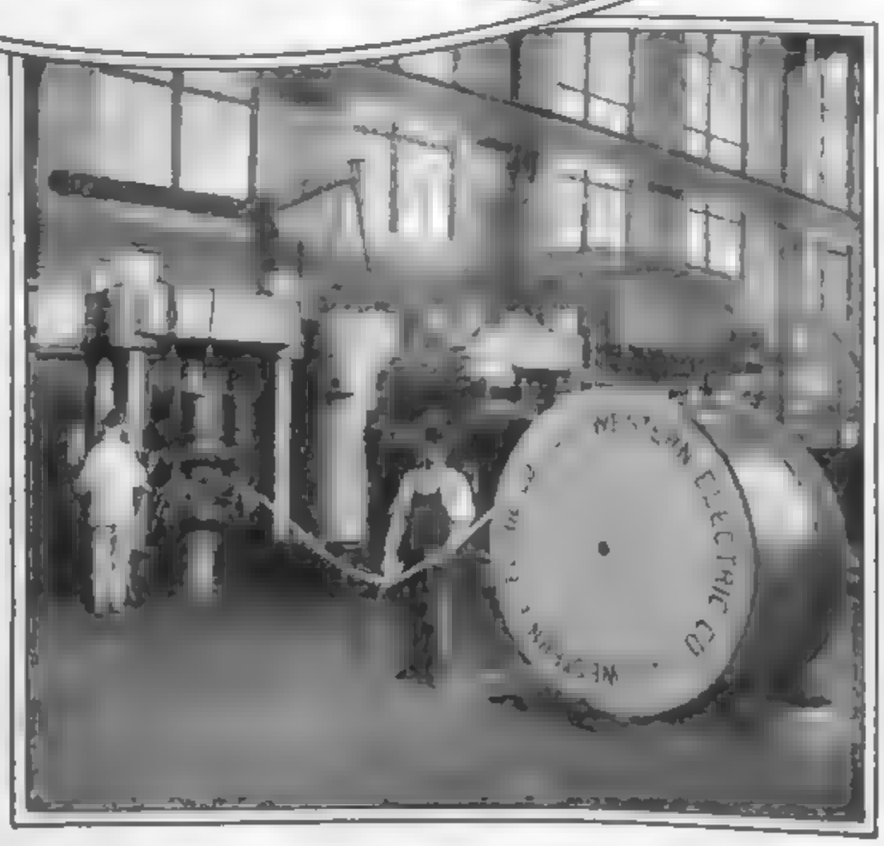
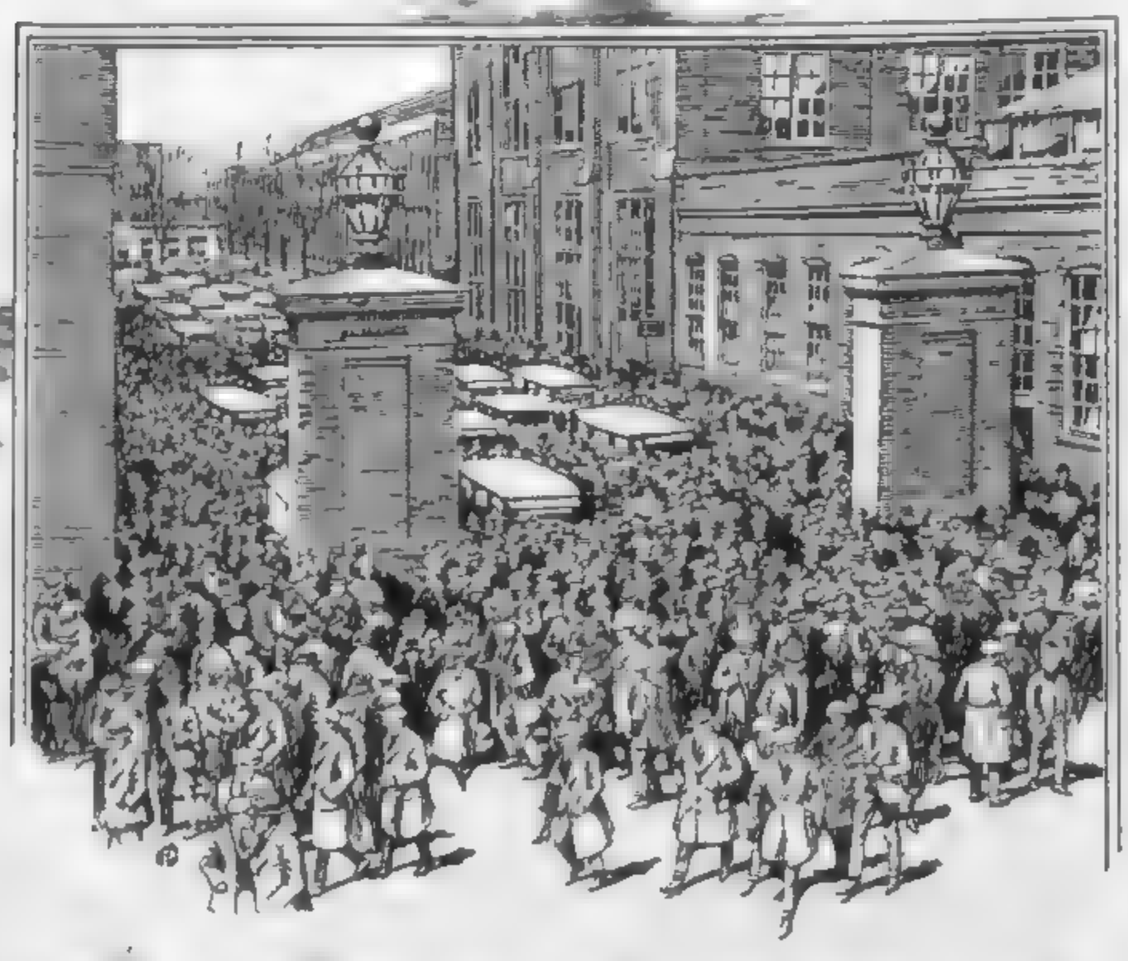
Since 1877 Western Electric has been alert to serve the requirements of the country for telephones. We will now be ready for even greater developments to come.



Giant pile-drivers hammering a whole forest deep into the Jersey marshes, five acres of which are being reclaimed.

The great Works as it will look, completed. A part is scheduled to be in production before the close of 1924.





*The largest is the Western Electric Works in Chicago

As building progresses, men and women by the thousands—in truth a cityful as at Hawthorne—will be busily employed here making telephone equipment.

10,000 miles of telephone cable a year! Such was the output of the Hawthorne Works in 1923. Our new shops will help produce a still greater mileage.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 66)

"Not I! You did not mock at my great love."

Bob, the Sealyham terrier, had wandered up. Flick rolled him over on his back and pulled his ears absently for a moment without speaking.

"I wonder," she said, "if you remember taking me to stay with a Mr. Paradene when we were over in America: the time you did the lecture tour, you know; about five years ago, just before you married Aunt Francie."

"Certainly. Do you suppose I'm as senile as all that? I can remember back much further. Besides, Cooley Paradene is one of my best friends. We both collect old books, which gives us an excuse for writing to each other. Only man in the world I do write letters to. I'm always urging him to come here and pay me a visit. But how does he come into the story?"

"It was then that it happened."

"What happened?"

"All the fairy-prince and beautiful-opalescent-dream stuff."

Mr. Hammond regarded his niece with grave concern.

"Don't tell me you are nurturing a secret passion for old Cooley. A little elderly for you, my child. Besides, you aren't interested in old books. You wouldn't appeal to him."

"Don't be silly! It was Bill."

"What was Bill?"

"Bill West—Mr. Paradene's nephew. He's my great love, as you would call it."

Mr. Hammond frowned thoughtfully.

"Bill? Bill? I must be getting senile, after all. This William absolutely eludes my memory."

"Oh, you must remember Bill! Mr. Paradene's nephew at Harvard."

"Bill? Bill?" Mr Hammond's face cleared. "Of course! A pimply youth with outstanding ears."

"He wasn't!" cried Flick, revolted.

"Ears," insisted Mr. Hammond firmly, "which he used to hang his hat on when the rack in the hall was full."

"Nothing of the kind! He was frightfully handsome and wonderful in every way."

"Name one way in which he was wonderful," said the skeptical Mr. Hammond.

"Well, I'll tell you something wonderful that he did—he saved my life."

"Saved your life?" Mr. Hammond was interested. "How did that happen?"

"We were bathing in Mr. Paradene's lake, and I went out too far. As a matter of fact, we had finished bathing and I was supposed to be in my tent dressing. But I couldn't resist one last swim. It very nearly was my last too. Bill had dressed, but he came out just in time and saw me struggling, and he dived in with all his clothes on ——"

"Ass! Ought to have taken off his coat."

"Well, perhaps he did take off his coat, and I wish you wouldn't interrupt and spoil the story. He dived in and swam out to where I was kicking and screaming, and brought me in safe and sound. I should have been done for in another half minute. I had swallowed most of the lake."

"And why is this the first I have heard of it?"

"We kept it dark. Bill, I suppose, was modest. At any rate, he begged me not to say anything about it; and I didn't say anything, because I jolly well knew I should be stopped bathing again if I did. He left next day to join some friends near Boston, and I've never seen him since."

Her voice shook a little. Mr. Hammond lit his pipe thoughtfully. Though sympathetic, for he understood Flick, he decided to continue in the light vein.

"I shouldn't worry about him, Flickie," he said. "A fellow like that is sure to have been snapped up by now. Heroes don't lie around loose for long. Concentrate on the sternly practical side of things, my dear. Fix your mind on Roderick. Here's a young fellow whom you admit you like—good-looking, amiable, and the heir to a title and more money than you'll be able to spend in half a dozen lifetimes, even if you start collecting old books. Upon my word, I think you could do worse. You can have a lot of fun in this world with a title and a million pounds, you know. Besides, think how jolly it will be marrying into the Mammoth Publishing Co. and being able to read all the articles in Pyke's Weekly days before they appear in print."

Flick was silent. She was wishing in a vague and formless way that life had not arranged itself quite like this; and yet she could not have said exactly what was her objection to the existing state of affairs. After all, she did like Roddy; and she had known him a long time. Not like being asked to marry a stranger.

And again, though everybody was very kind and pleasant, and never so much as hinted it to her, there was no getting away from the fact that she was a penniless orphan, hardly in a position to take nebulous and fanciful objections to the quite attractive sons of millionaires.

"Yes, I think I'd better marry him," she said.

A chill little wind blew across the garden and she shivered. Mr. Hammond was glad now that he had been made to put on the light overcoat. Francie, he reflected, was always right.

CHAPTER II

WILLIAM PARADENE WEST sat in the middle of the road at that busy spot where Forty-second Street joins Fifth Avenue. Always crowded, this center of New York appeared now to be even more congested than usual. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, vast hordes of people with peculiar faces passed and repassed; and as they went jeered at Bill unfeelingly. A policeman, chewing gum, surveyed him with quiet dislike—offended, doubtless, for policemen are prudish in these matters, by the fact that he was barefooted and clad only in a suit of mesh-knit underwear. Somewhere close at hand a steam riveter was at work, making a noise singularly afflicting to the nerves.

How Bill had come to be in this conspicuous and embarrassing position he was not precisely clear. He could recall in a vague way riding a motor bicycle across a wide prairie and subsequently being chased by leopards through a forest, but after that there occurred a gap in his memory. Still, here he was, and it now became apparent to him that the disadvantages attached to his predicament were even more marked than he had at first supposed. On top of his head somebody had placed one of those iron spikes which road menders use in breaking up asphalt, and two men with large hammers were hitting this with a rhythmical vigor, each blow causing a jarring pain to run through his entire body. The steam riveter, which had stopped for a moment, began its hideous din once more.

Bill felt ill-used and miserable. It was not so much the pain that distressed him, acute though this was; nor the fact that the men with the hammers were respectively his Uncle Cooley, on whose bounty he had been subsisting for years, and Judson Coker, his best friend, hand in hand with whom he had passed through both school and college. All this he could have endured with fortitude as part of the ordinary give and take of life. The thing that cut him to the quick was the discovery that the extraordinarily beautiful girl who held the spike in position—and did it, what is more, with a radiant smile as if she thoroughly enjoyed it—was Judson Coker's sister, Alice.

That really was bitter. That hurt. He worshiped that girl with a love not only volcanic but steadfast. Since their first meeting, nearly a year ago, he had been circling coyly about her, trying to muster up courage enough to lay at her feet a strong man's honest devotion. He had given her flowers, chocolates, and on her birthday a beaded bag. And here she was jabbing spikes into his head. Women are like that.

The noise of the riveter rose to a demoniacal crescendo. So insistent did it become that Bill, after stirring uneasily on his pillow, finally opened his eyes; and, having blinked at the sunlight pouring in through the window, became aware that another day had begun and that the telephone at his bedside was ringing. At the same moment the door opened and Ridgeway, his capable manservant, entered.

"I think I heard the telephone, sir," said Ridgeway.

"So did I," said Bill wanly.

The mists of sleep had rolled away and returning consciousness was revealing the fact that he felt extremely unwell. His head had swollen unwholesomely to about twice its normal size and shooting pains shuddered through it. His mouth was full of some unpleasant flannel substance, which proved on investigation to be his tongue. Memory awoke. It all came back to him now. Last night Judson Coker had given a party ——

Ridgeway had removed the receiver.

"Are you there? . . . Yes." His voice was a well-modulated coo. The young

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Worn Under the Shirt

master's return home at a little after four in the morning had not passed unnoticed by Ridgway, and he knew instinctively that soft speech would be appreciated. "Yes, I will give Mr. West your message." He turned to Bill and cooed anew like a cushat dove calling to its mate in spring. "Roberts, Mr. Cooley Paradene's butler, on the telephone, sir. He requests me to inform you that Mr. Paradene returned from his travels yesterday and is very urgent that you should visit him this afternoon."

Bill was in but poor shape for paying calls. However, Uncle Cooley's invitations had the quality of royal commands. You cannot accept a large quarterly allowance from a man and decline to see him when desired.

"Down at Westbury?" he asked.

"At Westbury, sir, yes."

"Tell him I'll be there."

"Very good, sir." Ridgway relayed this information to the waiting Roberts and replaced the receiver. "Shall I prepare your breakfast, sir?"

Bill considered the point.

"I suppose so," he said at length without enthusiasm. Breakfast was never a popular meal with those who had enjoyed overnight the hospitality of Judson Coker. "Something pretty light."

"Exactly, sir," said Ridgway understandingly, and slid from the presence.

Bill lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. His head seemed more grossly enlarged than ever. He wished he had told Ridgway to go out and stop those birds singing in the trees of Central Park across the road. Voluble, insufferably hearty English sparrows they were, the sort of birds that in a properly run city would be put down by law. But it was too much effort to do anything about it now. Everything was too much effort except just to lie here very quietly with one's eyes on the ceiling.

He fell to meditation, and was still meditating when a voice spoke in his ear. It was a nasty rasping voice, not soft and gentle like Ridgway's, and he recognized it immediately as that of Conscience. They had had arguments before.

"Well?" said Conscience.

"Well?" said Bill defensively.

"Up a bit late last night, eh?"

"A little."

"I thought as much."

"I was at a party at Judson Coker's," said Bill. "I had promised to go, so I had to. A man must keep his word."

"A man need not lower himself to the level of the beasts of the field," said Conscience coldly. "It begins to look to me as if you were something of a young waster."

It was an offensive remark, but in his melancholy morning mood Bill found himself unable to combat it. He was in the frame of mind when men search their hearts and plunge into sudden reformations.

"I should think you'd have more self-respect and a rudimentary sense of decency," proceeded Conscience. "You love Alice Coker, don't you? Very well, then. A man who loves that noble girl ought to consider himself in the light of a priest or something. But do you? Not by a jugful! Lost to all sense of shame is the way I'd put it."

This also struck Bill as true.

"I've had my eye on you, young man, for a long time, and I've about got you sized up. What's the matter with you, among other things, is that you're a worm, a loafer, a sponger, and a shiftless, backboneless disgrace to civilization. You wasted your time at Harvard. . . . Yes, I am perfectly aware that you made the football team. I'm not saying you're not a healthy and muscular young animal; what I'm complaining about is your soul. You're simply not among those present when it comes to soul, and the soul is what brings home the bacon. As I was saying, you didn't do a stroke of work at Harvard, and ever since you came out of college you've been hanging around New York, absolutely idle, living on your Uncle Cooley. It's no good to say that he can give you this allowance of yours without feeling it. That's not the point. I know perfectly well that he owns the Paradene Pulp and Paper Co. and is a millionaire. What I am driving at is that you're degrading yourself by sponging on him. You're not a bit better than your Uncle Jasper."

"Here, I say!" protested Bill. He had been prepared for a good deal, but this was overdoing it.

"Not one bit better than your Uncle Jasper and your Cousin Evelyn and all the rest of the family leeches," insisted Conscience firmly. "Bloodsuckers, all of you. Uncle Cooley is the man with the money, and the entire family, you included, has been bleeding him for years."

Bill's spirit was broken.

"What shall I do about it?" he asked humbly.

"Do? Why, bustle about and earn a living for yourself. Get up, you wastrel, and show there's something in you. Go to your uncle and tell him you want to work. You're twenty-six and haven't started yet. Do you intend to loaf through the whole of your life like this?"

Bill blinked at the ceiling. Conscience's exordium had wrought powerfully upon him. That stuff about trying to be worthy of Alice Coker—that touched the spot. But what really stung was the suggestion that he was on a par with Uncle Jasper and Cousin Evelyn. That was a wicked punch. That most certainly wanted looking into. In all the world the persons he most despised were these relatives of his who loafed around living on Uncle Cooley. Incredible, he would have said, that he, the winning and debonair Bill West, could actually be classed with these ghastly excrescences. And yet ——

The position of affairs in the Paradene family was one that is frequently met with in this world. Cooley Paradene, by means of a toilsome youth and a strenuous middle age, had amassed a large amount of money, and now all his poor relations had gathered round to help him spend it. His brother Otis had a real-estate business that required frequent subsidies; his brother-in-law, Jasper Daly, was an inventor whose only successful inventions were the varied methods he discovered of borrowing money; his niece Evelyn had married a man who was always starting new literary reviews. They were not people who agreed together on many subjects, but on this one point of electing Cooley to the post of family paymaster they had been unanimous.

For some years now Uncle Cooley had been showing, in the matter of parting with money, a pleasingly docile spirit for a man whose quickness of temper had at one time been a family byword. Something had happened to Mr. Paradene recently, purging the old Adam out of him; and his relatives were inclined to think that what had brought about the change was the hobby of collecting old books that had gripped him in his sixtieth year. Until he had started book collecting, Cooley Paradene had been a little too formidable and uncertain for comfort. He had chafed at the constant calls made on his purse. Once he had thrown a small chair at Jasper Daly, though unfortunately with a poor aim. But now everything was splendid. He just mooned about his library at Westbury and signed checks in that delightful absent-minded way we like to see in our rich relatives.

This was the man who had supported Bill West through college days and up to the moment when he lay in bed this morning, tortured by Conscience. Yes, Bill decided, Conscience had been right. Of course he was not really so bad as Uncle Jasper and Cousin Evelyn; but he could see now that he had allowed himself to drift into an ambiguous position, and one that might easily lead people who did not know what a fine fellow he was to form mistaken judgments. Most assuredly he must go to Uncle Cooley and announce his readiness to accept a job of work. He had never felt anything of an urge toward the pulping of paper, but in this new mood engendered by remorse he rather fancied that there must be more pleasure to be derived from it than the casual spectator would imagine. He had no notion how one pulped paper, nor what one did with it when pulped; but these were small technical details he would doubtless master during the first week. The main thing was to get started.

Filled with resolution, Bill heaved himself up with a groan and made for the bathroom.

There is magic in a cold shower. In combination with youth, few ills of the flesh can stand against it. Drying his glowing body five minutes later, Bill, though still tender about the head and apt to leap at sudden noises, felt on the whole a new man. He thrilled with courage and determination. As he toweled his back, he reviewed the program before him. He would be content with something quite modest at first, of course; something that would just enable him to look round and get a grasp on things. This achieved, he would begin to make his

(Continued on Page 73)

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—six months ahead

A PLUMBING or heating man could walk into your cellar to-day, take a look at your heating system—and prophesy with surety the weather that you may expect in the upstairs rooms of your house next winter. If your furnace and piping are bare or insufficiently covered, your bedrooms will be cold and uncomfortable. That was why it was so chilly up there last winter—remember? The fire burned briskly but much valuable heat was lost before it could get to your radiators—and you paid for the fuel that never warmed you.

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The substantially-made wiper arm bears an even pressure against the glass so that no bothersome streaks are left.

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Be sure you get the Stewart.

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When buying replacement parts for the Stewart Vacuum Tank, Speedometer or other Stewart equipment, be sure the RED TAG is attached to the part. The use of imitation parts invalidates the Stewart ninety-day guarantee.

USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

(Continued from Page 70)

presence felt. Toiling with the banked-up energy of one who had never done a hand's turn in his life, he would soar higher and higher, until eventually he got control of the entire outfit.

It was about time that Uncle Cooley had a real livewire looking after the Paradene Pulp and Paper Co.'s affairs. The old boy had been a hustler in his day, but for the past few years he had allowed a taste for travel and the fascination of his library to take up too much of his time. What the Paradene Pulp and Paper Co. wanted was new blood, and he, Bill, was the man to supply it.

He dressed and went in to his light breakfast. So exalted was he by now that his dreams of the future began definitely to include a lifelong union with Alice Coker. He brushed aside obstacles grandly. He felt alert and conquering. As he picked up his morning paper he had got his plans so perfectly elaborated that he half expected to find on the front page the headlines:

SOCIETY ROMANCE
YOUNG PULP-PAPER KING WEDS BEAUTIFUL GIRL
INTERVIEW WITH MR. WEST

Instead, all that met his eye was the customary:

SOCIETY DIVORCE
EX-WIFE'S HEART-BALM LOVE TANGLE

"Ugh!" said Bill, disgusted, and attacked his grapefruit.

"Mr. Judson Coker on the telephone, sir," said Ridgway, oozing softly in like some soundless liquid.

Bill walked to the telephone in a cold, hard, censorious mood. It was impossible for him in his reformed condition to think of his friend and host of last night without a Puritanical shudder. Odd, he reflected, how often the noblest girls had these deplorable brothers. Bill's standard in the matter of brothers for the goddess of his heart was perhaps a trifle high, and it is to be doubted whether a composite of Sir Galahad, Good King Wenceslaus and Saint Francis of Assisi would quite have made the grade. Judson failed altogether to qualify. Why, last night, he recalled, Judson had behaved for all the world like a licentious clubman in a superfilm being the life and soul of one of those parties out of which the censor cuts three thousand feet the moment he sees it. Gayety of spirit is all very well, but there are limits—especially for those closely related to the sweetest of her sex. And these limits Judson Coker had exceeded by several parasangs.

"Hello!" said Bill.

He spoke crisply and in a manner to discourage badinage. Not that Judson, after last night's celebrations, was likely to indulge in airy quips. Bill was a little surprised, indeed, that the other should be able at so early an hour as this to speak at all.

A voice sounded over the wire. It was the husky voice of one who has wandered far and long across the hot sands, the voice of a man delicately endeavoring to keep the top of his head from coming off.

"That you, Bill, o' man?"

"Yes."

"So you got home all right?" said the voice in tones of surprised congratulation.

Bill resented this reminder of a past now discarded forever.

"Yes," he said frigidly. "What do you want?"

An unseen throat cleared itself feebly.

"Just remembered, Bill, o' man. Most important thing. I invited half a dozen of the Follies girls to come on a picnic this afternoon."

"Well, what about it?"

"I'm relying on you to rally round."

Bill frowned—such a frown as Saint Anthony might have permitted himself.

"You are, are you?" he said sternly. "Then listen to me, you poor fish! Let me tell you that I'm a changed man and wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with a Follies girl. And if you'll take my advice, you'll pull up and try to realize that life is stern and earnest and meant for something better than ——"

An awed gasp interrupted his harangue.

"Gosh! Bill!" quavered the voice. "I noticed you buzzing around pretty energetically last night, but I'd no notion you would be quite so bad this morning. You must have got the head of a lifetime—absolutely of a lifetime!" The voice sank to an earnest whisper. "What you want to do, Bill, o' man, is to take a couple of Never Say Dies. That's what I'm going to do. You remember the recipe? One raw egg in half a wineglassful of Worcester sauce, sprinkle liberally with red pepper, add four aspirins and stir. Put you right in no time."

And this man was her brother! Bill shuddered.

"I am feeling perfectly well, thank you," he said austerely.

"Fine! Then you will come to the picnic, after all?"

"I will not! I wouldn't have dreamed of doing so in any case; but as it happens, I have a previous engagement. I've got to go to my uncle's place at Westbury. He got home yesterday and phoned me this morning."

"My dear chap! Say no more!" The voice was cordial and sympathetic. "I quite understand. You mean the uncle who unbelts the allowance on the first of every quarter? Of course you must go and see him. I suppose you'll grab the chance of touching him for a bit extra? It must mean you're pretty strong with him if he's so crazy to see you the moment he gets home."

"If you want to know just what I'm going to do when I see Uncle Cooley," said Bill coldly, "I'll tell you. I'm going to ask him for a job."

There was an exclamation of annoyance at the other end of the wire.

"This darned phone is out of order," complained the voice. "You can't hear a thing. It sounded just as if you said something about asking your uncle for a job," said the voice amusedly, tickled by the quaint conceit.

"That is exactly what I did say."

Silence.

"A job?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean work?"

"Work."

The voice became almost tearful in its agitation.

"Don't do it, Bill! Don't do it, o' man! You don't know what you're talking about. You aren't yourself. It's just having this head that's giving you ideas like that. Do take the advice of an old pal and mix up a Never Say Die. It never fails. Guaranteed to make a week-old corpse spring from its bier and enter for the six-day bicycle race. Write the recipe down on a piece of paper so that you won't forget it. One raw egg ——"

Bill hung up the receiver, revolted. He was returning to his breakfast when the telephone bell rang again. Indignant at this pertinacity on the part of his despicable friend, he strode back and spoke with wrathful brusqueness:

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Oh, Mr. West, is that you?"

It was not Judson at all. The voice was a female one; and hearing it, Bill tottered with indescribable emotion. All female voices sound very much alike over the telephone, but this was one that his heart would never allow him to mistake. It was she! And he—criminal fool, misguided blackguard that he was—had spoken angrily! Ye gods, that even in error he should have addressed her so! That "Well!" That emphasis on the "now!" It was vile, brutal, fiendish. Words poured from him in an apologetic flood:

"Miss Coker, I'm terribly sorry. I don't know how to apologize. I thought it was somebody else. I didn't mean—I wouldn't have—I hope you aren't—I hope I haven't—I hope you won't ——"

"Mr. West," said his audience, taking advantage of a lull, "I wonder if you would do me a great favor."

Bill's knees gave at the joints. He swayed deliriously.

"Do you a favor?" he breathed fervently. "You bet I will!"

"It's very important. Can you come and see me?"

"You bet I can!"

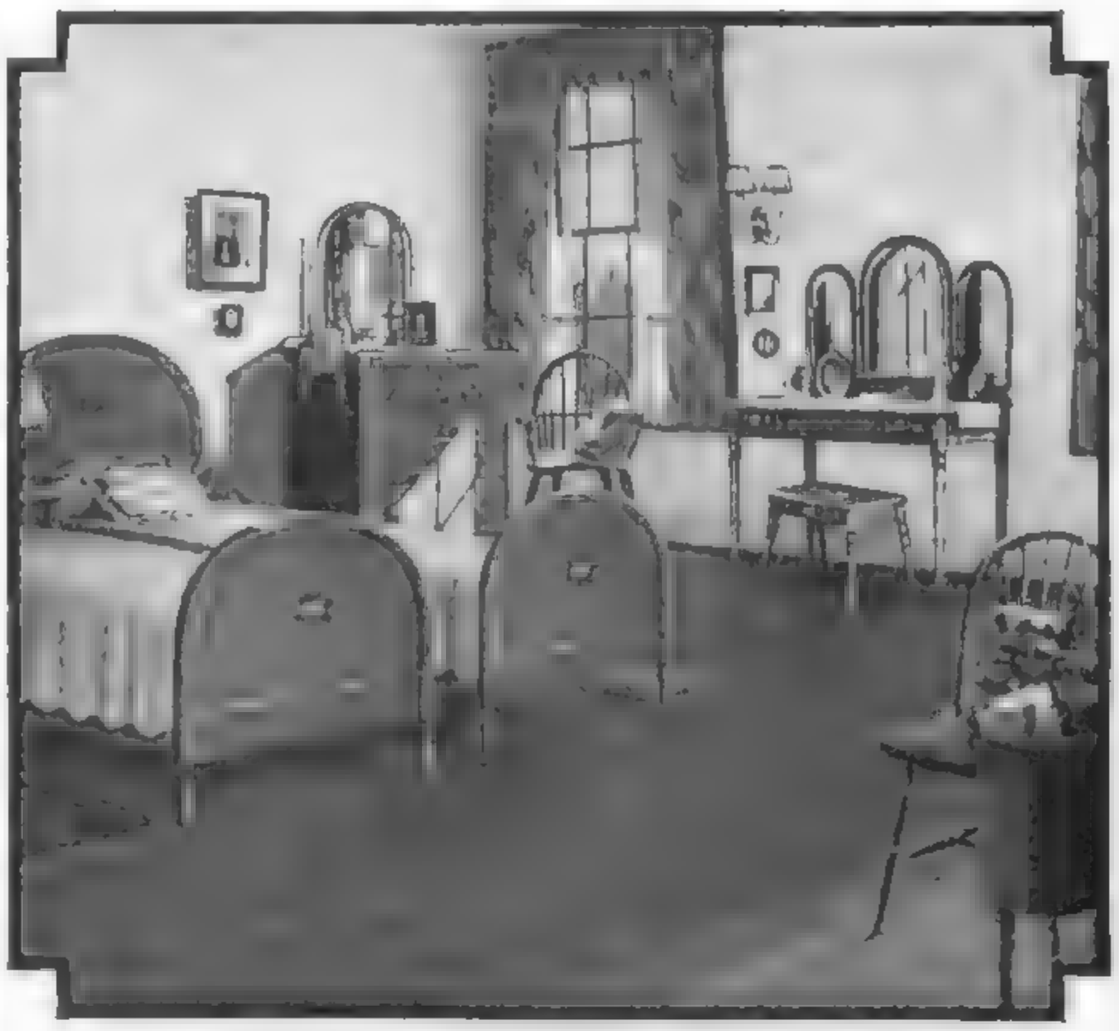
"Would you be able to manage it this morning?"

"You bet I would!"

"Thank you so much."

Bill stood for a moment breathing hard. There was a mist before his eyes. She wanted him to do her a favor! It was to him that she turned, not to Toddy Van Riter or Eustace Bailey or any other of those who formed the court of which she was the undisputed queen. Could he come and see her? Yes—a thousand times yes, even if the road to her father's house were lined with fire-breathing dragons.

He returned to the sitting room, and going to the mantelpiece, inspected very carefully and reverently all the photographs of



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Miss Coker it contained—eleven in all, painfully and laboriously acquired by the slow process of sneaking them one by one out of Judson's rooms. Alice was a much-photographed girl, and being devoted to her unworthy brother kept him well supplied with her pictures. The horror of the moment when he had found that lost soul using the latest specimen to cut the pages of a detective novel had never quite left Bill.

II

TO THE sensitive visitor, alert at noticing atmospheric phenomena, there would have seemed on this April morning something not altogether right about the residence of Mr. J. Birdsey Coker on East Sixty-first Street. The dwelling place of the father of Alice and Judson was tastefully, even luxuriously, furnished, and exhibited outwardly all the earmarks of a refined and wealthy home; but over it there seemed to brood a curious awed hush, as if a cyclone had recently passed that way or some great sorrow come upon the inmates. If Bill had not been so immersed in thoughts of Alice, he might have observed a scared expression in the eyes of the maid who admitted him shortly after half past twelve. But being so immersed, it was not until he reached the drawing-room and found himself looking into the lovelier eyes of the mistress of the house that he suspected any calamity.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

Alice Coker was an amazingly handsome girl. She was modeled on rather queenly lines, unlike her brother Judson, who favored his father's side of the family and looked like an Airedale terrier. Her features were perfect, her teeth were perfect, her hair was perfect. The effect she gave at a first encounter was of flawless beauty. But at the moment, what anyone presented to her would have noticed was not that she was beautiful but that she was worried. Those who make the nation's songs—so much more admirable than its laws—advise us to look for the silver lining, to seek the bluebird, to put all our troubles in a great big box and sit on the lid and grin. Alice Coker had been unable to follow this counsel. Old Man Trouble, that foe of the song writers, had plainly conquered her proud spirit.

"Sit down, Mr. West," she said, formal even in her agitation.

For many months now this tendency to a cool formality on her part had irked Bill. With the sisters of most of his other friends he was on terms of easy comradeship. But then he had been brought up with them from a child; and, though he had known Judson so long, Alice had only entered his life a year ago. He did not know all the facts, but he gathered that the peace of the Coker home had been marred by a good deal of that ex-wife's heart-balm lovetangle stuff. At any rate, until last March, Alice had lived in Europe with her mother; and only on that lady's death had come to New York to keep house for her father and disturb the peace of mind of the male members of the younger set.

Bill sat down, registering devotion, sympathy and willingness to do all that a red-blooded man may for beauty in distress.

"It was very good of you to come," said Alice.

"No, no—oh, no—no, no—no, no," said Bill.

"It's about Judson."

"Judson?"

"Yes. Father is simply furious. Not," proceeded the fair-minded Miss Coker, "that you can really blame him. Juddy did behave very badly."

Bill found himself in something of a dilemma. He wished to agree with every word she spoke, but horrified condemnation of Judson at this point might, he felt, be resented. Besides, he was handicapped in the capacity of censor of morals by not knowing what his convivial friend had been doing to excite the parental wrath to such an extent. He contented himself with making a low, honking noise like a respectful wild duck.

"Apparently Judson gave a party last night," said Miss Coker. She sniffed disdainfully: "a very rowdy party to a lot of impossible girls from the theaters. What pleasure he gets from mixing with such people," she went on severely, "I cannot see."

"No," said Bill virtuously: "no, you're quite right, no."

"The trouble with Juddy is that he is weak and his friends lead him astray."

"Exactly," said Bill, trying to look like one of the friends who didn't.

"Well, what happened was this," resumed Miss Coker: "We all went to bed at the usual time, and were sound asleep when—about four in the morning—there was a violent knocking on the front door. Poor father went down in his slippers and dressing gown—rather cross, for he had had a very hard day at the office and was tired—and there was Judson."

She paused, and a look of pain came into her fine eyes.

"Judson," she went on in a toneless voice, "seemed glad to see father. When I looked over the banisters, he was patting him on the back. Father asked him what he wanted, and Judson said that he had lost his lucky pig and thought he might have left it on the piano in the drawing-room the last time he was in the house. He came in and hunted about and then returned to his apartment. About half an hour later he was on the doorstep again, banging the knocker; and when father got out of bed and went down Judson said he had only come to apologize for disturbing us. He said he wouldn't have done it, but he had particularly wanted to show the pig to a girl who was at the party. He said this girl was one of those domestic girls, a little home body, and might be leaving the party any moment now and going home. He came in and had another search, then he went away again. And at half past five he called up on the telephone—it's in father's room—and begged father to have a look round and see if the pig wasn't in the study."

She paused again. Bill made shocked noises.

"Naturally, father was very much annoyed." Bill nodded sympathetically. He quite saw how this might be. "You ought to have seen him when he left for the office this morning."

Bill, as he listened to his adored one's word picture of the passing of her parent from the bosom of his family, was glad he had not seen him. The impression Miss Coker conveyed to his excited fancy was of something resembling one of those peculiar beasts in the Book of Revelations on one of its bad mornings. J. Birdsey Coker, he gathered, not infrequently displayed a little tetchiness round about breakfast time; but the oldest inhabitant could recall nothing to approach these latest manifestations.

The description of how he had behaved when the maid, unnerved by his demeanor, had dropped the eggs and bacon was alone sufficient to chill the stoutest.

"And the result is," concluded Alice, "that he says he has had enough. He says he is going to stop Judson's allowance and send him to grandmamma's farm in Vermont and keep him there till he gets some sense. And what I wanted to ask you, Mr. West, is this: Could you fit it in with your plans to take Juddy away on a month's fishing trip?"

"But you said he was going to Vermont."

"Yes; but I believe that when father has had time to cool down a little he will agree to letting him go on a fishing trip instead, provided it is with someone who will look after him and see that he gets nothing to drink. It doesn't so much matter where he goes, you see, so long as he gets away from New York and all these people who cluster round him and lead him astray. Juddy," said Miss Coker, a break in her voice, "is such a dear boy that everybody is attracted to him, and that makes it difficult for him to be strong and resist temptation."

Bill hesitated no longer. He had been doubtful for a time as to Judson's exact standing with his sister; but now that it became manifest that not all the dark deeds the reprobate had performed on the front doorstep in the small hours could shake her divine affection he saw his way clear. He embarked forthwith on a eulogy of his late playmate, the eloquence of which surprised even himself. It was the sort of pæan of praise that would have been considered a bit fulsome even by an Oriental monarch from the lips of the court poet; but its effect on Miss Coker was remarkable. Her proud aloofness thawed. She melted visibly. And presently, as Bill concluded a stirring passage in which he stressed Judson's essential spirituality, and came out uncompromisingly as considering him too rare and tender a soul for the rough hurly-burly of modern life as lived in New York City, she beamed upon upon him like the rising sun.

"I knew you were a great friend of his," she said with such cordiality that Bill twisted his legs round each other and gasped for air. "That's why I asked you to come here. You don't know what it would be like for the poor boy at grandmamma's. He would have to get up at seven every morning, and there would be family prayers twice a day."

In solemn silence they peered into this inferno from which she had removed the lid.

"Prayers?" faltered Bill.

"And hymns on Sundays," said Miss Coker, tight-lipped. "It would drive the poor darling off his head. And as far as his health is concerned, a fishing trip would do him just as much good—and he would enjoy it. I know how fond he is of you. I'm sure father will consent, because he likes and trusts you and could rely on you to keep poor Juddy out of trouble. I don't know how to thank you, Mr. West. But I knew you would not fail me. I am tremendously grateful."

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. It seemed to Bill that the moment of his own flood tide had arrived. At no time in the past year had so favorable an opportunity for proposing presented itself, and it might be many a long month before such a chance occurred again. For Bill was not one of your glib fellows who can tap the romantic vein at will and under any conditions. He required something in the nature of a push behind before he could dive. Though painfully conscious of that sick, empty feeling about the diaphragm that had attacked him on the occasion when he stepped out with the rest of the Harvard football team into the Yale Bowl four years ago, he braced himself to play the man.

"Miss Coker, I—that is to say—or putting it another way—I wonder—do you think ——"

He paused. He was not sure if he was making his meaning quite clear: He tried again.

"I know—it isn't as if—I quite see—it might happen—if you would ——"

Still not so lucid as he could have wished. He swallowed twice and approached the subject from a new angle.

"Look here," he said, "will you marry me?"

Miss Coker exhibited an unruffled composure. It is to be assumed that this sort of thing had happened to her before.

"Really," she said, "I wasn't expecting this."

Nor was Bill. He was still stupefied by the sound of those reckless words and wondered dazedly how he could ever have had the nerve to allow them to pass his lips. Still, they were out now and the subject definitely placed before the meeting for consideration. He gazed at her dumbly but hopefully.

"I can't give you a definite answer now."

"No, no, of course not."

"Suppose you ask me again when you have brought Juddy back quite well and strong."

The assumption that Judson was an invalid in the last stages of eggshell fragility did not quite square with Bill's recollection of his friend leading the revels on the previous night, but he let it go. It was unimportant. The thing that really mattered was that she had not scornfully rejected his suit and rung the bell for menials to come and throw him into the street.

"We'll leave it like that, shall we?"

"Yes," said Bill humbly.

"And when do you think you will be able to start on this fishing trip?" asked Miss Coker, who inherited from her father the gift of being able to shelve sentiment in favor of business. "At once?"

"Tomorrow, if you like," said the infatuated Bill.

He perceived dimly that this new arrangement was going to make it difficult for him to jump right in and assume control of his uncle's pulp-paper business, but that seemed of slight importance now. He basked for a moment in the warmth of the smile she bestowed upon him, and was reminded by that smile of a request he wished to make. For the smile was the same smile that rendered the third photograph from the left on his mantelpiece so rarely beautiful.

"I wonder," he stammered—"I mean—would you—do you think—what I want to say is, you haven't by any chance a photograph of yourself you could give a fellow?"

"Why, of course," said Alice amiably.

"I've been wanting one of you for a long time," said Bill.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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demands an oil created to lubricate the Ford exclusively

THE lubrication system of your Ford car differs from that of any other passenger automobile. Unless you use an oil which meets its special requirements, your Ford cannot give you the smooth-running ease and economy of operation that you have a right to expect.

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How Veedol Fordol masters this problem

Tide Water engineers wrestled with this dual lubrication problem for four years. After hundreds of laboratory experiments, backed by severe road tests, an oil was perfected which masters the problem. Veedol Fordol is that oil.

Veedol Fordol correctly lubricates both the Ford engine—*and* the Ford transmission. It succeeds where other oils fail, because it is made exclusively for the Ford and no other automobile.

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Hundreds of thousands of Ford owners have stopped buying the oils used by motorists to lubricate *other* cars. They are now using Veedol Fordol—exclusively. They find that Veedol Fordol does all that is claimed for it. It gives their Fords the smooth-running ease of higher priced cars, plus eight definite economies which reduce thecost of operation.

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1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. "Chatter," a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Fordol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Fordol.

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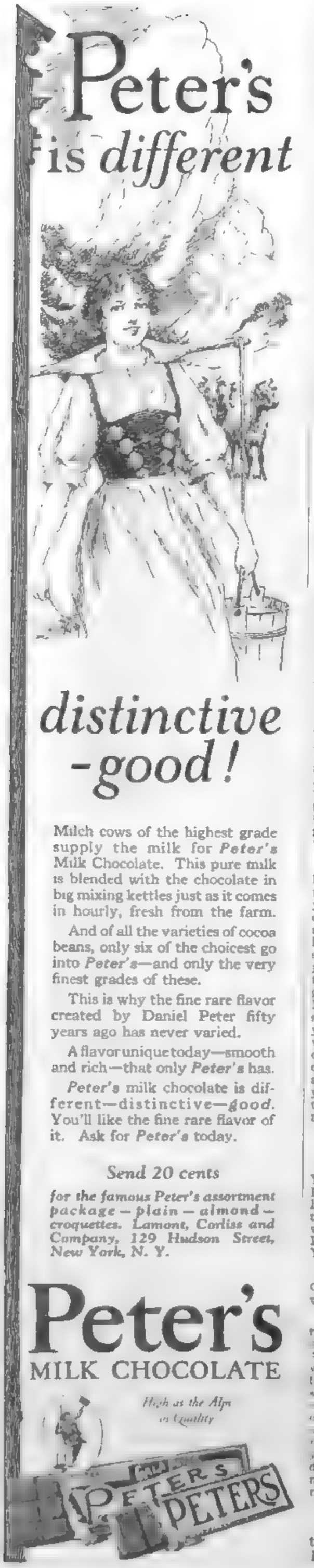

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Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

Continued from Page 40

"Hey!" he said, his voice thick. "Look at this!"

Blandon looked. If it was a letter Effy Colquitt said she had left at the office for her husband the word "letter" hardly described it. The envelope was thick, its contents bulky. Effy Colquitt, it appeared, not only had had something to say, she had said it at length, it seemed. Colquitt eyed it, at the same time plucking thoughtfully at his chin.

"I say!" he said. He looked at Blandon briefly, the grin on his jaw a little sickly. "Something tells me, Jerry," he remarked, "that I'm about to be handed a wallop. I've been an ass, a silly idiot; and now I'm going to pay for it!"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," snapped Blandon, "read it, will you!"

Colquitt tore open the envelope.

There were half a dozen full-sized sheets of paper in the letter, each sheet written over closely; and Colquitt's eye hardly had lit on the first when he gave a start—a jerk, rather. "Huh?" he mumbled. After that, though, his eyes rounded, he read on to the end. Then he looked up blankly, the moisture beaded on his brow.

"Well, of all the fools!" he exploded.

"Do you mean you?" inquired Blandon.

The look Colquitt gave him was sour.

"Don't worry," he snarled; "you too!"

Flinging the letter across the desk he growled, "Go on; read it yourself now!"

Blandon read it, his face a picture.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said.

The letter ran:

Dear Norry: For the last two hours or so your adventurous young friend Mr. Blandon has been charging up the stairs—and falling down them again—his eye filled with Malays, murderers and I don't know what; and as I didn't wish him to find this and perhaps burst into another more violent explosion I thought it safer to leave it at the office instead of in the house. The Malays, etc., I need hardly add, are mere buncombe. All it amounts to is that for the last few months you have been talking of running off and leaving your business behind you; and when Mr. Blandon turned up tonight, as I suspected you had asked him to run away with you, Nanny and I planned to give him a little adventure right here at home. It was the only way we knew to stop you two from going elsewhere to seek it; but as we had only till 10 o'clock, the time you were expected to get back from Boston, I don't know whether we have succeeded. We did our best however.

And now to be serious.

As I've warned you, I am going away. You have been bored, I know; every business man is at times; but what about their wives? Do you think I—for that matter, any woman—enjoy living the daily round of three meals a day, servants' squabbles and running the house the way a husband like you demands it shall be run? Do you think, either, a wife enjoys it any more if she has to sit down at the table every night opposite a husband with a grouch on? If you do you've got another think, Norry; only that's just a detail. I could have stood the grouch if you were only attending to your business; but you weren't. The trouble with you has been that you've always had some other person on whose shoulders you could dump your responsibilities, mine among them; and now mine are worn out. Also, as you think you can go away when you like, leaving everything behind you, I don't see why I can't do it too. Anyway, that's why I'm going.

That's all, Norry dear. Au revoir.

Lovingly, EFFY.

P.S. Nanny is *such* a dear, *such* a help besides! Your heavy flannels are in the cedar chest if Kamchatka is where you're going with Mr. Blandon. And don't forget to have the water turned off if you close the house, or the pipes will freeze and burst. Also, as I'm going away, I'm taking your books back to the office tonight. You can look out for them yourself.

There was still another postscript. Blandon read it over again, his sensations somewhat mixed:

P.P.S. My apologies to Mr. Blandon. He is really a nice young man if one could only keep him on a chair, not darting all over the scenery. A pity Nanny couldn't have had more time to work on him; though I fear it would have been [illegible] Any young man who with a single shaft at a sheet of Manna wrapping paper can create out of it a full-fledged Filipino boloman or a Malay has to [illegible] imagination for any one year to control. And control is so much [illegible] than speed. That reminds me, your dress shirts are wearing out and I've ordered some new ones for you; though you won't need them now. I don't know when you'll see me again.

"Well?" said Colquitt.

Slouched down in a chair, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, he peered at Blandon uneasily.

"Well, what?" Blandon inquired.

"What are we going to do?" mumbled Colquitt.

Blandon looked at him, the look sour again

"We? Say, where do you get that stuff?" he returned. "She's your wife, not mine."

Colquitt's eye was gloomy.

"That's right, Jerry; stick it in, then turn it around, why don't you? I suppose, too, you're going to duck out on me now, and leave me with all this mess on my hands, eh?" he inquired.

"What d'you want me to do?" demanded Blandon, "Hang around and be made a fool of some more? Thanks! And besides, I've nearly been murdered once already."

Another mumble from Colquitt.

"I guess you won't go, just the same."

"Won't I?"

"No. Effy may not be your wife, as you say; but that girl's your girl."

"Nanny? Not on your life!" avowed Blandon.

"Tell it to the judge," returned Colquitt. "You forget about that holdup."

"Don't be an ass, Norry; I had no hand in that."

"Well, the cops won't think so," replied Colquitt; adding, "What's more, if you light out on me now and leave me alone with this mess, I'll tell them you were in it."

"What?"

"Look here," said Colquitt, thrusting back his chair; "you don't seem to realize the pickle I am in. If those girls had set out to do it they couldn't have got me in one that was worse. I'm the head of these works, I've got a couple of thousand hands in my employ; and what do you think will happen if it gets out that my wife's been running around staging holdups on the public roads? If I have to explain, too, she did it to make a fool of me, where do I get off then? That girl Nanny must have thought of that; and I'll bet she'd laugh her head off if she knew the stew I was in. Of course," he added, his face sweating anew, "I can stall off the police if they get wind of it, but what about Graham? What about that old blat Pegram too? Confound him and that fat sap, his son, too. I'll wring Burt's neck off when I get my hands on him; but what's that going to do? If Graham goes to Pegram and Pegram goes to—to—the police ——" He broke off, wetting his lips. "Pegram wouldn't dare; Graham, either," he ruminated audibly. "Graham knows I've got the goods on him; Pegram knows too. They wouldn't dare to go."

"Pegram's already gone," said Blandon.

"What!"

"I've told you already he's gone to tell the police."

"But he wouldn't dare," protested Colquitt. "There's that man they got to murder me."

Blandon grinned grimly.

"I see. So he's murdering you now, not me?"

"Say!" said Colquitt, "say ——"

It was the ringing of the telephone on the desk that halted him.

"What's that?" he said. The telephone rang again, its note sharp, insistent. "The cops!" whispered Colquitt. "They've been told!" He stared at Blandon. "Answer it!" he said swiftly. "If it's for me, say I'm not here. Say you don't know where I am." As he spoke he shoved the instrument across the desk. Blandon took it.

"Hello," he said.

The receiver snapped and crackled. Then above the humming of the wire circuit a voice thin, small and hurried rose.

"Mr. Colquitt. Mr. Blandon. Get either! Quick!" At the voice he heard, its fran tic hurry, too, Blandon gave a jump.

"Hello! Hello! I'm speaking. Blandon. What is it?"

The instrument snapped and crackled again. Then he caught the voice again; it was Nanny Granger's voice and she was crying.

"Hurry! Hurry! That man—he's armed—I'm alone in the house with him. Mr. Pegram too ——"

There was a sharp click—silence. He knew instantly, though, what had happened. The wire had been cut. This time, too, there was no buncombe about it. With a crash he flung the telephone from him and made a snatch at Colquitt's arm. Colquitt gaped stupidly. But there was no time now to squander on doubt and misunderstanding; and laying violent hands on him Blandon dragged him toward the door.

"That murdering dog's loose in the house again!" he shrilled. "Nanny's alone and calling for help, I tell you!"

Colquitt delayed no longer.

XVIII

BLANDON indeed might have guessed it. The trouble was, he hadn't. One could hardly wonder, either. His mind, keyed to concert pitch by the buncombe fed him, was in no condition to accept any explanation so commonplace. Instead, he'd tried to piece it out of that hodgepodge of ridiculous dime-novel happenings, the combined creation of his own imagination and Nanny's artful suggestion. However, all that was spilt milk now. Nanny was alone in the house with that man; the man again was armed; and as he clung to the seat of the rocking, skittering car Blandon cursed himself for his stupidity.

"Step on it, Norry!" he urged.

Colquitt stepped on it. The roadster, like a missile, careened headlong through the night.

Blandon had not stopped to put on his coat. He had not stopped even to pick it up. At the first street crossing, too, a whisk of wind had helped itself to his cap. Bareheaded, the wind streaming through his threadbare clothes, he crouched down, clinging to the seat of the swaying machine. Past the town, the car took the hill with a shout, the exhaust booming, the thresh of snow from its wheels flung out behind like the wake of a liner. Blandon's eye wavered to the speed dial, fifty, fifty-five, sixty. As they shot over the crest he spoke again.

"Step on it! Step harder!"

"Shut up!" snapped Colquitt. "D'you want her to climb a tree?"

"But Nanny ——"

"Who cares about Nanny? If anything's happened to Effy ——"

Blandon said no more. At the mention of Colquitt's wife the needle had climbed another notch—sixty-five.

The roadster swung to the last curve, the turn-in at the gate, with a slithering skid that nearly flung Blandon over the side. He hung fast somehow, his nails stinging as he clawed a hold; and straightening out then along the driveway the car scudded away like a frightened hare. Through the trees he got a glimpse of the house. To his momentary wonder it was ablaze with light, a flood of it streaming from every window.

He was still gazing at it when with a scream of the brakes and another perilous skid the car slid in under the porte-cochère and came to a standstill at the door.

Another car was standing there. Blandon knew the car, too, at a look. It was Pegram's car, though neither Pegram nor Pegram's chauffeur was in it. Blandon, however, wasted no time over that. As the roadster stopped he was already out of it. Then, as he rushed up the steps he was vaguely conscious of a sound, some commotion, echoing out of the night from back behind the house. But that didn't stop him either. Colquitt already had his key in the latch; and as he pushed open the door he stopped dead.

"Great Scott, look!" he said.

Blandon already had seen it. As his eye fell on the sight he, too, cried out.

The living room was in an uproar. Four men had just burst in from the back, one of them the scar-faced mulatto Thompson; a second, Colquitt's skipper, Larsen of the black patch. He and the mulatto were half dressed, each in shirt and trousers, their suspenders hanging as if they'd just been routed out of their beds. The two other men were a pair clad in rubber coats, a plated shield on the breast of each—cops, manifestly; and behind them was a knot of women cloaked and bonneted; the household servants, it was clear. They hung in the doorway, their features tense with excitement, fright. George, the mulatto, his eyes rolling to the whites, was waving them to keep back. The captain, his patch absent now, brandished in his hand a length of firewood. Each of the police had a blued-steel pistol leveled before him.

It was not this, though—either the cops or the others—that held Blandon spellbound, Colquitt also. Beside the stair was

(Continued on Page 79)

That Well-Groomed Look

THE knowledge that your appearance is beyond criticism gives a feeling of personal confidence. The Fuller Clothes Brush whisks out dirt, makes your clothes look fresh and new, and never leaves telltale straws. It's curved to fit collar and shoulders. Brushes as easily when your coat is on as when it's off.

The stiff, flexible China Chungking bristles liven up the nap and renew the fabric's youth. The bristles are long enough to reach into the fabric and get out all the dust. The handle of Shell Fullerex is good to look upon, is right in length, and just fits the hand. This brush will last for years—it's practically a life-time brush.

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For men there are also the Hair Brush and Comb, Manicure Brush and Hat Brush, all with black bristles and handles of Shell Fullerex, matching this Clothes Brush. Just the brushes for husband or the boys, with extra ones for the office or school.

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One of the reasons for the nation-wide popularity of Maxwell House Coffee is the fact that the epicure who searches for quality alone—as well as the worker who must consult his pocketbook, find utmost satisfaction in their cups of Maxwell House. "Good to the Last Drop."

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 76)

the pudgy figure of Pegram, senior. He was pinioned to the rail, his hands and feet made fast to the rounds by a couple of knotted cloths, table napkins; while wound around his head, effectually gagging him, another napkin had been knotted. Blandon, however, gave him only a look.

"Up the stairs!" he shouted.

Colquitt clutched him.

"Wait!" he snapped.

"But, Nanny ——"

"Keep still!" Colquitt ordered.

He turned fiercely to the policemen. "Where's my wife, McManus?" he demanded of the one nearest. "Where's Miss Granger too?"

"Haven't saw them, sir," the officer replied. "Central, the phone lady, just tipped us off there was trouble here. We just got in."

Colquitt snatched the gag from Pegram's head. "Where's Effy? Nanny Granger too?" he cried at him. A gurgling splutter, followed by a roar, burst from Pegram.

"Say! What, what! Fine happenings, these! What's the meaning ——"

"Shut up!" Colquitt swore. "Where's Effy, Nanny, do you hear?"

Pegram exploded anew. "Don't know where she is; haven't seen her. I demand an explanation! Untie me, someone. I come here to your house, ask for you; and one of your servants sticks a gun in my face! Your servant, you hear! In this room! The second time tonight too!"

"Aw, what're you talking about?" Colquitt snarled; and in his rage Pegram writhed again.

"Untie me; I won't have it! Your servant—yes! You'll pay for this, Norris Colquitt! Let me loose, I say!"

Colquitt sprang toward the stair.

"Come on, men!" he ordered hoarsely.

Blandon needed no second invitation. Leaving Pegram still tethered, they all leaped, raced to the stairway. Colquitt was first, Blandon literally treading at his heels; the two policemen followed. They got no farther than to the stairs, however. Blandon had just set foot on it when there was a brief stir from the hall above. Both he and Colquitt stopped as they heard it, the two policemen floundering into them.

"Look!" wheezed Blandon.

Colquitt, too, gave a wheeze.

"Well, see who's here!" he drawled.

A little procession emerged into view on the landing. In the lead was the pasty-faced, rat-eyed man, his countenance at the moment a picture of snarling venomous outrage and defeat. Both his hands were in the air, his hands raised as if they sought to reach the ceiling; and the reason for this was at once clear. Close behind him marched Nanny Granger, with Colquitt's wife at her heels; and in Nanny's hands was an enormous service revolver, its muzzle planted in the fellow's back. "Keep 'em up!" Nanny was saying. "Keep 'em up!" And her captive was doing his best. True, as he saw Blandon he did lag for an instant, his face fearful; but it was only for an instant. The gat gave him a minatory prod; and Nanny also spoke.

"Keep a-moving!" she directed. "Keep a-moving!"

Ratface kept a-moving. Then as he reached the foot of the stair Colquitt collared him.

"You murdering hired dog!" he swore; and his captive shrank back, his face convulsed in a snarl.

"Aw, where do you bugs get all that stuff—hired?" he snapped savagely.

Blandon pushed past to the stairs. Nanny with her gat was standing there, Effy Colquitt beside her. Mrs. Colquitt was gazing toward her husband; but as Nanny saw Blandon she grinned.

"Hello, Jerry; you here?" she remarked.

Blandon scowled; and she gave a little laugh. "Not mad, are you?" she inquired.

"No," answered Blandon. His voice though was a little thick; and she grinned again.

"That being the case," she remarked, "I believe I'll sit down."

Draping her wet bedraggled dress about her, Nanny then sat down; but she had hardly done so when she rose swiftly, a startled exclamation escaping her.

"Oh, I say!" she cried. "I've forgotten all about Burt!" She gave a giggle, the giggle unsteady. "Burt's up in the garret. The burglar got the drop on him; and Burt's tied to a trunk. That reminds me, also, Temple and Mr. Pegram's chauffeur are downstairs in the coal bin. The burglar got the drop on them too. How do you do, Mr. Pegram?" said Nanny a little unsteadily.

They were just untying Pegram.

"Bah!" he replied furiously; and her face changing, Nanny put out a hand to the stair rail to steady herself.

"Goodness, he must know all!" she said. Then she swayed again. "Catch me, Jerry," she faltered, "I'm going to faint."

Blandon caught her.

A great deal happened in the next few minutes. It seemed to Blandon, in fact, as if in the brief space of time enough events to fill up a lifetime were crowded together. His head swam with them. One could not blame him though. Chief among them was the fact that Nanny Granger lay stretched out on a sofa in the room adjoining, her head pillowed on his arm.

"Quiet," he soothed, "don't move, Nanny; you've fainted."

"No, I haven't," she said abruptly. "Keep still till I hear what Mr. Pegram's saying."

Mr. Pegram, it appeared, was saying a great deal. As it also appeared, he was saying it to Colquitt.

"I don't care what you tell me, Norris Colquitt. McManus, you be witness to this. When my car was held up tonight we tracked to this house the people who did it." His voice rose still higher. "You can't frighten me; not even when you threaten murder!"

Nanny Granger gave a frightened start.

"Oh-h-h!" she whispered under her breath.

"Look here!" said Blandon, himself startled. "Who held up that car?"

"Hush!" she whispered, listening.

Blandon, though, wouldn't be hushed.

"You've got to tell me, Nanny; was it you or Mrs. Colquitt?"

"What d'you suppose, dumb-bell?" she answered irritably. "It was I of course! Now be still till I hear what Pegram knows."

Pegram was still bawling.

"You ask your friend Graham, yah! You ask him!"

Colquitt's voice rose, its note wondering.

"Graham?"

"Yes, Graham!" retorted Pegram; adding, "You hired him to pull a strike on my mills; and when you had, he tried to get me to buy him off!"

There was a sudden burst of laughter, a guffaw. It came, it was evident to the two in the library, from Norris Colquitt.

"Why, Mr. Pegram," he cried, "that's just what Graham tried on me!"

"What!" Pegram exploded.

He seemed to get it though. It was, in fact, something anyone familiar with labor sharks of Graham's caliber could grasp; yet the explanation still did not seem to appease him.

"You understand, don't you?" questioned Colquitt.

"No, I don't," grumbled Pegram. "I get Graham all right; but who held up my car? I'll make whoever did that pay for it. It's your duty, too, to help me. Those tracks came right from this house!"

"Oh-h-h!" Nanny gasped again.

She was still shaking when the voice of McManus the constable was heard. "Aw, well, now, Mr. Pegram," McManus said indulgently, "I c'n make all that plain. It was nobody but Gentleman Ike himself, at all, at all."

"Gentleman Ike?" inquired Pegram irately. "What th' devil now?"

"The housebreaker, y' know," appeased McManus. "Hasn't th' lad been runnin' wild the entire neighborhood over, h.m breakin' in houses, blowin' safes and all?" He raised his voice. "Hey, Tim, there! Just bring Ike in here like a lad, will yer?"

A moment later McManus spoke again.

"Well, Ikey me boy, here we are again; and will you look pretty a while till we have a gaze at you?"

"Aw, go to ——" replied Ikey.

"Now, now," admonished McManus; "all the gentleman wants is but to see th' lad that held up his automobile the night."

"Me held it? Say!" said Ikey, his voice shrill with protest. "What's this place I've lit in anyways—a hop house?"

A loud cry, a bellow rather, was heard suddenly from Pegram.

"That's the man! That's the fellow that held me up! I'd know the rascal in a thousand. And look! He's got on army clothes! Look at his shirt!"

Another bellow echoed this. It was from Gentleman Ike. "You're bug, you old bag! You're trying to frame me! I never sawn you till just now!"

Pegram replied with conviction, "That's the man! Take him away, officer!"

A deep breath, a sigh, came from Nanny Granger.

"This time I really believe I'm going to faint. Catch me, Jerry." Blandon caught her, though she didn't faint. Instead, after a moment, she sat up briskly.

"Well," she remarked, "now that that's that, I suppose you'd like to know what happened."

"I would," said Blandon grimly.

"Very well," said Nanny.

It was a brief tale. It was as brisk, too, as it was brief. Though Blandon, of course, had managed to grasp by now some sort of explanation for all the wild mess in which he'd figured that night, there was still much of it that was yet a good deal of a puzzle to him. But now Nanny Granger's tale made it clear. His mouth agape, he sat and listened

The tale began with the coming of that message, the wire he had sent from New York. The day before, Colquitt had departed, saying only that he was going to Boston on business; and when the telegram arrived Effy Colquitt, as she'd written, at once had jumped to the conclusion that Blandon and Colquitt meant to flit together, heading for some distant quarter of the globe. Effy at once had sent for Nanny; and it was Nanny, as Colquitt had surmised, who had put up the game to check Blandon, to bring him to his senses if it were possible. How well the ruse had succeeded, Blandon himself knew well enough; and a growl came from him.

"Yes, I bit!" he admitted. "I swallowed all you handed out."

Nanny grinned comfortably.

"You did, Jerry. You fed out of my hand like a child."

He waved to her to go on.

"The Malays were your own suggestion, Jerry. The holdup was ours. We figured that if we held you up you'd be all het up for anything else we had to hand you; and we were right. The only hitch was that Effy insisted, first, on holding up the car herself; and when I showed her that you were too dangerous, that you might shoot or something, and that, besides, it was better for me to do it because I knew you and could pass it off as a joke if I got caught—why, Effy insisted on sending old Temple along as a chaperon. That was why I made a mess of it. Temple was scared stiff, and between him and the darkness I got the wrong car. That was nothing though. You ran into the holdup, which was just as good."

"Was it?" grunted Blandon sourly.

"It was, yes," she retorted; "you were so stirred up when you got here, as it was, that you didn't even notice the costume I had on. You thought, too, that Effy had held up the car. I heard you tell Norry so. As for my costume," she added, bubbling into a laugh; "if you'd had any eyes you would have guessed from that. I hadn't time to change; and I still had on those soldier clothes. They were a camping suit of Effy's, you know; and I just flung a dress over them—trousers, putties and all."

"I'll be dashed!" mumbled Blandon.

"Well, there you are," continued Nanny; "you got to the house, and then Effy and I began to fill you up with all that hokum. After you began licking it up the way a cat licks up cream, I went upstairs and wrote that message, the warning; and gave it to Burt, who went downstairs and chucked it through the window."

"Yes, I knew that much," growled Blandon. He stared at her, his jaw set. "I hear, too, you're going to marry that fat sketch."

"I?" She sat up stuffily.

"Aren't you?" he inquired.

"Heavens!" she replied. "Why should I marry him? He doesn't work any more than you do." It was a jolt he hadn't looked for. When he came to, so to speak, Nanny was again continuing evenly, "Poor old Burt! Effy and I dragged him into this because we didn't dare send a chauffeur for you and then hold up your car. I hope Burt doesn't get into any more trouble with his father."

"He can choke for all I care!" snapped Blandon.

She nodded amusedly.

"Yes; that's how Burt feels toward you too," she laughed.

He waved her to go on again. Not unwillingly, and bubbling now and again with sly amusement, Nanny continued the tale. "I thought I'd die, Jerry, if you'll forgive

(Continued on Page 81)

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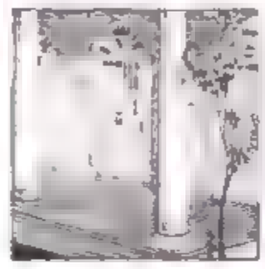

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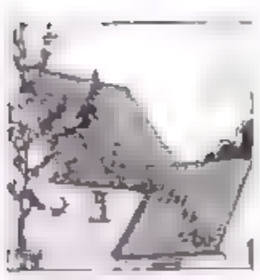

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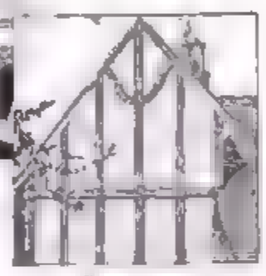

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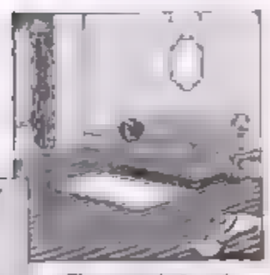

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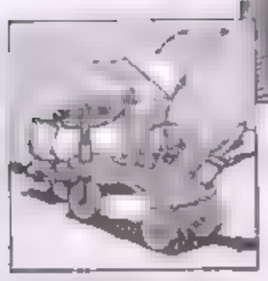

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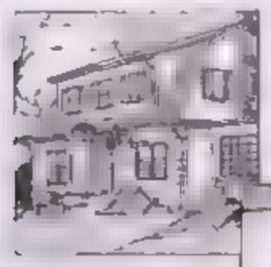

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TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a flat oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for wood work only; such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint.*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebanol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood; a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss; aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

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(Continued from Page 79)

me, when you first trotted out your Malay—that and all the rest of it. It was just superb!"

"Huh! Enjoy yourself," growled Blandon.

"I am," she replied. "It was just what we were looking for, something like that. That dead hand of Kali was an inspiration; and I sneaked into Norry's room and got down that stuffed monkey from the wall. It made me laugh so that I nearly choked. That's why I sailed into you, accusing you of treachery and I don't know what. I was afraid if I didn't get you all worked up and raging you'd see you were being bamboozled. And it did, didn't it?"

It had, there was no doubt of it. Blandon looked at her sulkily, his eyes dark; and suddenly she laid a hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry, Jerry; it was for your good as much as anything. Don't you see it now?"

If he did he didn't say so.

"Well, what happened then?" he mumbled.

A great deal had happened. He had been knocked on the head, for one thing, the housebreaker laying him out in the hall upstairs; but the real truth of this they had not so much as suspected. It was not until Effy and Burt had returned from taking the books back to the office and Nanny had come into the house to find where Blandon was, that Nanny had had even an inkling.

"It was this way, Jerry: Effy and Burt were out in the garage; and as she and I had to have our bags if we meant to go away I said I'd come in and get you out of the way. It was tough business though. You thought Norry had been murdered; and as near as I could make out, you thought we'd had it done. I nearly died once more; and then, on top of that, Burt whistled. It was the signal that Norry had come back; we were expecting him at ten o'clock; and I almost gave away the game. When you heard the whistle you were for rushing out to shoot him full of holes, and that's why I got the gun away from you. I was afraid you would. I was afraid, too, before I could do it, that Norry would get here and catch me. Well, added to all that, I got a glimpse of your face, your clothes, too; and when I saw what had happened to you I began almost to believe there was something, after all, in your Malays, murderers—all that stuff. It was not until I saw that burglar himself that I knew."

Blandon saw her shake, a little tremor passing through her.

"You met him face to face!" he exclaimed.

"No, but Burt did," she replied. "You and Norry had just rushed out; and Burt was hustling up the stairs and making for Effy's room, where the bags were, when he ran smack into the fellow. The burglar held up Burt, then tucked him away in the garret. Then he went downstairs and met Temple; so he put Temple away in the coal cellar. By that time Mr. Pegram got here. You'd left the door open, so Mr. Pegram came in after he had rung a few times, and the burglar tied him to the stairs. Then when Mr. Pegram's chauffeur went around to the kitchen—it was to get warm, I suppose—our friend, the housebreaker, filed him away along with Temple. What I was afraid of was he'd get Effy, but Effy got by him while he was in the cellar; and she didn't know a thing till she came rushing upstairs, furious at the delay. We were catching the train for Quebec, you know."

He didn't know. "You were going there?" he inquired.

Nanny looked at him an instant.

"Where did you think we were going—the Malay Straits?"

Blandon blinked. "Well, then what did you do?"

"Us? Why, first we decided to faint; then we decided we wouldn't. Then I remembered the telephone in Effy's room. We got to it somehow; and I was just telephoning when the burglar cut the wire. Then we heard him coming; and we got into the closet. I had the pistol I'd thrown through the window; I'd gone out and picked it up, you know, while you and Norry were gabbling together downstairs; but the gun, it turned out, wasn't loaded."

"Not loaded?" echoed Blandon. "And you got him with that?"

She nodded, grinning. "If I'd only known I could have saved myself a lot of bother—throwing it through the window, for one thing. But that didn't matter; I couldn't have shot the man, any man, even if it had been loaded. What I did was to peep through the door, and watch my chance. It came while he was filling his pockets with some of Effy's jewelry. He laid down his gun and—and, well, that's all," she ended.

"My word!" said Blandon.

She looked up at him an instant, her look queer.

"I heard Norry say he had a job for you, Jerry; or I thought I did."

"You did, Nanny."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes."

"Catch me," Nanny murmured; "I think I'm going to faint again."

He caught her once more; though she still didn't faint. Blandon, however, really didn't care.

It was about a half hour later when, still in a trance, he came to—that is, if you could call it that. In the half hour yet another variety of happenings had taken place. These, in their succession, consisted for the most part in hurried comings and goings of varied persons. The first was the appearance, then disappearance, of the surly, somewhat outraged Burt. Emerging from somewhere, his features still smudged from his enforced retreat in the garret, Burt thrust a head into the room where Nanny, in dry clothes now, lay recuperating on a leather couch.

"Not going, Burt?" inquired Nanny indolently.

"Yah!" Burt replied. With the remark he flung himself out again; and a moment later the front door crashed as it closed.

On the heels of its resounding echoes Effy Colquitt put in her head.

"Not angry with me?" she asked. "We still can be friends?"

Blandon, at the moment, could have been friends with anyone.

"Yes, indeed!" he smiled.

"After all," she returned, "I believe I owe a good deal to you."

Blandon grinned.

"How's Norry now?"

"Oh, I've forgiven him," she replied; "he's so humble now."

A faint murmur came from the sofa.

"That's the way to keep 'em, Effy."

"What's that?" asked Blandon sharply.

"Nothing," murmured Nanny.

Effy Colquitt withdrew; and a moment later Colquitt looked in.

"Huh!" he said; and disgustedly flung himself out again.

A pause. A moment after came another murmur from the sofa.

"I wonder what the job is he's going to give you, Jerry."

"He hasn't said yet," answered Blandon.

Another pause, then another murmur. Blandon bent low to hear it. "What, dear?" he asked.

Nanny sighed.

"I said how strong your arm is."

"Think so, Nanny?"

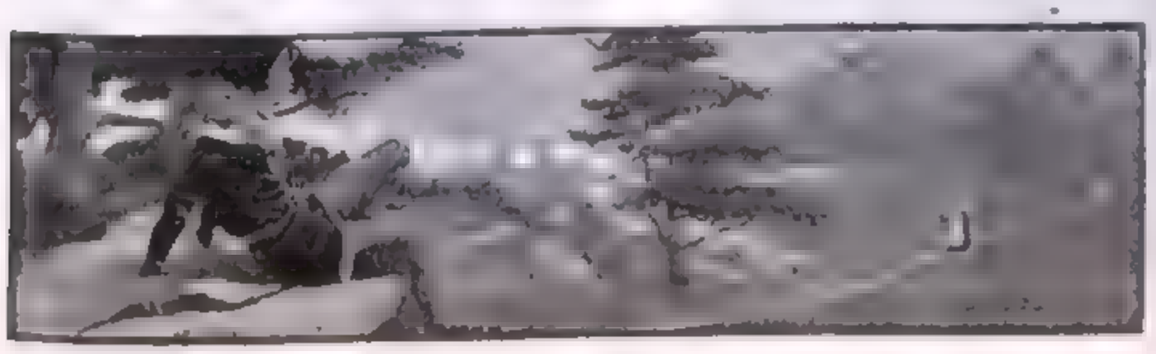
"Uh huh."

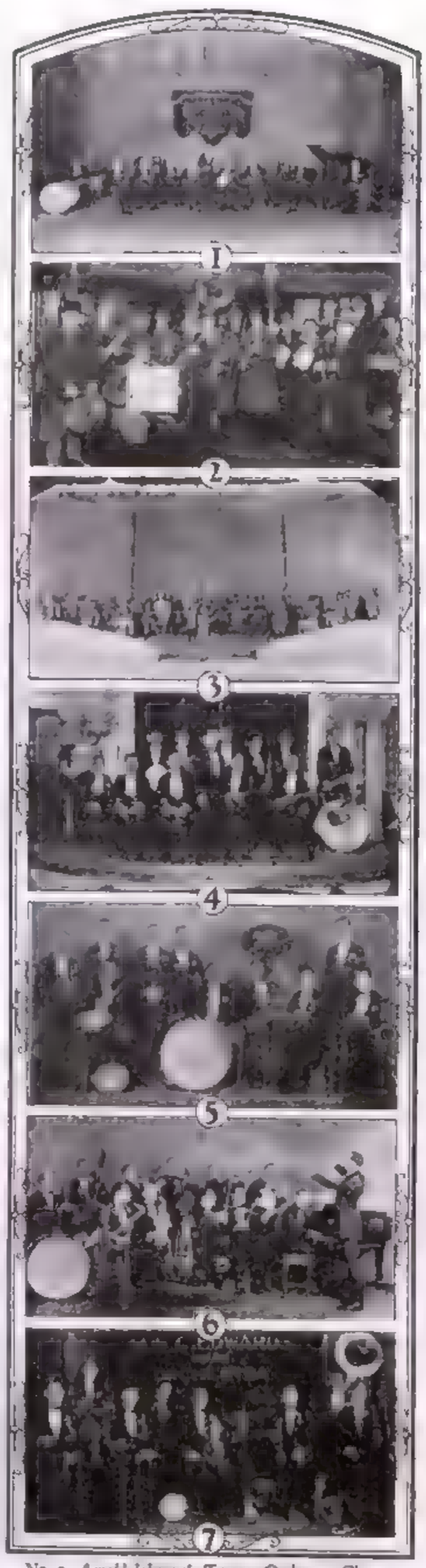
The pause that followed was longer than any of the others. During it another figure entered the library, halted abruptly, then discreetly coughed. It was not till the newcomer had coughed again, this time somewhat more loudly, that he made his presence known.

The clock was just striking midnight, and he spoke.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Temple, "the dinner is served."

(THE END)





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Offices and Agents Throughout the World

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

told me to omit breakfast, and for lunch and dinner to eat meat and dessert but no vegetables. Dr. B said to eat a hearty breakfast, to drink a glass of water for lunch and to avoid starches and sugars with my dinner. Dr. C said to omit dinner, to eat whatever I liked for breakfast and to drink no water with my lunch. In order to get full benefit from their advice I am combining the three diets, but I have been gaining four pounds a week. Would an operation help? —MRS. WEYMORE DALY.

ANS.—Science has not yet learned how to operate on the Will.

BOOJUM, CARE NEW YORK MORNING-GLORY:

GREAT TROUBLE. PLEASE HELP. HOW CAN I CURE SOMNAMBULISM? SEND ANSWER IMMEDIATELY BY RADIO TO DESPERATE ARCTIC EXPLORER, LAT. 86° NORTH, LONG. 101° WEST.

ANS.—I am mailing you my pamphlets on Somnambulism and on Frozen Feet.

Dear Dr. Boojum: I am nineteen years, golden-haired, blue-eyed, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh 139¼ pounds. I have been urged to compete for Health and Beauty Magazine's prize for America's most perfect woman. But according to some tables I have seen I am three-quarters of a pound underweight. I am in agony and would so love to have you tell me what to do, dear Dr. Boojum. —HEARTBROKEN.

ANS.—Stop in at my office this afternoon at 3. —*Morris Bishop.*

The Ballad of the Barber Shop

HE WAS a busy business man.
His look was strange and weird,
For on his face like stubble grew
A two days' growth of beard.
He gazed into a glass and said,
"Indeed, it's as I feared."

He hied him to a barber shop
With eager steps and fleet.
"Before the sun is set," he cried,
"These whiskers I'll delete!"
Alas, what strange, unnatural sight
His eager eyes doth greet!

A tearful sight, a fearful sight
Doth meet his startled eyes,
For crowded in that shop are maids
Of every shape and size,
And some are fair, and others there
Would never take a prize.

"Oh, barber man! Oh, barber man!
This boon from thee I crave.
For I have sworn
since early
morn
This day to get
a shave."
The barber smiled
and said, "I
must
Complete this
water wave."

He took a seat and
sadly sought
A magazine to
find;
Some virile, red-
blood, he-man
book
To occupy his
mind;
But in that shop
the follow-
ing
Were all that he
could find:

The Paris Fashion
Magazine,
What Well
Dressed
Women Wear,
The Ladies' Fe-
male House-
hold Joy,
The Mother's
Easy-Chair,
And Heroes of
the Movies
for
The flappers
coming there.

And some were short and some were thin
And some of spacious size;
And some, to be quite frank, were not
Displeasing to the eyes,
While others in a beauty show
Would never take a prize.

The morning waxed, the morning waned,
Then came the afternoon.
"I pray thee, barber," cried the man,
"Will shave me very soon?
For I've had naught to eat this day,
And I am nigh to swoon."

The barber clipped, the barber snipped,
Nor looked up from his job.
"I beg thee, barber, shave me soon!"
The man cried with a sob.
"I think madame," the barber said,
"Should get a boyish bob."

Then cried that man in anguished tones,
"If women must be sheared,
There's naught for me to do, I see,
But try to raise a beard."
He gave a shriek and to the street
He rushed and disappeared.

And as he vanished from that place,
A sad and mournful sight,
The barber's voice in silken tones
Came floating through the night:
"If miss would let me shingle it
I think 'twould look all right."

—*Newman Levy.*

If Benjamin Franklin Had Had a Modern Office Boy

SCENE: *Franklin's office in Philadelphia.* GOVERNOR JOHN HANCOCK *calls to see him; finds* BOY *carving his name on walnut desk.*

HANCOCK: Is Mr. Franklin in?

BOY: Whatcher wanter see 'im about?

HANCOCK: Public affairs; business of the nation.

BOY: He know yer?

HANCOCK *(slightly nettled, but with patience):* Assuredly. Very well indeed.

BOY: Got a card wid yer?

HANCOCK *(handing it to boy):* Yes; here it is.

BOY *(reading):* "John—Hancock—Governor of Massachusetts, Beacon Street, Boston." Huh! Beantown! *(Flipping card on desk):* Well, he ain't in.

HANCOCK: I'll wait for him then. *(Sits in chair and takes a pinch of snuff.)*

BOY: Aw right! Flop! *(Grabs only copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette and puts his feet on the desk.)*

HANCOCK: Er—how soon do you expect Mr. Franklin to return, my lad?

BOY: Oh—'bout a week, I guess.

HANCOCK: What! Where has he gone?

BOY: Took th' stage fer New York!

HANCOCK *(rising, irascibly):* You insolent little varmint! Why didn't you say so before?

BOY: Yer didn't ask me, bo!

HANCOCK *(going):* You impertinent little whippersnapper! Ouch! *(Gets twinges of the gout.)* You ought to be flogged! And I've a vast inclination to attend to the matter myself!

BOY: Zat so? Tell that to th' Ancient an' Honorables! (HANCOCK *goes out, slamming door.)* Gee! That guy's got a crust! An' Boston ain't won a pennant for three years straight!

CURTAIN

—*Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.*

The Great American Alibi

A Rimed Editorial

"TEN dollars apiece," says the speculator;
"Only two left in the whole theayter."

"What? Ten bucks for a three-buck seat?"
The patron sputters. "Keep 'em, you cheat!

"What's that, Florence? You say I'm right?
You bet your life I am! DamFILE bite!

"Still, everyone says it's a darn good show.
Now that we're here we might 's well go.

"Oh, yes, I know it's extravagant, but ——.
Here, you, I'll take 'em. Now, Flo, tut tut.

"But I'd like to see some of these scalpers pinched.
If I had my way they would all be lynched!"

They enter the theater. Come other pairs
To where the scalper offers his wares.

"Ten dollars apiece," says the speculator;
"Only two left in the whole theayter."

And each man curses in pained surprise,
And each says, "Keep 'em!"—but each one buys.

II

Mr. Q. in the subway car
Is busy explaining to Mr. R.

"The prices," he wails, "the bootleggers charge!
They oughtn't to leave such robbers at large.

"Six dollars a bottle I pay for rye,
And ten for Bacardi—it's too darn high!

"Of course, I'm not fond of the stuff myself,
But I like to have some up on the shelf.

"My friends like a cocktail when they drop in,
And it's good to have handy for medicine."

"You're right; that's just how it hits me too,"
Says Mr. R., "but what can we do?"

Then Q. and R. both burst out crying,
But when they stop weeping they keep on buying.

III

Do you read the Congressional Record? No?
You never have seen it? Well, IS that SO?

I thought that everyone read it. Gee!
That certainly is a good joke on me.

Well, you'll find, if you search through the files some day,
The first law passed in the U. S. A.

Which provides (in Paragraphs 8 to 10)
That every American citizen

Thereafter born into this world of strife
Must be a sucker the rest of his life.

And though railing at swindlers with loud abuse,
Must always possess a valid excuse.

IV

These fables demonstrate, by that same token,
That we have one law that is seldom broken.

—*Baron Ireland.*

"Darling, Isn't It About Time You Introduced Me to Your Parents? My Name is Spiveon—Tommy Spiveon"

BEAUTY~POWER ~SILENCE

The FAN That Has Them All

THE longer you have a Westinghouse Fan the better you like it. Years pass and it shows no signs of age. It still retains those qualities which made you say, "I'll take the Westinghouse".

It is a *beautiful* fan. There's no mistaking its artistic lines, smart style, and deep, rich finish.

It is *powerful*. You see in its construction a sturdiness and durability that come only as a result of finest metals and skillful workmanship.

It operates *silently*. Its quietness is particularly pleasing as it cools, refreshes and invigorates you with its breeze.

Time and usage, you will find, prove the Westinghouse to be everything you want in a fan.

WESTINGHOUSE
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Offices in All Principal Cities • Representatives Everywhere

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"The Nickel Lunch"

TO be blind-folded when the Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts made their appearance is the hardest luck Jimmy has had since he developed pink eye on Circus day.

Everybody who has ever tasted these big, plump morsels of unalloyed goodness knows that the most generous supply will disappear like magic.

Planters Pennant Peanuts are the very pick of the crop. The biggest, flavoriest ones to be had, roasted to a golden brown by a process that makes them the most delicious of confections. So nutritious that a 5c bag is a lunch in itself.

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia.

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

WITH THIS RING

(Continued from Page 29)

"You haven't yet told me," said Lila, equally still, "how it is—you feel."

Tony said simply, without an instant's hesitation, "I want you—for my wife."

Lila felt as if her heart had stopped beating for one cruelly lovely moment, then she felt it plunge in her breast like a bolting horse.

"Oh," she said faintly and stupidly, "Do you care—that way—and that much?"

"That way—and that much," said Tony, "darling!"

She was almost sure he said darling. She didn't dare look up. Her eyes, wet with stinging ineffectual tears, were on her hands, locked in her lap.

To have lived one's life for this moment—and to have it come in such guise!

"You see," Tony was saying, "if it were just—philanderous—we could finish it off when you leave at the end of this week. We'd each have a pretty memory—and no regrets. That's all I meant when I started. One goes on being a fool—wanting a shot at romance, now and then—until one stumbles into a hole like this. I dare say it was all you meant, too; of course."

"Yes," said Lila; "it was all I meant too."

"Well, it's weakness of the rottenest sort, to call it fate—but doesn't it look that way?"

"More—much more than you know!" said Lila.

"Because," said Tony, "being decent—which we both want to be, it goes without saying—what is there we can do about it?"

"Nothing," said Lila dully.

She couldn't tell him. She could never tell him. She'd just say good-by and go home.

"I had several crazy moments last night," said Tony, snapping the cigarette case open and shut with vicious quietude, "when I even considered asking you to divorce your husband and marry me."

Lila caught her breath. "Please, Tony," she said desperately, "you don't know, you don't know."

"Yes, I do know," he conceded gently; "you're not like that. You're so darned innocent, Lila—for a married woman. That's what got me—to begin with."

Innocent! No, she could never tell him now. Better just a memory than such horrible disillusionment. She couldn't be expected to go through with it. No woman could.

She said unsteadily, "Tony, you mustn't idealize me."

"I don't," he answered. "You're—wonderful. You don't need it. Gilding the lily—and all that."

"No, I'm not. I'm fearfully weak. You don't know."

"I don't dare know! You see, I might be pretty weak, myself, if it weren't for having to think of you."

"You're not weak, Tony. You couldn't be!"

"Well, at least, we hand it to each other!" he said, and smiled at her wryly.

Lila twisted her hands together and smiled back at him.

"The thing that comes hardest," said Tony presently, "when do you go home?"

"Friday," said Lila.

If she set a day she would have to stick to it. Anyhow, her money wasn't going to last any longer than that. She couldn't pay another week's hotel bill. Lawless Love had about petered out.

"When do you get there?"

"Oh, Saturday night."

"Of course he—your husband—will be meeting you?"

Lila only nodded. A word would have choked her.

"Journey's end!" said Tony. "Saturday night. If one could only get very drunk about that time."

"Please, Tony!"

"Lila, is he good to you—and so on?"

Lila nodded again, dully.

"Never given you any reason for—leaving him, has he?"

"No."

"Be a straight case of home-breaking, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Lila.

She clenched her hands together until she felt the nails sink into her palms. She couldn't think how best to lie any longer. Yes and no was all she could manage. One thing, merely, stood clear in her mind—she couldn't tell Tony, she wasn't going to risk it. She couldn't see Tony's eyes turn cold and disgusted; hear that odd caressing break in his voice change to controlled amusement. She'd rather Tony loved her, never seeing her again, than looked at her and turned away from her, having heard what a vulgar little fool she'd made of herself.

She said suddenly, "Don't let's talk about it any more! I'm leaving Friday. That's still three days off. Let's just have one more party, one more perfect party; then say good-by for good."

"Good-by can't ever be for good with us. Don't you know that, dear?"

He had never called her dear before. The little word caught at her heart. It drew her closer than all the impassioned phrases in the world. People who belonged to each other called each other that. It didn't admit the existence of barriers. It held one like a beloved arm about one's shoulders. And it was almost more, at the moment, than Lila could bear.

She made a rather pitiful little gesture of one hand to silence it. Then the hand went up to her mouth, palm outward, and stayed there in quite another gesture of acute and horrified surprise.

XVI

"LILA!" said Tony sharply. "What on earth——"

Lila's hand dropped to her lap. With immense effort she forced a smile.

"Nothing," she said; "nothing at all, Tony. I thought I saw someone I knew, just for a moment. I was mistaken perhaps."

She had not been mistaken, and she knew it. Across the writing room, under one of the tall red-shaded lamps, calm as Balboa gazing upon the blue Pacific—Sam Humphreys—of all people in a heartless and imbecile world!

Sam Humphreys, in a blue serge suit and a dark bow tie, looking to Lila's possibly prejudiced eyes a little like Babbitt, a little like Nemesis, and a very little, curiously, like Puss-in-Boots.

"Where?" said Tony quite naturally.

"Over there by the door," said Lila, indicating the point in the room farthest removed from Sam.

She kept her head a little bent. She collected bag and gloves with shaking fingers. She thought, "I must get out of here at once, before he sees me." She had all the unpleasant sensations, both moral and physical, of a criminal seeing a bluecoat round the corner.

"Oh, Tony," she said, "if you don't mind—it's fearfully stuffy in here! Couldn't we get out and walk up the Avenue a bit, please!"

"Why, surely!" said Tony. "Come along!"

He stood up at once, but his eyes were full of unuttered questions.

"I feel almost faint," said Lila quite truthfully.

They walked toward the door, Lila, with her knees shaking beneath her.

"You're absolutely white," said Tony suddenly. He slipped his hand beneath her arm. There was a kind of angry possessiveness in his touch.

"I shall be all right," said Lila nervously, "outside."

She felt Sam watching her departure. She knew when he left his station by the lamp and started after them. She knew in the instant when flight became hopeless. She surrendered almost on the threshold of the lobby and waited for Sam's delighted greeting, Sam's warm moist handclasp, the inevitable questions with which Sam would expose her for a cheap impostor—before Tony! Rage was in her heart, and despair, bitter resentment of the trap into which she had wandered. But she turned a gallantly smiling face, put out a welcoming hand.

"Why, Sam, how nice to see you! What are you doing so far from home?" Then before he could speak—in a slight accession of nervous speed, "I think you've never met Mr. Thorne, Sam. Mr. Thorne, Mr. Humphreys."

"Of—Columbia?" asked Tony, very nearly unsmiling.

"Of Columbia," said Sam. "Great little place! Ever been there?"

"Unfortunately, no," said Tony.

Lila cut in, on the verge of desperation, "Sam—I was never so surprised. What are you doing here?"

(Continued on Page 87)

SOFT, LOVELY EFFECTS —AT SO LITTLE COST!

—with Klearflax linen rugs and carpets

For year round use in all rooms decorators are choosing Klearflax linen rugs and carpets more and more. They find its distinctive beauty makes possible rarely artistic effects.

And the best of it is that with Klearflax, effectiveness costs so little! A 9 x 12 Klearflax seamless rug is only $49; all-over carpeting, $4.10 a square yard.

Klearflax, you know, is woven entirely of linen—*only with pure virgin flax!* So you find in it all the lovely linen colors in the popular solid tones, heathers and handsome Picwick mixtures. Then there is a charming variety of small all-over designs and original bordered effects.

In the all-over carpeting, which is again enjoying such vogue in finer homes, Klearflax is particularly desirable; with the suction sweeper to get all the dirt it makes a clean floor easier to maintain. The wide loom widths, joined with the practically invisible Klearflax seam (that never wears white) make a very handsome floor—so livable and artistically correct!

Klearflax has set a new standard of cleanliness for woven floor coverings—an advantage every woman will appreciate. The Klearflax principle of weaving gives such a compact body that dirt does not become embedded. The surface dirt is the *only* dirt and when you remove it by suction sweeping and occasional brushing, your rug is bright and fresh, perfectly clean and sanitary.

When once you see Klearflax, you cannot possibly confuse it with other floor coverings, for in no other in the world will you find such a combination—lovely linen and the distinctive Klearflax weave!

You should have no difficulty in seeing this thoroughly satisfactory floor covering. Most reputable dealers carry Klearflax. In case of any difficulty, however, in procuring what you want, write to us and we will gladly direct you.

If you would like to know more about Klearflax before you visit your dealer to see it, we will send you complete and interesting information on this subject. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.

Distinctive charm—unusual wear, yet it costs so little!

Where can you duplicate the beauty and wearing ability of Klearflax at these prices? Klearflax seamless rugs in all the lovely colorings and patterns:

9 x 12	$49.00
8 x 10	38.00
6 x 9	26.00
4' 6" x 7' 6"	16.50
3' x 6'	9.00
27" x 54"	5.00

All-over carpeting in any of the above widths, $4.10 a square yard.

Linen is the strongest of all fabrics, and Klearflax shows this unusual strength in its wearing ability. Its heavy, thick body gives really remarkable wear, and because it is woven reversible, it may be turned for even longer service. And being linen, it is mothproof. It is practically burn-proof, too.

You know that "feel" of roughness that all new linen has. And you know how it softens with use. Klearflax too has a certain roughness of texture because the tougher flax fibres are woven in with the silky ones. These same fibres give Klearflax a thick body that lies flat on the floor and does not curl.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

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Please send me free complete information on Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting.

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S. E. P.—May 24

After All—It's the Way You Feel

AFTER all—it's the way you feel about your car. Mere transportation may be convenient, yet a bore.

Step into the Jordan salesroom and take one look at the fascinating Playboy.

There is no use talking—there is something about that automobile—it's different, that's all.

It isn't built for everybody. Of course, engineers will buy it. They know it's the best built car of its type ever produced in this country.

Of course, people of wealth who are tired of bulky, old fashioned cars, buy it because they know what real quality and economy mean.

That's why they have money.

The great thrill comes to the man who not only loves quality and economy, but loves distinction.

You can play golf in overalls if you like, but it's better to be dressed for the game.

It's just the way you feel about yourself, and that's the way you feel about the Jordan.

Physical comfort is its dominant mechanical characteristic. Mental comfort of Jordan owners is the secret of Jordan success.

You can't afford to feel cheap—you can't endure conspicuous noises—you simply can't look like everybody else.

You are only going to live about ninety years—why not feel like somebody.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

JORDAN

(Continued from Page 84)

"I might ask you that," said Sam, with clumsy indulgence. "Couldn't believe my eyes. I stared and stared."

"Yes," said Lila. "Oh, did you really? I didn't see you at first. Is it business, Sam—or what?"

She felt if she could only pin Sam to one of his long-winded explanations that she might eventually be able to get away without too much discussion of her own affairs—a forlorn hope. The three of them stood in the lobby and looked at one another. Currents and cross-currents of suspense. Lila could see that Tony's customary slightly skeptical smile had given way to an aloof and keen-eyed attention. He didn't like Sam's proprietorial fingers on her arm. She could see that too. As for Sam, he was all exuberant good-nature and honest delight in the encounter. Beaming, he touched off the first fuse.

"I was going down to Stamford to see you tomorrow."

"Oh—Stamford!" said Lila. Her laugh was hollow in her own ears. "I've left Stamford, Sam. I'm on my way home now."

"Going back to Columbia? Well! That's the best thing I've heard in some time. Missed you, Lila—missed you a lot!"

She could feel Tony stiffening. She moved muscles about her mouth and wondered if the resulting little grimace pleased either man.

"It's nice to be missed, of course."

"Had a good time?"

"Oh, a lovely time, Sam. But you haven't told me yet ——"

"How's Cousin Katrina?" asked Sam, grinning.

"Oh, splendid!" said Lila, and cursed the day that Sam's first infant wail sullied the air. "Do tell me, Sam ——"

"Where are you staying—here?"

"Yes, here," said Lila. "Isn't it a nice place?"

"Swell joint," said Sam with loathsome facetiousness. "I've never been in it before. Man I came up to see for the firm is staying here, but I can't seem to find him in. Having him paged now."

A wavering ray of hope. "Oh, well, I won't keep you," said Lila, and endeavored without ostentation to draw Tony away; Tony, wordless and horribly cool.

"Wait—wait. Not so fast! When am I going to see you?" cried Sam.

"Call me up in the morning," said Lila; "not too early."

Tony supplied drawlingly, his first contribution to the tangled web, "Mrs. Duval doesn't like to be called before she's had her breakfast and the Times."

"What—who doesn't?" asked Sam genially. He was gazing down at Lila with fatuous satisfaction, obviously only half aware of the introduction of another name.

"Don't let's talk about her!" said Lila swiftly, with one imploring cryptic glance in Tony's direction. "Good-by, Sam. It's awfully nice to have happened across you like this."

"Oh, you haven't lost me yet," said Sam. "I don't believe this chap's anywhere around, and I can't wait all night for him, if he is. What are you doing this evening? Why can't we go to a show or ——"

Lila set her teeth and smiled, sweetly regretful.

"I was just going out with Mr. Thorne when I saw you, Sam."

"Glad to have Mr. Thorne, too," said Sam, without, however, looking it.

"Sorry," said Tony laconically. "'Fraid our plans won't allow any of stretching."

Lila put in hurriedly, "We had tickets, you see—already."

"Oh; too bad!" said Sam. He sulked a little like a large clean schoolboy. "First time I've seen you in a month! Flock of Columbia gossip for you. Jim Hewitt's getting a divorce, Lila."

Lila stopped short in spite of herself. Across her mental vision a picture drifted—Mrs. Hewitt in blue velvet and orchids—Bert Watts' orchids—Mrs. Hewitt coming out of the dressing room into Bert's waiting arms. "Bert, dear—have I been so long?" And Bert's caressing barytone in reply—"Almost half our dance gone." "Never mind, Bert—you shall have the next." "And the next—and the next?"

"Jim Hewitt—is getting a divorce!" gasped Lila. "Is—is she going to marry Bert?"

"Not that Bert knows of," said Sam, grinning waggishly.

"Sam—then why ——"

"Told you she was looking for trouble," said Sam. He added as an after thought, "Little Jimmy's had his tonsils out; had a hemorrhage and almost died; said it was because you weren't there to take care of him."

"I'm sorry—but how absurd!" said Lila weakly. She put out a hand with desperate finality. "Sam, I really can't stop any longer. I'll see you again."

"Call you in the morning," promised Sam, patting her fingers tenderly, for which in all cold blood she could have slain him.

"Don't call me too early, remember!"

"Nine o'clock too early?"

"Much! Not before eleven."

"Wish Cousin Maisie could hear you!" said Sam. "'Fraid you'll never be happy in Columbia after this."

Lila got Tony away blindly. She was aware of somewhat chilly response, on his part, to the blandest amenities on Sam's.

She said, sinking down on the seat of the roadster which waited halfway up the block, "I'm sorry, Tony, to have let you in for such a flood of reminiscence."

"Doesn't matter in the least," said Tony quietly. "Where would you like to go?"

"Tony, we really don't have to go anywhere. It was only that ——"

"You wanted to get rid of him. Give me credit for seeing that much."

They turned into Fifth Avenue, shot out toward the Park, past the stately plaza and the nymph on the fountain, forever flinging beauty to the winds. The Avenue was a place of dreaming calm, starred by white and silver lamps, traversed by busses and taxis moving with a ghostly lack of haste.

"Through the Park?" asked Tony courteously, and swung past a cherry tree crazy with bloom.

Lila sat staring ahead of her. She held her mouth to a smile, but behind her eyes was a tenseness that ached and throbbed. She said, trying to be casual, "He was a man from home."

"So I gathered," said Tony, without any sort of emphasis whatsoever; an effect which he presently accented by inquiring distantly, "You have a child?"

"Tony!"

"Sorry to seem curious. One merely wonders. He spoke of little Jimmy."

"Tony—I —— That was just—a little boy I know."

"Oh," said Tony; "natural inference. Same name as the father."

"Tony, please!"

Lila was burning up with shame. She felt the blood in her temples, in her throat. Her face felt scarred with it. She put up her hand and touched one cheek with the tips of her fingers. It scorched like fire. She said to herself, "Don't be a priggish little fool! Of course if you really were married you'd probably have a child. There's no reason on earth why he shouldn't ask you a question like that."

But she wanted to hide her head in her arms and never lift it again. She sat in a daze of pain and shame and futile regret while the car slid through scented dusky ways where every bench held its pair of lovers, seeking the fragile shade of syringa or yellow forsythia, palely flowered.

Lila ached with envy of those bobbed-haired, painted little girls calmly pursuing their right to happiness under the slanting silver-gilt rays of the Park lamps—under the frequent amused gaze of the passer-by. They, at least, were free.

Something fluttered in Lila's throat like a cry. She almost gave it words. "You're beginning to believe in James Duval, yourself. How horribly absurd! You're free, you're free as anybody; only—you can't tell Tony so!"

And that was the whole torturing matter. All she wanted with her freedom was to make Tony a present of it. Otherwise, of what use ——

"Are you cold?" asked Tony politely.

"Not in the least, thank you," said Lila.

They left the Park and drove out Riverside—chill webs of mist on the river, through which lights glimmered like witch-fire. A cold little wind. They drove for some time in silence.

Tony asked at length, "The woman who's getting a divorce—does it affect you in any way?"

He had been thrashing that out all this time! He must care, he must care a good deal.

"Only because," said Lila unhappily, "I once was influenced by her."

No lie there! If it hadn't been for watching Mrs. Hewitt gather roses, roses, all the way, Lila might still have been in Columbia; might never have attempted this nightmarish escapade.

"Your husband isn't in love with her?"

"You don't know how ridiculous that is!"

"That's just it," said Tony stubbornly. "I don't know anything at all. I see you obviously upset and frightened by the sudden appearance of this village cut-up, in the most unspeakable tie a man ever wore ——"

"Tony—how can you?" She smothered a hysteric impulse to laughter. Sam had looked a little like Puss-in-Boots, with that polka-dotted love knot under his chin! "He isn't like that at all. He's an awfully nice person, really—Sam is."

"He seems to be fairly sure of himself where you're concerned," said Tony icily.

"I've known him for years."

"What does he call you?"

"Why—Lila!" gasped the owner of the name, with a sense of volcanic chasms widening before her.

"I noticed," said Tony unpleasantly, "that he didn't seem to get it when I spoke of you as Mrs. Duval."

"Oh ——"

"Yes?"

"He never called me that in his life."

"Still, I dare say he may have heard that a married woman is usually addressed—in public, at least—by her married name."

"Tony," said Lila—she caught her breath in a long unsteady sigh of delicious understanding—"you're jealous, aren't you?"

"I'm jealous as hell!" said Tony briefly.

He sent the car ahead in an outrageous burst of speed. Wind whipped Lila's face and stung her eyelids. She was cold. She was shivering. She was frightened; and for that flying space she was madly happy.

"I was ready to admit," said Tony between his teeth, "that I was poaching. Ready to stand the gaff—and clear out. I told you I cared—the only way that matters. You let me think you did too. I was ready to—give you up—to your husband. But I didn't quite expect to have to—give you up—to another man."

"You aren't—you won't —— How can you, Tony!"

"He lives in Columbia, doesn't he?"

"Of course. Why not? That doesn't imply—anything."

"You're going back—on Friday. He'll be going back—by the same train, most likely. Said he'd missed you a lot. Hadn't seen you in a month. Well, I dare say he'll make up for it when you're both in Columbia once more."

"Tony, I can't let you talk to me like this."

"Try and stop me!" said Tony savagely.

He slowed for corners; took Riverside in a blurred leap, for the rest. He had taken off his hat. It was in the bottom of the car. His dark hair blew back from an unsmiling face, narrowed eyes, a mouth set hard.

"Tony, you'll kill us; or have us arrested. Please, Tony!"

"Do you care—a lot?"

"Of course I care!"

"Well, I don't!" But he eased his whirlwind flight into a gentler one, drew the car up at last in a sheltered place overlooking the river, set his brakes, stopped his engine and swinging around in his seat smiled down at Lila with a kind of boyish shamefacedness that hurt her curiously.

"I didn't know you could be—so young," she told him, trying not to let her voice quaver.

"Neither did I," said Tony very low.

Then he slipped his arm about her and she leaned into the curve of it as a little sail leans into the wind—as instantly, as irresistibly.

"He's nothing to you—that clodhopper? Tell me, Lila."

"Nothing on God's green earth!"

"I'd just gotten used to the thought of your husband"

"Tony, you'll break my heart!"

"All right. Just for tonight we won't even talk about him, but I had gotten used to that. I wouldn't—even wanting you as I do—see you dragged through the dishonesty and dirt of the divorce court—if I could! The only way we could ever hope to manage it. But this—this small-town Romeo ——"

Lila laughed helplessly, on the edge of quite another emotion. "If you won't believe ——" she began.

"I hate being ridiculous," said Tony gently, but with deadly sincerity. "I hate it more than you can possibly imagine. I hate a fool more than a knave—much more! And if, in loving you, I haven't got hold of the sweetest thing in life —— Just—if instead, I've merely made one of a moon-calf lot —— If it's an old story—to you—why, I'm sorry, that's all, and I'll do

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my best to forget you—so help me, Saint Anthony!"

Lila shut her eyes against his sleeve. He held her close without a word. After a long time she said, still without opening her eyes, "You're not—one of a lot, Tony. You're the only one—my—dear."

Tony said nothing at all, but in a moment she felt his lips upon her cheek, upon her eyelids; and turned her face blindly.

They sat there a little longer, not talking much, hands close-locked together, her cheek against his shoulder. Tony, himself, had said the thing that made it doubly impossible now for Lila to tell him. He hated a fool more than a knave. Lila wasn't, after that, likely to brand herself a fool, for his remembering and despising.

"I'm tired," she said. "Will you take me back to the hotel?"

Tony, stricken with compunction, took her back. He was so gentle on the way she could have clung to him and cried. But she didn't.

She said good night on the doorstep of the Gothard, without lingering.

"I'll call you in the morning," Tony promised.

"Not too soon," said Lila, smiling faintly.

"Before Mr. Humphreys," he assured her grimly, and just before he released her fingers he whispered, "Darling!" Then, "Sorry—didn't mean to!" with a kind of rueful tenderness.

She watched him drive off, she went into the lobby and up to the clerk at the desk.

"I find I shall be leaving in the morning," she told him quietly. "May I have my bill? And could you tell me about trains? I should like one quite early."

The clerk went into the matter of trains with her at some length. She could, he informed her, get a train for the South, over the Pennsylvania road, as early as nine o'clock. Only wouldn't that be too early; a bit inconvenient, perhaps?

Lila said that would do beautifully. She arranged about her luggage. She said in conclusion, "Thank you so much for all the trouble you've taken for me."

And the clerk, moved by the unconscious appeal in her wistful eyes, assured her that he only hoped she'd be coming to the Gothard again, that he hoped they had made her comfortable, with rather more personal intensity than the professional response demanded.

Lila said she had, indeed, been more than comfortable, and that she hoped to come back some day.

After which she walked to the elevator like a woman in a dream, entered its dignified isolation and was borne smoothly aloft.

Her doings with Tony seemed to demand a plethora of elevators. Whether or not this one hung between floors all night—little it was Lila cared!

XVII

SHE packed before she slept, and she didn't sleep any too well. After she had gotten into bed she lay looking at her closed trunk, with her neatly filled bags beside it, and wondering just how long it would be before the ache of wanting Tony began to subside.

Tony, who would telephone next day—not too early—and be told by a businesslike and uncaring voice at the hotel switchboard that Mrs. Duval had left that morning.

Tony, who deserved a squarer deal!

She thought of leaving a note for Tony; but wasn't a clean cut the kinder way? Say nothing at all. Go out of his life without another word, since all the words she had already said had so hopelessly muddled things, made a knot so impossible for her fingers to undo.

No, she wasn't going to leave him a note. Him; nor anyone else.

Mrs. James Duval was merely going to walk out of the Gothard doorway and out of existence. Her trunks would be sent to Miss Lila Kemp, of Columbia—and that would be the end of Mrs. James Duval. Short-lived and unhappy woman that she was!

As for Miss Lila Kemp—at eleven or thereabouts Sam Humphreys would undoubtedly telephone—to be told by the same impersonal fate that no Miss Kemp was staying at the Gothard, that no Miss Kemp had been staying there, that he was flatly mistaken in so supposing.

It was really the not-to-be-averted disaster of Sam's inquiring at the Gothard for Lila Kemp that was driving Lila back to Columbia a precious three days ahead of her intended departure.

Sam in New York was a complication which nothing but headlong flight could handle. Diplomacy was useless; lies—even if Lila had not nearly run out of them—fell flat and futile before the sturdy figure of Sam, with a polka-dotted blue bow under his chin, demanding at the Gothard desk to speak with Miss Lila Kemp.

"But I saw her here last night!" he would undoubtedly insist. "She told me, herself, she was staying here. Look over your register again! I know what I'm talking about."

After which—and after the, of course, denials of the hotel people—if he happened upon Lila coming in or going out -as she would have to come in or go out if she stayed ——

It couldn't be done—that was the whole of it.

Mrs. James Duval had to die, to cease upon the midnight, without pain, as it were; and upon a train going South, Lila Kemp would be reborn—with all the anguish, mental and spiritual, which that statement implies. It was the only way out of the maze into which Lila had strayed. Let her take it while she could.

She didn't know if one could be put in jail for assuming a false name. Very likely. Anyhow, it seemed a trifling punishment beside finding and losing Tony.

The cruelest things in life were things one did to oneself, unsuspecting; consequences one invited, wounds to which one bared an innocent if foolish breast.

Lila's last thought before dawn was that she mustn't forget to say good-by to Peter and Marg'ret.

In their eyes, at least, Mrs. James Duval would remain forever a sweet and unsmirched young woman, prodigal of largess, mindful of home and husband to the point of frank depression—on occasion. She mustn't forget to give Peter and Marg'ret something—for good-by.

She didn't forget it, and their honest regret at her departure salved a little the hurt of leaving the little crooked room with the gay red roses and the lofty narrow window.

"Ye'll be comin' back some day, I hope!" said Marg'ret. "Although home's the best—whin ye happen to have one!"

"Madam would always have a home!" said Peter gallantly.

"Himself'll be on the doorstep waitin' fur ye, no doubt!" said Marg'ret with spinsterish envy.

Peter only regretted that madam had not made a very good breakfast.

Lila smiled on them both and tipped them as largely as she dared.

When they had gone, Peter with the little breakfast table high on one shoulder, Marg'ret with her broom and dustpan under one arm, when the porter had carried off trunk and bags, when nothing was left of a heavenly dream but four walls and a gray wet morning—Lila stood just inside the door and kissed both hands to the little room, with tears in her eyes and her mouth unsteady.

"You're the realest home I ever had!" she whispered. Sentimental Tommy could have told her—"Where the treasure lies!" Then for the last time she went down past the red writing room, not quite empty even at that hour, past the lofty young man at the desk.

The Avenue was chilly, misty and austere. A mist lay over the whole city, like layers of cobweb, grayish and cold. Lila shivered in the recesses of her taxi and drew the platinum fox closer about her throat. She felt like an outcast being driven through the gates of Eden.

She found the cathedral-like station no more consoling. She had to wait about for her train in the unspeakable loneliness of a crowd, before a gate symbolically shut in her face.

She thought, "I wonder what Tony's doing now? If he knew I was leaving, if he could see me waiting for this train all alone, cold and unhappy ——" She set her teeth against the dangers of self-pity. "If what you've had wasn't worth paying for!" she said fiercely to herself.

The gate slid open, and she went through it with the rest. A suave and sympathetic porter installed her eventually, bags and all, in a green plush haven beside a murky window. She sat there, tense and unstirring, till the train began to move.

Then she took off her hat and laid it on the seat beside her. She drew off her gloves and laid them beside the hat. Very gently, one hand covering the other, she drew off the platinum wedding ring, looked at it a

(Continued on Page 91)

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moment curiously and dropped it into her purse. Mrs. James Duval was no more. Over her dead body, so to speak, Miss Lila Kemp was returning to Columbia.

XVIII

LILA wired Cousin Maisie from Washington, "Arrive Friday morning." And Cousin Maisie, as full of comment as a setting hen, met Lila's train. Columbia was green where New York, on that last woeful morning, had been gray. Columbia was drunkenly garlanded with Dorothy Perkinses, Thousand Beauties, Crimson Ramblers and Silver Moons—where New York had been *repoussé* with cherry blossoms and delicately prodigal of white lilacs. Flushed with early summer was Columbia, where New York had been but subtly conscious of spring.

Lila hated Columbia as if it had been a woman overcheerful and blowzy. She got off the train with a little tired frown between her eyes and was warmly clasped at once to Cousin Maisie's black-and-white bosom.

"Well, my grief!" said Cousin Maisie. "I wasn't looking for you till the sixth. That telegram of yours gave me a good scare, I can tell you. Whatever made you change your mind? Is that a new bag? No; I see it's your old one. You look real well, child. Kind of dark about the eyes, but I reckon you didn't sleep any too much on the train. I never do. Did you have a nice porter? And how was the food on the diner? I got a chicken pie for your dinner; you'll be glad to get back to home cooking, I reckon. How did you leave your Cousin Katrina? You told me not to write, so I didn't. She must have thought it was funny."

Lila evaded for the moment any discussion of Cousin Katrina. She had not been able, even in the solitude of the train, to arrive at a definite decision as to how much Cousin Maisie would have to be told. Everything depended on Sam, on what the hotel people had told him, and what he made of it. Until Sam got back to Columbia, Lila didn't dare do too much talking.

She followed Cousin Maisie to the hired flivver which awaited her, and sank back among her bags with a sigh of ostentatious relief.

"I really am tired out," she said; "the train was fearfully dusty. Don't ask me a single thing until I've had a hot bath and a cup of tea, Cousin Maisie, there's a dear!"

Cousin Maisie, rarely thus buttered with endearment, bridled and confined herself to imparting news, both plump hands folded in her lap, her small eyes twinkling with excitement.

"Well," she began importantly, "I guess you just missed Sam Humphreys."

Lila closed her eyes and stroked the lids with a malingering finger tip. She murmured, "I have a wretched headache. What did you say about Sam?"

"Sam's in New York," said Cousin Maisie proudly.

The flivver jolted around corners and sped down Columbia's most respectable street. It was not quite noon and the climbing roses over everybody's gate and doorpost glowed through a sheen of dust.

"We need rain mighty bad," said Cousin Maisie apologetically. "Haven't had a real good rain since you left."

"Probably have floods of it, now I'm back," said Lila. "That's all I need - Columbia in the rainy season! What did you say—about Sam?"

"Oh, Sam!" said Cousin Maisie. "Why, Sam—he's gone to New York—on business for Humphreys & Fielding. He came round to see me night or two before he left and I gave him Cousin Katrina's address. Said he might run down to Stamford to see you. Did he do it?"

"Did Sam go to Stamford? I wasn't there if he did," said Lila.

The flivver drew up at the gate of the little house which Lila and Cousin Maisie called home. Its driver, dismounting languidly, carried in Lila's bags. Cousin Maisie departed kitchenward to make a cup of tea. Lila went up to her own room, sat down upon the bed and looked around her.

One place unchanged in a shifting world. A clean Madeira scarf on the dressing table, another on the chest of drawers. Silver Moon roses dropping their pearly petals from the squat green jug on the desk Lila had had since she was a little girl. Lila's books in the wicker bookcase between the windows—Kipling and Keats, Henley and Meredith and Rupert Brooke, the slim black volumes of Edna St. Vincent Millay, all in a row, side by side with Swinburne, and Strachey's Queen Victoria. Beloved books—they, at least, were there to come back to always. Tony loved books.

Lila left her hat and coat on the bed and went downstairs.

All roads led back to Tony; she was past hope, on that.

She ate her luncheon sitting at the table in the dining room, facing as she had faced for the greater part of her twenty-eight years Cousin Maisie's pursed amiable mouth, Cousin Maisie's bright inquisitive eyes.

"Well, as I was saying," Cousin Maisie took up the Columbian Odyssey, "Sam had this chance to go up to New York on business, and off he went. Everybody thought it was you he was going to see."

"Everybody would," said Lila.

"He pretty nigh admitted it to me," Cousin Maisie assured her solemnly. "He told me he hadn't missed anybody so much since his mother died when he was a little shaver. I thought that was real touching."

"H'm!" said Lila with noncommittal brutality, "Sam's mother died when he was two, didn't she?"

"Just about that. Pity's sakes—why you want to know, child?"

"Because," said Lila coldly, "it's a psychological fact that memory begins at the age of three."

Cousin Maisie regarded her gravely and wagged a disapproving head.

"Child, child, what's psychological facts got to do with life?"

"Everything, unfortunately!" said Lila briefly. She felt old and gray and battered beside Cousin Maisie; a world-weary woman beside a small unseeing wrinkled child.

"Well, anyhow," Cousin Maisie rebounded touchingly, "I shouldn't be surprised if he meant to make you an offer, Lila. He had a sort of look."

"Yes, I know he did," said Lila. She could have cut out her tongue the minute after.

"You know he did—how?"

"I've seen him look like that—before."

"But this time ——"

"Please, Cousin Maisie," begged Lila abruptly, "let's have some fresh tea; this has gotten horribly bitter."

Cousin Maisie was easily deflected, but she always returned sooner or later to the attack.

At dinner that night the story of Mrs. Hewitt's matrimonial ill chance came briskly to the front.

"I always said"—thus Cousin Maisie between Gargantuan mouthfuls of chicken pie and tender green peas—"that that Hewitt woman would get into trouble some day—and she has. Like to hear about it?"

"Why ask?" murmured Lila. She added more clearly, "It was Bert, I suppose?"

"Nobody knows for a fact," Cousin Maisie confided with gusto, "but everybody reckons that's it. Jim Hewitt just went off and left her—went out West somewheres, they say—and left word with his lawyers for her to go ahead and get it on the grounds of desertion. He stopped sending her money, too; so if desertion wasn't enough she'd have nonsupport."

"Thoughtful of him—very," said Lila.

"Yes, it was, real thoughtful," agreed Cousin Maisie eagerly. "Some men'd 'a' shot Bert Watts on sight."

"Maybe Mr. Hewitt's not a good shot," objected Lila demurely.

"Anyhow, Bert's away, himself. He left just before the suit was brought."

"I hope he didn't go West, too, Cousin Maisie?"

"No; I hear he's got him a position somewheres in Canada."

"Northwest Mounted Police, I dare say," offered Lila gravely.

"I dessay," said Cousin Maisie, who was an ardent follower of the movies and knew that for a strong man with a past the world afforded no such other haven as the N. M. P.

"Well, the whole town's talking, I suppose," said Lila.

She was thinking how blithely the Columbian tongue would wag if ever her own experiment came to light.

"Talking!" exclaimed Cousin Maisie. "They're hoarse! And not only that—they're scared to death. Every woman in this town who's got a husband to keep is staying close to home with a sock in one hand and a cookbook in the other. Husbands sit next to wives at dinner parties, I can tell you, since Jim Hewitt left for California. Myra Field says Columbia hasn't

Continued on Page 93

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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been so pure at heart since the first year of the war."

Lila laughed, but she experienced a slight chill of apprehension. This was quite obviously no time for folly like hers to be published.

"When does Sam get back?" she inquired nervously.

"Day after tomorrow," said Cousin Maisie, rising to clear away the dishes. "I reckon you'll know it the minute he hangs up his hat."

Lila reckoned so too.

She went through the next two days in a subdued agony of uncertainty. Until she saw Sam it was utterly impossible to decide upon any course of action. She could only stave off friendly inquiries as to how she had enjoyed herself with a perfunctory smile and a murmured commonplace.

"I don't think your trip did you an awful lot of good," said Gracie Hardin frankly. "You look tired, Lila; and there's something about your eyes—isn't there, Myra?"

Myra agreed that there was something about Lila's eyes. "An expression," she said, "not exactly hungry, but ——"

Lila kept her eyes on the bit of sewing between her fingers—Gracie and Myra, after Columbia's pleasant custom, were spending the morning—and in her soul devoutly execrated the keenness of feminine intuition.

"Was Stamford amusing?" asked Gracie curiously.

She sat in the swinging seat, a small plump person in lavender gingham, and regarded Lila closely through tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses.

"I dare say it's as amusing as any other small town," said Lila carefully.

"Of course you went away for a rest cure," put in Myra.

"Yes, of course," said Lila.

"Better stay home next time," suggested Gracie delicately.

"Spend all your money, old dear?" inquired Myra.

Lila said yes, that she had spent all her money.

"Think you'll ever write anything else?" asked Gracie. "I mean, have you any more ideas for scenarios and things—like Lawless Love?"

"Lawless Love," said Lila briefly, "was an only child." She added with sardonic appreciation of her own humor, "My reputation rests on it."

She was cautious and cool with Gracie and Myra, taciturn with Cousin Maisie, turned an immobile and uncommunicative front to Columbia at large. But in her secret soul she trembled to meet Sam upon their native heath. Sam would now have to be lied to, deftly and powerfully; and Lila had had enough of lies to last her a lifetime. She had grown almost physically sick of deception. She was shop-soiled and damaged in her own sight by one untruth after another. Her pride ached. She would have given anything in the world to be back at the place—a month before—where she had walked into the pawnbroker's shop to look at wedding rings. Anything, that is, except her memory of Tony

In odd moments, in most moments, back of the gestures of everyday as a wall is back of a picture, she remembered Tony wistfully and without hope. She'd never see him again. Her own hand had shut the door between, but she couldn't forget, and she didn't want to. Remembering was all she had.

Sam came back on what is known in Columbia as the evening train. At half after seven he telephoned and in response to Cousin Maisie's cheerfully strident hello, inquired pointedly, "Has Lila gotten back yet?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, Sam, she's here!" said Cousin Maisie.

She would have said more, having braced a fat elbow against the wall, cocked her fuzzy gray head toward the mouthpiece and generally settled herself for a dish of gossip, but Lila, alert in the gloom of the hallway, came swiftly forward and took the receiver away from her.

"I'll talk to him, Cousin Maisie. Well, Sam, how nice to hear your voice again!" Impudence for which she might have to pay, but it took her a second to steady herself and meet his inevitable onslaught.

"Lila, is that you?"

"Myself! Don't I sound like me?"

"What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing; what one does do most nights in this metropolis."

"Can I come out?"

"You may."

"I want to see you, Lila."

"That's very sweet of you, Sam."

"I want to have a talk with you."

"Charming!" said Lila. "At eight, Sam?"

Sam answered bluntly, "What's the matter with coming out right now. I've finished dinner."

"So have I, thank you"

"Well, then, I'll be right out."

"I'll be waiting" said Lila, and closed the connection with panic in her heart.

"Coming out, is he? I thought so!" observed Cousin Maisie, lingering frankly.

"If he were on his way to Tibet I'd be a happy woman," said Lila, but allowed herself no further comment.

She rose from the fragrant dusk of the veranda to greet him some fifteen minutes later with welcoming hands, the friendliest of smiles.

"Sam, I thought you were in New York." She found him a cushioned chair and sank down in another close by. Her white frock glimmered faintly, her white arms, her cool pale face. "Have a good time, Sam? Tell me all about it. I got back myself just day before yesterday."

"Is that so?" inquired Sam with ponderous dignity. "I didn't know whether you were on your way home—or whether you'd gone back to Stamford—or what. I telephoned the morning after I saw you—and they said at the Gothard ——"

"That I'd left?" murmured Lila suavely. "You know, Sam—all at once it seemed to me I really ought not to stay any longer; and just on an impulse I packed and ran home. I meant to leave a note for you. I had every intention of doing it—but I was so fearfully busy getting away. I wired Cousin Maisie from Washington."

"When I telephoned," Sam struck across her deliberate vagueness doggedly—"when I telephoned ——"

"The telephone service at the Gothard was simply frightful," said Lila with sympathetic haste. "I missed any number of messages while I was there. Queer—in such a beautifully managed place."

Sam asked grimly, "How long were you there?"

Lila wasn't looking for the question. It took her off her guard. She floundered in deep water. "Why, not very long. What did they say?"

"They told me," said Sam, leaning forward to stare at her through the dark, "that you'd never been there at all."

So the worst was out. Lila laughed, with deep distaste for the sound of her own voice—nervous and artificial.

"You saw me, didn't you? You spoke to me that night in the lobby, when I was going out with Tony Thorne." She dragged Tony's name in, just for the comfort of hearing it spoken. "You saw me, didn't you, Sam? Did you tell them that?"

"I certainly did," said Sam. "And it didn't make a darned bit of difference. They told me no Miss Kemp had been registered there in the last six months. I went round to the hotel, then ——"

"Yes?" said Lila faintly.

"And they let me look for myself. You weren't on the register."

"How funny!" said Lila.

"It certainly is funny," said Sam with sinister significance. "Seeing that I'd met you there, only the night before—with a strange man."

A glacial silence descended upon the veranda. Lila considered and discarded several explanations without moving. In the midst of her numbed preoccupation Cousin Maisie's gray head came through the door and Cousin Maisie's body waddled brightly after.

"Well, Sam, I just had to come out and say good evening! Lila beat you home, didn't she? I told her you'd be all upset about not seeing her."

"Not seeing her! Didn't she tell you I did see her?" asked Sam, freshly dumfounded. He cast a furious suspicious glance in Lila's direction. "I saw her at the Gothard, in New York, the night before she left."

"In New York!" cried Cousin Maisie shrilly. "Lila, you never told me you stopped over in New York, and that you'd seen Sam there. My grief!"

In which moment, however tardily, Lila considered that she had had enough. She stood up and motioned Cousin Maisie into her chair. She waved Sam back into his. She stood with her back against the railing, her arms folded across her breast, her chin lifted.

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"There's no reason," she said clearly, "no reason on earth, why I should account to either of you for what I do. I'm over twenty-one—well over—I pay my own bills—I should be my own mistress but apparently no one ever is. And since you both seem to feel that an explanation is due you, here's the real one—you can take it or leave it. I haven't told you before because I knew you wouldn't understand. I haven't been to Stamford at all. I never intended to go to Stamford. I've been in New York—at the Gothard—for almost a month—under the name of Mrs. James Duval."

"My grief!" said Cousin Maisie in a strangled whisper. "Mrs.—James—Duval. Who's she?"

"She isn't anyone," said Lila. "I made it up. Isn't it a pretty name?"

Sam emitted a sound of harsh dismay. "You made it up!"

"I may have had Camille in my subconscious," admitted Lila gently. "Armand Duval, you know, was the name of her lover."

"Lover!" cried Cousin Maisie. "Lila!" Maidenly shock reverberated in her lowered tones.

"And of course," said Lila, "the initials in the ring had to fit, J. D."

"What ring?" asked Sam hoarsely.

"The wedding ring," said Lila.

"Whose wedding ring?" cried Cousin Maisie in a fine high squeak. It was not to be denied that Cousin Maisie at least was extracting a certain horrified enjoyment from the moment.

"Mrs. Duval's," said Lila.

"I thought," said Sam, cracking his knuckles sharply, a trick he had when emotionally aroused—"I thought you said there wasn't any Mrs. James Duval?"

"There wasn't, except me."

"Then where did you get the ring?"

"In a pawnshop," said Lila. She could have screamed with unhappy laughter to see Sam's jaw drop, his eyes grow round and staring in the light from the open door.

"In a pawnshop," she repeated distinctly. "I got it in a pawnshop in the city the day I went down for my suit and the blouses. Remember, Cousin Maisie?"

"I remember," said Cousin Maisie, with a hollow groan. "Child—child!"

Lila explained relentlessly, "Someone had pawned it, you see; and I merely made up a name to fit the inscription." She repeated, with a catch in her voice that she vainly tried to control, "J. D. to L. H. June 2, 1920. Amor."

"Amor?" echoed Cousin Maisie. "What's that?" She added with a sniff of delicious agitation, "In a pawnshop! Think of it!"

"Yes, Amor—what's that?" demanded Sam abruptly.

He got up and stood against the veranda railing, facing Lila with lowered brows, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Name of a country, I think," said Lila softly, with the wistful ghost of a smile.

Sam inquired in his deepest chest tones with a good deal the air of a lawyer examining a witness, "You mean to say you wore a wedding ring that you bought in a pawnshop?"

"Yes, but not through my nose, Sam."

She knew she wasn't taking the proper attitude with Sam and Cousin Maisie. She knew she should be trying to conciliate them, to make them see the intrinsic harmlessness—to all but herself—of her recent adventure. She knew that a little repentance on her part, a little tactful coaxing would have them both sworn to secrecy, both utterly convinced of her personal desirability, however mad her behavior.

She didn't try to win them over. She didn't try to make them see it from her point of view. The effort didn't seem worth while. She looked from Sam to Cousin Maisie and back again, smiling faintly.

"What did you want with a wedding ring?" asked Sam suddenly.

"Well, married women wear them," said Lila. "Silly custom, isn't it?"

"Why did you want to look like a married woman?"

"Really, Sam!"

"Yes; pity's sake, why?" insisted Cousin Maisie.

"I thought it might be amusing."

"You did!" said Sam. He stood a little nearer, and Lila saw with a vague feeling of revulsion that his features were thickening and coarsening in a mask of jealous anger. "I suppose this Thorne man knew you as Mrs. James Duval?"

"Yes," said Lila coldly, "he did; not that it concerns anyone in the world, except him and me."

"How did you come to meet him?"

"That doesn't concern you either. What earthly right, Sam, have you to cross-examine?"

"Lily, child," said Cousin Maisie anxiously, "Sam's fond of you—and he knows how people would talk."

"I'm your oldest friend," said Sam with sullen dignity.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lila briefly.

"I'd naturally think of your reputation."

"You sound like Bertha M. Clay."

"All right. All right!" said Sam savagely. "You can laugh all you want to! But there's a lot in this visit of yours to New York that looks funny as the dickens. Respectable young women don't go around pretending to be someone they're not."

"Oh, Sam, do you mean you don't consider me respectable now? How interesting!"

"I think all this scenario writing has ruined you."

"She was getting a plot for another movie!" cried Cousin Maisie triumphantly.

For just one moment Lila stood silent. There, at last, was an explanation ready to her hand which would be easily accepted, which would cozily cover everything, first to last.

She had, however, had enough of lies. One was free only when they were cleared away.

She said curtly, "No, I wasn't! Don't be a goose, Cousin Maisie! I did it for a lark, that was all; and I'm just about fed up with hearing it discussed. I did it—and it's my affair. If you two want to start a scandal about me in Columbia, go ahead! I really don't care a lot one way or the other."

Sam picked up his hat with a gesture of smoldering rage.

"Well, your friend Mr. Thorne is in town. Maybe you'll care when it comes to explaining to him."

Lila wheeled with a sharp little cry. "Sam, what are you talking about?"

"Just what I say. He's at the hotel. He came down on the train with me. I saw him in the smoker—first thing. And he knows who you are, in Columbia, because I told him. So that's that!"

"Sam, you didn't!"

"I certainly did."

"What—what did he say?" asked Lila, fighting for coolness.

"He didn't say anything much—that I remember," Sam assured her unpleasantly. "He's got a poker face. He didn't laugh any, either. I just asked him if he'd seen Miss Kemp since that night in the Gothard. He said, 'Who? Oh, Miss Kemp!' And I said, 'Yes—Lila Kemp, from Columbia.' Then I told him I'd known you all my life, that you lived here with Miss Maisie since your father died. That was about all, I reckon."

"Quite enough," said Lila coolly, but her pulse was racing like mad.

Tony—in Columbia! Tony, coming all the way down from New York to find her! Why else? What was Columbia to him; or he to Columbia?

She said brightly, touching Sam's sleeve with the tips of regretful fingers, "Must you go?" Suppose Tony telephoned, Sam within earshot. Unthinkable! Surely he would telephone—any minute! She stole a glance at the watch on her wrist. Half after eight.

"Don't go, Sam!" Cousin Maisie begged hospitably. "It's early yet."

Lila set her teeth on her lip in mad impatience.

"You forget, Cousin Maisie, that Sam's frightfully annoyed with me. He thinks I'm no longer respectable."

"I'm willing to listen to anything you have to say," offered Sam in almost priestly austerity.

"I've said it all; there isn't any more!" Lila assured him infuriatingly flippant. Like a song Tony's name ran through her consciousness; like a song, beginning a long way off, coming nearer and nearer.

She started when just at that instant the telephone in the house clamored sharply. It would be Tony—now! She thrust Cousin Maisie gently to one side, that ardent observer of the human comedy having struggled to her feet at the first thin trill.

She said breathlessly, "I'll go. Sorry, Sam! Sit down, Cousin Maisie." She reached the instrument with her heart almost choking her by its heavy beating. She said in a hushed unsteady murmur, "Yes?"

And out of mysterious far-flung silences a feminine chirp inquired briskly, "That you, Annie? I called up to chat a little."

"You have the wrong number," said Lila.

She hung up the receiver violently. It clashed against the hook. She stood leaning against the wall as if dazed. She had been so sure—so tragically sure of the voice that would answer her. She didn't know how sure until the voice failed to materialize. She thought to herself, "This is absolute insanity. I'm hurting myself horribly."

She put both hands to her eyes, tight shut and wet. In her aching preoccupation she was aware all at once of an access of conversation on the veranda. Sam and Cousin Maisie discussing her in detail, beyond a doubt; that, at least, should be put a stop to. She swept down the hall with her head high, she opened her lips, pausing in the doorway to say "Sam, I must ask you to excuse me tonight." Opened her lips and closed them again—wordless.

Tony was there. He must have come while she stood at the telephone. She hadn't heard a car stop, but there he was. With his hat in one hand, the light from the hall door touching his smooth brown head, smiling a little—the old detached, quizzical smile.

"Tony!"

Lila said his name aloud before she knew. Then she put out both hands to him—brazenly.

"Tony—you've met my cousin, Miss Kemp? And you know Mr. Humphreys!"

"I've just met Miss Kemp," said Tony pleasantly, "and Mr. Humphreys and I had the pleasure of coming down from New York on the same train, as he may have told you."

"Yes," said Sam darkly, "I told her."

He, also hat in hand, lingered. It was plain that for the last scene in Lila's romantic comedy she would have to clear the stage and set the scene herself—if it were to be done at all.

She moved swiftly and with ruthless disregard of ordinary feminine conventions. She had borne all the suspense she felt that she could humanly survive.

"I'm sorry you have to run, Sam. There's so much that you and Mr. Thorne might like to talk over—about New York."

She was daring to laugh at him. Sam cracked his knuckles abruptly. Only Lila knew the desperation in her own laughter. What was Tony thinking?

"Are you in New York often, Mr. Humphreys?" inquired Tony politely.

"Not often—but disastrously, as it were," said Lila with a reckless little grimace.

"Most opportunely, I should say," retorted Tony.

After all, he knew now; she wouldn't have to tell him. He knew who she really was, that much was out of the way, thanks to Sam!

Lila gave Sam her hand with a touch of downright gratitude. He went. Nothing else for him to do—poor Sam! Glowering to the last. Muttering good-bys like a defeated prophet. Sam, once out of the way, Cousin Maisie's shrift was short.

Lila said sweetly, "This night air isn't very good for your neuralgia, is it, Cousin Maisie?"

Neuralgia was Cousin Maisie's terror that walked by night. She retired precipitately, pausing only to observe that Lila herself and Mr. Thorne might find it more comfortable in the parlor. These heavy dews——

Lila said she thought she and Mr. Thorne would stay on the veranda, and wouldn't Cousin Maisie take Mr. Thorne's hat inside.

So Cousin Maisie departed, bearing Mr. Thorne's hat, and regarding it with bright-eyed distrust.

"My grief!" said Cousin Maisie to herself, going along the hall. "And she was such a quiet little thing when I first come to stay here!"

On the veranda, where shadows of the virgin's bower vine fell thickest, Lila linked her two hands before her and lifted a defiant look.

"Well, Tony?" she said. "What a charming surprise!"

But the words had a quiver in them somewhere, and Tony caught it. He took her hands, forced them apart and set his lips to the palms of them without haste.

"Well, Mrs. James Duval," he said, "you very nearly lost me—with this silly game of yours. Do you know it?"

"Tony——"

"Yes, Lila."

"Sam told you—on the train?"

"Oh, I knew—before I got on the train—that you weren't the lady you said you were. He merely supplied your real name; merely!"

"How did you know? How could you? I couldn't tell you. I tried—Tony!"

Tony explained gently, "I looked up your friend, through a commercial agency. It can be done, you know. He annoyed me that night at the Gothard, rather and I wanted some sort of a line on him. Then I discovered, more or less accidentally, through the same source, that there wasn't any James Duval, bank president, in Columbia; after which—— Are you blushing?"

She lifted locked hands to her burning cheek in silence.

"After which, and learning that you had left your hotel so abruptly, I up and followed; seeing as the nonexistent Mr. Duval was the only possible reason for any space between us, and without him——"

"Yes?" said Lila shamelessly.

"While we are still coherent," said Tony, "one thing more! I gathered, by cagy cross-examination of Mr. Humphreys on the way down—— Good Lord! I was never so glad of anything in all my life as when I saw that polka-dotted tie of his come into the smoking room, an hour out of New York! As I say, I gathered you had led an absolutely blameless life up to within a month of the time I met you—and I can pretty well answer for you since then. But, concerning the wicked Mrs. Duval—what was it all about? What did you think you were doing, my child?"

"I'll tell you," said Lila, and she did, holding hard to his hands in the meantime. In the very center of her heart she was still not quite sure—could she make him see?

She hadn't long to suffer.

Tony stopped her when she came to that first daring interview with the clerk of the Gothard, in which Mrs. Duval had selected her room; stopped her and put both arms around her.

"You adorable little idiot!" he said, laughing immoderately, put his cheek down against her hair and held her so close it hurt. "I didn't know there was anything like you left in this world. Of all chances to take!"

So all her storm and stress had been for nothing. Funny, he found it—just funny!

"Except for Sam, I'd have gotten away with it," Lila boasted, full of a wild relief. Tony understood. Why hadn't she known he would!

"Why didn't you come through with the whole mad tale—that night on the Boston Post Road—save all this third-act torture?" he suggested reproachfully.

"I—couldn't—Tony. I was horribly ashamed, by then—of my silly lies; and besides—I couldn't bear the thought of—losing you."

"Well, what did you call it—running away—where you thought I'd never find you?"

"I mean—losing—the way you—felt about me the lovely way."

"Darling!" Lila's face tilted up to that suddenly husky whisper like a flower to the sun—time for coherency overpast, and gone!

Heavenly shadows, those feathery clusters and close-leafed garlands of virgin's bower made upon the veranda floor! Shadows, fragrant and cool. Faint and infrequent sounds filtered in from Columbia's most respectful street. A shaft of yellow lamplight fell through the doorway upon the worn wide steps of Lila's little house.

"Do you know," said Tony after a while, in a low happy voice, "I've always rather dreamed of a place like this—a little old house, in a little old town. We'll stay here sometimes, won't we?"

"Sometimes!" said Lila dreamily. "Not too often! You see, what I've always dreamed about is lights coming out in tall buildings, and roaring streets!"

"We'll have 'em both," he promised; "wait and see!"

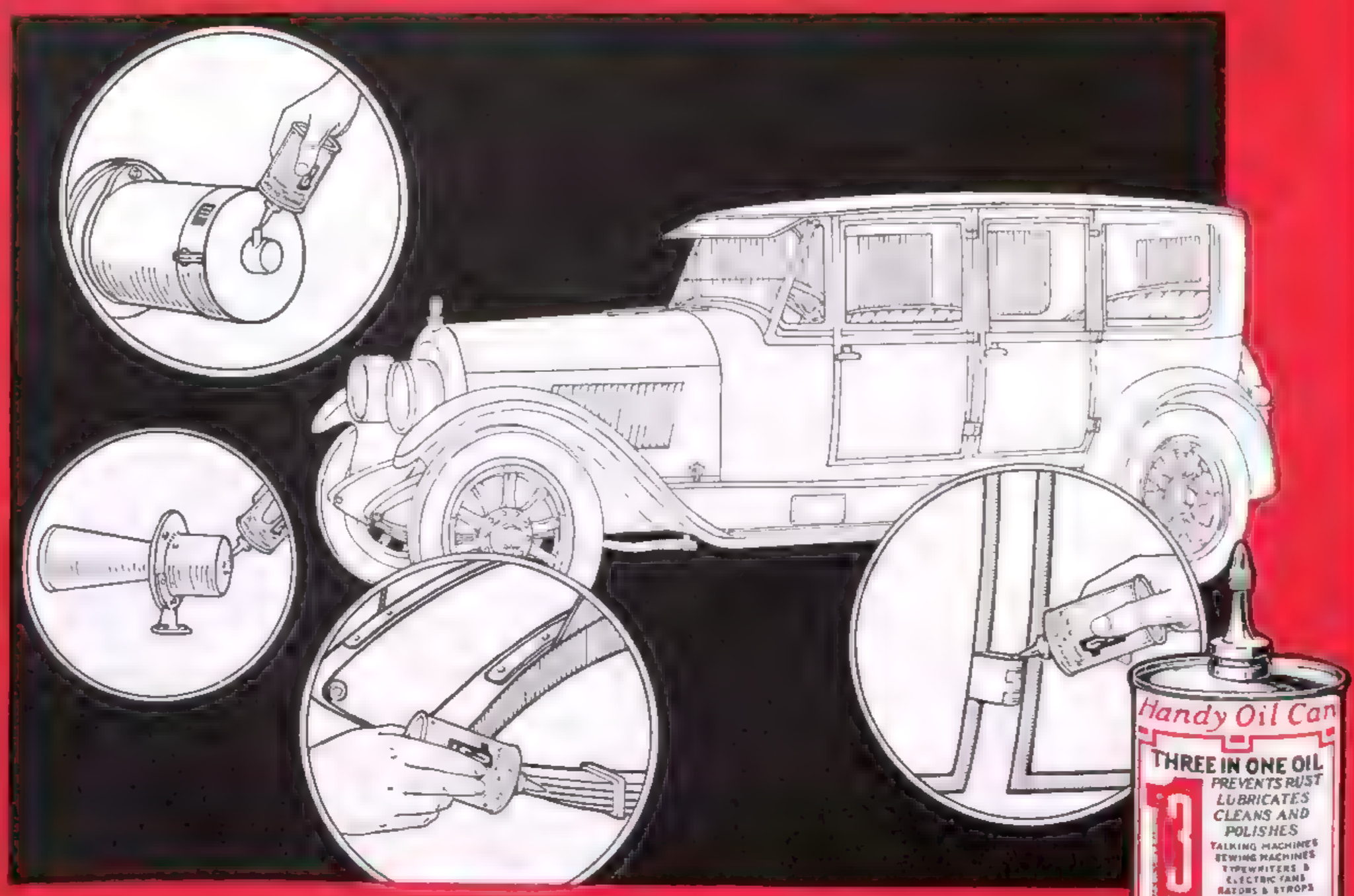
Happiness came over Lila like a seventh wave. She caught her breath and clung to Tony, blind with the sparkle and surge of it.

"After all," she sighed amazedly, "it isn't where you are that matters; it's whom you're with!"

Tony laughed. Lila knew now that, in the last ditch, with his back against the ultimate wall, Tony would always laugh. Her cheek against his heart, she adored him for it.

"Clever Lila!" he said softly. "That, of course, was what Adam said to Eve as they walked out of the Garden together!"

(THE END)



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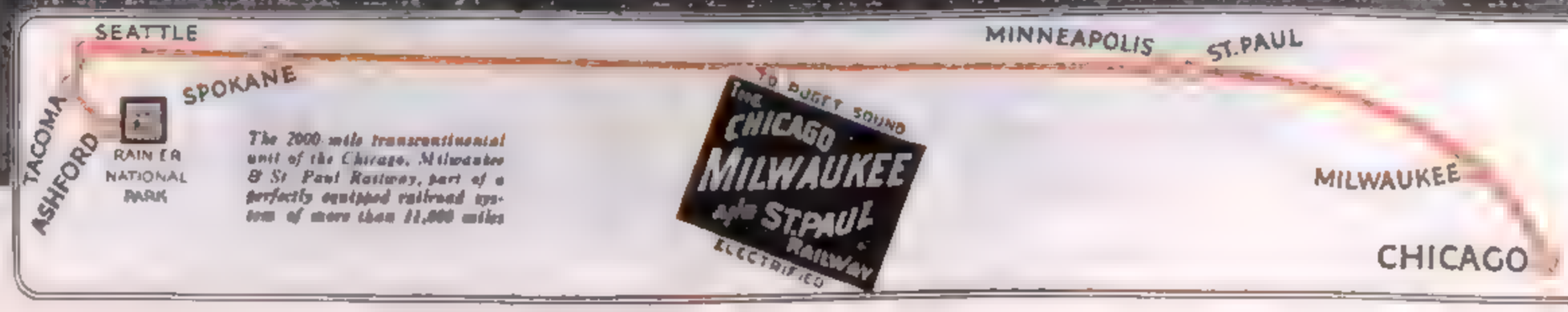

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THE KING OF THE RIVER

Continued from Page 9

sticks projecting from the soft sloping mud exposed along the banks at low tide. An inch above that mud innumerable winged insects darted and danced, and on these the kingbirds fed. Barn swallows, also, skimming with infinite grace back and forth above the marginal mud flats, preyed on these insect hosts, and never a wing of a swallow touched the mud. But the kingbirds, swooping down from their sticks and snags, often patted the mud with their wings. That mud was like oily glue. Little wings that patted it were sometimes held fast by it, and many kingbirds were thus trapped. Once they fell upon the mud, it incased them all over, clogging their feathers, rendering them incapable of flight.

Close to the edge of the water the young gator found a panting kingbird lying helpless. He swallowed the bird; then, slipping back into the water, he resumed his sun bath, lying six feet or so from the shore, only his eyes and nostrils showing above the surface. Soon he saw another kingbird touch the mud with its wing, flutter wildly, then lie still. This bird, too, he caught; and thenceforward for a week, while the kingbird migration was at its height, he found it profitable to lie in wait by the muddy margins at low tide. Late one afternoon, however, when the sun was sinking through crimson-dyed skies toward the distant purple woods beyond the lotus fields, something happened that cured him of this habit.

He had not learned to look for peril from above. His periscope eyes, projecting from the surface, kept keen watch upon the river and the river margins, but they neglected the upper spaces of the air. He was swimming slowly when the blow fell, his body barely submerged; and the red shafts of the late sunlight, shimmering and glinting on the myriad wavelets of the river, must have deceived the great white-headed eagle hurrying homeward after a long journey to distant hunting grounds.

Perhaps the eagle had hunted vainly that day and, mistaking the young gator's submerged body for a slow-moving fish, decided that this was one of those rare occasions when he would deign to do his own fishing instead of having his underlings, the ospreys, perform that service for him. At any rate, the moment he saw the gator gliding slowly through the rippling shallows close to the muddy margin where the kingbirds perched on their snags, he closed his wide wings and plunged, his legs thrust downward, his trenchant talons spread to the utmost.

In a whirl of wind from wildly beating wings, and in a shower of spray, those claws struck the saurian's back and side just behind the forelegs. The leathery plates of his back were not pierced; but on his flank, where the hide was less tough, the long claws penetrated deeply, so deeply that they could not be withdrawn. Once the eagle screamed—a farewell, perhaps, to the wide skies and the lonely swamp woods and the river lotus fields and marshes which he had known for nearly fifty years; but whether or not in that instant he realized his fate, he fought fiercely and bravely to wrench himself free as the terror-stricken young gator raced for the deeper water. For ten yards or so the river bottom shelved gradually, and for that distance the proud white head and the laboring wings remained above the surface. Then suddenly they vanished.

The years passed, and year by year the king of the river grew in length and bulk and cunning. A time came when he was king in fact, lord of all the river wild folk and afraid of no wild creature of the waters, the woods or the air. Of monstrous girth and stretching fully fourteen feet from nose to tail tip, he was the greatest gator that the river had seen in half a century—a dragonlike monarch of the waters, rivaling those mighty saurians of the old days that lived out their allotted span because their armor was proof against the red man's weapons. That time had long gone by. Though the saurian race still abounded in the beautiful winding rivers and the deep swamps of the Low Country, it was seldom now that any member of that race lived long enough to attain a length of twelve feet. Soon or late, buckshot or rifle bullet found a vital spot; and it was only the great cunning of the king of the river—and perhaps the good luck that had seemed to attend him from the start—that kept him safe for so long.

Man was now the only foe that he feared; but so intense was his fear of man that it was the ruling passion of his life, shaping and directing all his activities. The selection of his basking places on the shore and of his dens under the river banks and the old rice-field dams, his comings and goings, his hunting expeditions and forays—all these depended upon and were governed by the degree of man danger involved. Yet now and again he hit back at his dreaded foeman. He became an adept at hog stealing, skillfully stalking the half-wild woods hogs where they came down to wallow in the mud, seizing them in his huge jaws or knocking them senseless with his powerful tail. Several times man had provided him with even choicer meat—small 'possum dogs and coon dogs from the negro cabins; and once a fine imported setter, ignorant of the dangers lurking in the Low Country waters in the warm season, found her way into his insatiable maw.

Again and again, in spite of his cunning, death all but had him. Once he was hooked—caught on a set line baited with a dead gallinule suspended six inches above the water with a big shark hook imbedded in its carcass. Fortunately for him, a section of old rope, with which the line had been pieced out, was too rotten to withstand his struggles. He was never hooked again—the one lesson was enough.

Gunners were more dangerous foes. He carried much lead in his body, some of it in his head, for he had been wounded at least a dozen times, and three of these wounds were serious; but the gator, though more vulnerable than is commonly supposed, is exceedingly tenacious of life, and the bigger he is the harder it is to kill him. Because, in common with all his kind, he slept all winter in a secret den extending far back under the river bank, the river king was out of harm's way during the greater part of the period when human hunters were numerous in his domain; for when once summer had come to the Low Country, not many white men cared to brave the almost intolerable heat of the fresh-water rivers and lagoons. A few negro fishermen were even then abroad, but he had learned that these were not so greatly to be feared. They seldom took their rusty single-barreled shotguns with them when they went fishing, and they were not often tempted to waste their precious buckshot shells upon so difficult a target as a gator's eyes—two knobs, scarcely bigger than a pair of walnuts, projecting from the surface of the water some sixty or seventy yards away.

One afternoon in early April, when there was a sharper nip in the air than the king of the river liked, he passed through a gap in a rice-field bank and made his way along deep canals leading from the river to the landward edge of the rice fields. Presently, when he was sure that no man was near, he drew his huge body out upon the bank, which was merely a low dike shaded by tall moss-bannered cypresses. Following a well-marked gator crawl, for many years a pathway for numberless saurians, he crossed this dike and entered the clear brown water of a long serpentine lagoon behind it. For half a mile he swam up the middle of this lagoon, only his eyes and nostrils visible. Swinging around a willow-covered point of land, he came into a hidden cove, secluded and still, surrounded on three sides by a dense growth of young cypresses in which perched many black-crowned night herons. At the end of the cove rose a high yet gently sloping bank facing the sun; and on this bank, basking in the warmth, lay six large alligators, ranging in size from eight to eleven feet, while from the water near by protruded the grotesque heads and the rough, rugged, black backs of ten or twelve other saurians.

The king of the river had not expected to find the cove so crowded. He had not foreseen that the same reason which brought him there—the fact that this high westward-facing bank was an especially fine basking place on this unusually chilly April afternoon—would attract many others of his kind also. His favorite spot was already occupied by a big ten-foot bull, but the latter hastily made way for the saurian monarch as he drew his vast bulk out upon the shore.

For an hour he lay motionless among his fellows, drowsy yet watchful, his broad flat head facing the water, his long, jagged, perpendicularly flattened tail curved behind him. Then a sharp crack shattered the heavy silence of the cove and the dark water all along the bank surged and heaved as six ponderous armored bodies slid down the slope and plunged beneath the surface.

The king of the river had not moved. Just behind his right eye a black-red spot appeared and slowly grew larger. Soon his cavernous jaws gaped widely, his huge plated head twisted a little to the left, his ridged tail writhed slowly back and forth. A shudder shook his giant frame. Then he lay still, while a dark rivulet of blood trickled down the bank toward the water.

A canoe, which had emerged from behind the point of willows far up the cove, came skimming across the glassy surface. The white man who sat in the bow, a rifle across his knees, had not yet recovered from his amazement, though he carefully concealed this fact from his negro paddler. He was not a Low Countryman, but an uplander who had come to the Low Country to fish for black bass, and it pleased him to pretend that he made astonishing shots like this as a matter of course. He leaped out of the canoe the moment its bow touched the bank and, disregarding the negro's word of caution, advanced toward his victim.

Luckily for him, he was just beyond the danger zone when the king of the river came to life. So swiftly that the man's eye could scarcely follow the sweep of the long tail, the great gator's massive body bent itself like a bow, then instantly straightened. The man leaped back and, jerking the rifle to his shoulder, fired into the heaving water where a colossal black bulk, catapulted outward from the bank by the powerful muscles of that mighty tail, had vanished as if by magic.

Fifty feet from the shore the king of the river came to the surface. Straight down the middle of the cove he rushed, his juggernaut head and eight feet of his armored rugged back showing above the water. Madness had him—madness that was something more than a frenzy of terror and pain. The bullet which had entered his skull and temporarily paralyzed his body seemed now to have paralyzed instinct also. To the right of him, to the left and ahead the water spouted in little jets as the rifle bullets struck, but the great saurian did not submerge. Like a submarine with half its deck awash, he raced on at full speed, while the night herons, startled by the fusillade, flapped and croaked above him.

A bullet ripped a furrow in the armor of his back, but even this did not send him down to the depths where he would have found safety. Yet, if the instinct that should have kept him under water was dead for a time, he seemed to know even in his madness where he was going. Sometimes a gator, suddenly recovering consciousness after an almost fatal shot, charges aimlessly about at the surface, swimming frantically in circles or even driving himself up on the bank. But the king of the river, in that wild race, somehow held a straight course. Halfway down the cove, another bullet seared his back; but when at last he reached the end of the cove and, turning into the main lagoon, swung broadside to the gunner, the range was too great for any save a master rifleman.

An osprey, circling above the lower reaches of the lagoon, saw a huge black shape go surging by beneath him, sending out on either side long waves that rustled and whispered along the reedy margins. A gray fox, walking the cypress-shaded dike between the lagoon and the abandoned rice fields, quickened his pace as a dragonlike saurian charged straight for the dike and, rearing his gigantic dripping body out of the water, waddled awkwardly yet with surprising speed along the gator crawl and into the deep canal beyond. A lithe snake-bodied mink, about to swim the canal near the gap where it emptied into the river, heard a sound as of a swiftly moving boat, and, hiding amid the reeds, watched the river king race past along the narrow waterway.

In the river the tide was ebbing. The wounded saurian, still swimming with frenzied energy, swung downstream with the current. The setting sun turned the rippling water to bronze, which changed to silver when the moon came up above the forest on the eastern bank; and in that

(Continued on Page 101

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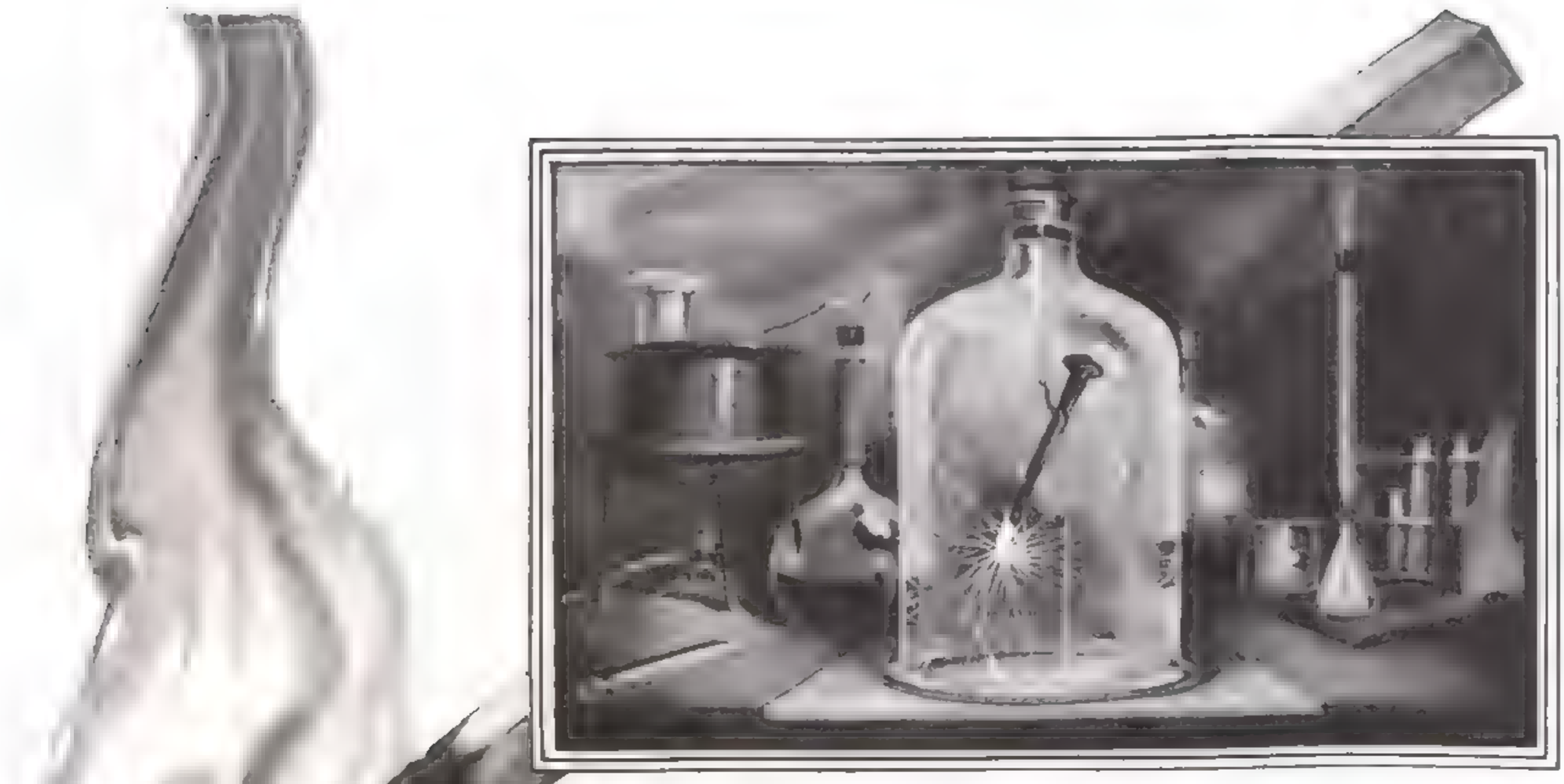

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ghostly, glimmering radiance a negro, crossing the river in his little bateau after a visit to his sweetheart's cabin, was suddenly aware of a monstrous black beast of the waters rushing down upon him. Groaning with superstitious terror, the man hid his face in his hands, and the bateau pitched and rocked as the monster surged past not five feet from the square bow. Miles farther down, well below the point where his river joined another river to form one of the main water highways of the Low Country, the mad gator met the flood tide. For some distance he bucked the current; but as its sweep grew stronger, little by little he turned and, swinging far over toward the western bank, headed back upstream.

His frenzy was passing now, or else his strength was giving out. He drifted rather than swam, and the current kept him near the western shore. Hence, when he reached the place where the river divided, it was the western branch that he ascended and not the eastern, down which he had come and which would take him back to his home. On and on he drifted for hours—weak, dazed, suffering, but no longer insane, dully conscious of his surroundings. At last, passing close to the mouth of a marsh gully, he propelled himself with feeble movements of his tail into this small waterway and came to rest on a mud bank just within the entrance.

In this strange manner the king of the river came to a new country. It was in early April that he came; and about the middle of the following September, Sandy Jim Mayfield, the hawk-faced white-haired woodsman who lived at the edge of a big swamp near the western river, set himself two tasks—two tasks that were much to his taste. He would kill the great gator that was known as the king of the river and whose cunning had become famous in that region of the Low Country; and he would nail to his dining-room wall, bristling with more than fifty sets of antlers taken by him and his three sons, the massive strangely palmated antlers of the big whitetail buck that had taken up his abode that spring in a laurel bottom near the southern end of the swamp.

These were undertakings which would test Mayfield's skill, but would surely add to his fame as a hunter and woodsman—the only sort of fame for which the old swamp ranger gave a snap of his horny fingers. For Sandy Jim, supremely confident of his own woodcraft, never doubted his success. Before the first frost of October the great armored hide of the river king would be drying in Mayfield's yard; and even sooner than that—for he preferred deer hunting to gator hunting—the splendid antlers of the flat-horned buck of Laurel Bay would be hoisted to the place of honor above the fireplace of the big room where Sandy Jim and his sons dined and smoked and talked, sometimes about crops, but more often about deer and dogs.

Mayfield lost no time in carrying out his plans. During the long Low Country summer the old woodsman was always lazy and indifferent; but invariably, as autumn drew near, his interest in life revived—and life for him meant hunting. That afternoon he saddled his wiry claybank mare and rode off through the pinelands toward the river rice fields. He had an idea that the flat-horned buck had taken to lying amid the reeds on a certain causeway, long ago fallen into disuse, connecting a large wooded island at the river's edge with the mainland. The spot was difficult of access and Mayfield had no expectation of getting a shot at the buck that afternoon; but he wanted to locate the animal's bed as a step in preparation for the hunt which he planned for the next morning.

Riding along the edge of the wooded highland toward the place where the ruined causeway made out across the green wilderness of the old rice fields, Sandy Jim suddenly slapped his thigh. He had learned much about the habits of the giant gator that had appeared in the river that spring and whose thunderous voice, deeper, more resonant, more menacing than any other voice of the springtime saurian chorus, had first apprised Mayfield of the monster's coming. But he had never discovered this great gator's basking place. Now, on a sudden, the woodsman believed that he understood why. Almost the only suitable locality that he had failed to examine was the muddy slope at a certain point on the old causeway toward which he was riding. He had never thought of looking there; the inaccessibility of the spot had caused him to forget it; and now, as he turned the matter over in his mind, suspicion ripened to conviction.

He rode a quarter of a mile out of his way to a little knoll where a stunted live oak looked out over the wide wastes of river marsh. With almost simian litheness, in spite of his seventy years, he swung his light body from the saddle to the first of the live oak's limbs and climbed thirty feet up into the tree. For two minutes he gazed across the green expanse at a sunny spot on the slope of the causeway where the loop of a creek came in to the bank. When he dropped from the oak limb into his saddle and reached for the shotgun which he had leaned against the tree trunk, his thin keen face looked more than ever like that of a hunting hawk.

A half hour later, the king of the river, stretched at full length close to the water's edge, woke suddenly. Perhaps he had felt the ground quiver slightly under him. The flat-horned buck had made no sound as he rose hurriedly from his bed in the tall reeds on the high level top of the causeway; but possibly the impact of his feet on the hard earth had sent an almost imperceptible tremor along the bank and down the muddy slope. Yet, of the three gators dozing there in the security of the safest basking place within many miles, only the river king awoke.

He awoke, but he did not move. For two minutes, perhaps, he lay motionless as a log. Then from the reeds fifteen feet above him came a snort, followed by the sound of deers' hoofs hitting the sun-baked clay. Swiftly but noiselessly the leviathan form of the king of the river slid into the wine-brown water and vanished.

Five minutes after the great gator's disappearance, Sandy Jim Mayfield reached the point on the slope of the causeway for which he had been heading and saw what he had expected to see. Working his way on foot through the reeds, he had heard the snort of the flat-horned buck as the wily creature winded him and gave warning to the does; and, knowing the river king's reputation for wariness and wisdom, he considered it almost certain that the big saurian also had heard that snort and had interpreted it correctly. Hence, though he still pushed on slowly and cautiously toward the spot from which he had hoped to shoot the river king, he felt that his caution was wasted. The other gators which he had seen when he climbed the live oak might still be basking on the sunny slope, but he would not find the monster whose life he had sworn to take.

The old woodsman smiled as he crouched in the cover of the reeds, slowly drawing a bead on the larger of the two saurians still dozing on the mud. He was disappointed, yet pleased. This king of the river, as he had heard the negroes call the saurian monarch, was a foeman worthy of his steel. Sandy Jim realized that he would need all his skill if he expected to stretch that great armored hide before the October frosts.

Many things Sandy Jim Mayfield knew about the deer and the alligators of the Low Country, for all his life he had lived close to these wild creatures, and all his life he had hunted them. But there were two things that he did not know—two things of primary importance to him just now. He did not know that the great gator, against whose cunning he had so confidently matched his own experience and skill, never waited until the October frosts before going into seclusion for the cold season, but always retired to his winter den in advance of most of his fellows, as soon as the crisp nights of September announced the approach of fall; and he did not know that the flat-horned buck, whose splendid antlers he so ardently desired, was that rare thing, a roaming, wandering whitetail, which, instead of remaining year after year in the same general region, ranged widely about the Low Country, never lingering in any district where he was persistently hunted.

Three days after Mayfield's fruitless attempt to stalk the king of the river on the ruined causeway came a cool change and the giant saurian was seen no more that season. Three times Mayfield and his sons hunted the flat-horned buck with their full pack of lanky, long-eared hounds, and on the third hunt, Sandy Jim, trying a snap shot from his mare's back, thought that he had drawn blood. But after that hunt the flat-horned buck vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him, and never once that fall or winter was hair or hide or track of him seen again.

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Chagrined at his failure, Mayfield consoled himself as best he could. The buck, he believed, would return sooner or later, for these were among the best feeding grounds for deer in all the Low Country. As for the king of the river, he would come forth from his secret den with the first warm breath of spring and he would come forth bold and hungry, craving red meat. Until he had filled his empty stomach he would be less cautious than usual. A yelping cur tethered at the water's edge would interest him tremendously. Sandy Jim bided his time.

March came in windy and chill, but toward the end of the month the weather broke and spring burst suddenly upon the Low Country in a blaze of sunshine and a glory of song. Maples flamed in the swamps; the wood edges swarmed with varicolored warblers; the wild turkey hens built their nests of grass, pine straw and cane leaves in the deep woods and the thicket-grown broom-grass fields; long-necked, long-tailed anhingas swung round and round like airplanes in the still upper air; tall blue herons and slim white egrets walked about over the flooded rice lands along the river flats. Sandy Jim heard a few gator voices at dawn and toward dusk, but the big bulls had not yet begun to make their dragon music. He heard no bellow which might be the challenge of the river king.

On the first warm day Mayfield, sitting hunched in his narrow square-nosed punt, his rifle leaning against the thwart in front of him, scouted the river, the rice-field canals and the long cypress-bordered backwater which made in from the creek a mile behind his house. On the second day he searched with equal diligence. On the third day, as he rested in the shade under the cypresses near the backwater's upper end, he heard the music of hounds.

They were his own dogs, he knew, and he remembered suddenly that his sons, weary of pork and butts meat, had planned one more deer hunt before the weather grew too warm. The law forbade spring deer hunting, but the law meant little in that remote corner of the Low Country. Sandy Jim, sitting cross-legged in his punt, listened eagerly to what his dogs were saying, comprehending their meaning as clearly as though they spoke his own tongue.

They told him that a deer had been jumped on the low myrtle-grown peninsula between the house and the backwater. That peninsula was both a haven and a trap. If the hunters guarded its upper end, the deer must run down the length of it toward the backwater and the flooded rice lands. With the pack pressing him hard, and with the whoops of the hunters sounding near at hand, he would hardly take to the open water on either side, but would run on and swim the deep break at the peninsula's lower end to reach the remnant of a low, narrow, marshy dike which, in the old rice-planting days, had divided the upper backwater from the lower. There he would be safe if hounds and hunters halted at the break. But if hounds or hunters swam the break and followed along the dike he would be doomed; for a dense mat of telanthera, a floating water growth through which no deer could swim, bordered the dike on both sides and inclosed its lower end. Thus the place was a blind alley, a cul-de-sac, from which there was no escape.

Sandy Jim reviewed the situation swiftly. Then a grim smile twisted his hawklike face. His boys had chosen to hunt without him. He would show them something little to their liking. Knowing his sons, his dogs and every inch of the ground, he needed no clairvoyant powers to foretell the outcome of that hunt.

With long noiseless strokes of the paddle he drove the punt forward, heading down the upper backwater toward the dike at its lower end. Myrtles and young cedars bordered the dike for the greater part of its length, but there was one clear stretch of fully twenty yards where the deer must pass in full view; and Sandy Jim remembered a bushy willow, growing out of the butt of a great rotting log in the backwater, which would make an ideal ambush. Presently he wedged the punt's bow between two low branches of this willow and waited, rifle in hand, listening to the music of the oncoming pack.

Other ears hearkened to that music. The king of the river lay in the lower backwater fifty yards from the dike, his eyes and nostrils projecting above the glassy surface. That morning he had emerged from his winter den under the river bank; but the river water was still too cool to suit him, and he had cruised up the creek and had passed through a hidden tunnel under a rice-field dam into the backwater's lower sunny reaches where no currents stirred the slender water weeds. He had scarcely reached the place that he had in mind when the dogs' voices came to him; and instantly he was aware of a fierce, terrible hunger, the sequel of his long winter fast—hunger which would brook no delay.

The sudden craving for meat took possession of him. He remembered a morning months ago when he had seen a dog trail a marsh rabbit along the low narrow dike toward which the pack seemed now to be heading. His periscope eyes began to slide across the surface of the water. At the outer edge of the thick carpet of water growths bordering the dike the eyes vanished. A minute later the gigantic head of the river king was thrust upward through the telanthera carpet near its inner margin.

A moment the huge head remained motionless, a dreadful apparition, incredibly sinister, the enormous jaws gaping slightly, revealing long, conical, sharp-pointed teeth. An exultant burst of melody, louder than ever, rang out on the myrtle-grown peninsula a quarter of a mile away. With a surge and heave the monstrous black body of the giant saurian, trailing long weeds from the spines and ridges of its armor, reared itself out of the water and mounted the bank.

Sandy Jim Mayfield, alert and watchful behind the bushy willow in the upper backwater, jerked his rifle to his shoulder as he saw the vast bulk of the king of the river appear on the dike within fairly easy range. It was the opportunity for which the old woodsman had been waiting all winter, yet he let it pass. Like a flash his quick mind foresaw the drama that was preparing; and instantly, too, he realized that in the enactment of that drama he might find an opportunity even better than this one. Only for a moment did he see the river king clearly. No sooner had the great saurian mounted the dike than he sank on his belly amid the tall dark-green rushes bordering it on both sides. These hid his head and most of his body from Mayfield's view, but the woodsman knew that the monster was lying on the low flattened ridge of the narrow bank, his head facing the quarter from which the dogs would come.

Mayfield figured the chances rapidly. He did not wish to lose a hound; yet he was keen to see what would happen. A few minutes more would tell the story. The dogs were nearing the break at the peninsula's lower end, and the deer must be swimming the break or already running along the dike. Myrtles extended in a dense hedge to within twenty feet of the place where the giant gator lay in ambush, and Sandy Jim could not see the deer until it had passed the last of these. He waited, every muscle taut, his rifle raised halfway to his shoulder.

A long-bodied, gray-brown shape shot into view from behind the last of the myrtles. Mayfield straightened suddenly in his seat and muttered an exclamation of amazement. Beyond a shadow of a doubt it was the flat-horned buck. His antlers were in velvet and were as yet scarcely half their full size, but the old woodsman knew that buck as well as he knew his own sons. Head held high, white flag jerking from side to side, the splendid stag bounded along the narrow bank, racing at full speed, yet appearing singularly deliberate and unconcerned, his dun body rising and falling with exquisite grace as he floated over the tall rushes and the low treacherous tangles of vine. He did not see the great gator lying in his path until he was almost upon the saurian and he had no time to prepare for the leap. Yet without hesitation, and apparently without extra effort, he soared with birdlike buoyancy more than twenty feet and, landing lightly and airily as though the leap were nothing, bounded on without a backward glance along the dike and into the cover of the screening myrtles beyond.

Mayfield, crouching in his punt, swore delightedly. Once, on the reed-grown causeway, the flat-horned buck had saved the king of the river. Now, by a strange trick of fate, the king of the river was squaring that account. The dogs had crossed the break and were coming in full cry. If nothing stopped them, in another five minutes they would bring the buck to bay at the dike's lower end where he must turn and face them or else drown miserably in the dense mass of floating water growths. But Mayfield knew that no dog of his pack would pass the great saurian that held the narrow way. He waited eagerly, anxiously, wondering whether young Frank, the impetuous leader of the pack, would see the danger in time or rush headlong to destruction.

Frank was well in the lead. His resonant voice, the clearest and mellowest in that woodland choir which made, to Sandy Jim's ears, the sweetest music ever heard by man, boomed out behind the last of the myrtles. Another quarter minute would decide his fate. Just clear of the bushes, a log lay across the dike. As the big black and white speckled hound hurdled it, his eyes lit upon the monstrous incredible thing in the path ahead of him—an appalling dragonlike bulk, reared upward on short, thick forelegs, the long armored body almost hidden from the hound's view by cavernous, tusk-studded, hugely yawning jaws.

A piercing half-human yell burst from the dog. He had seen the danger too late to check his next leap. Seemingly he was doomed. Yet terror gave him strength. Twisting his body in the air, the hound landed sideways and rolled and slid to the very brink of death. The giant gator, his gross body lurching horribly, launched himself forward; but long ago his weight had grown too great for his legs to uphold him and his rush fell short. A scant ten inches from the scrambling dog, the mighty jaws snapped together with a hiss and a deep booming sound like the beat of a bass drum. Next moment, Frank, whimpering pitifully, every hair erect, had gained his feet and jumped clear of the danger zone.

Sandy Jim Mayfield breathed a deep sigh of relief. For an instant he had believed that he had sacrificed his best dog and he had bitterly cursed his own folly. But there was no time to waste. The rest of the pack—five gaunt hounds and a big brown shaggy beast, half hound, half Airedale, the killer of the crew—had reached the scene. Apprised of danger by Frank's howls and whines, they had looked before they leaped and none had come within reach of those gigantic jaws which could crush their bones like reed stems.

Sandy Jim knew that his chance had come. The king of the river, famished from his winter fast, his prey almost within his reach, heaved his massive body upward once more and tried another waddling rush. He had eyes for nothing except those dogs, the meat that a gator loves best; and Sandy Jim, crouching low, his rifle close to his hand, eased the punt out from behind the willow. Slowly and soundlessly he paddled, at first heading parallel with the dike, then, when the rushes hid him from the saurian's view, turning straight toward the bank. Along the edge of the water growth he pushed the boat inch by inch, screened by the tall green rushes, and at last he laid down the paddle and reached cautiously for his rifle.

Mayfield smiled happily as he drew his bead. Not for worlds would he have missed the drama he had witnessed; and not for worlds would he have let the flat-horned buck be killed at that season when his undeveloped antlers were scarcely worth having. The old woodsman would have a memorable tale to tell of how the river king had saved the great stag and thus had paid a debt which he owed. For a moment, as he gazed along the rifle barrel, Mayfield was tempted to shoot a little high.

The thought passed as quickly as it had come. The smile faded. The thin sun-tanned face pressed against the rifle stock was fierce and keen like that of a hunting hawk. The eager hounds leaped and bayed as the rifle cracked.

An hour later, Sandy Jim, approaching his house from the rear, walked up to the kitchen door. He had not seen his sons. He had sent the dogs back along the dike, and rather than swim the break, the hunters had ridden on with the pack toward the big swamp to try another drive. Mayfield slouched into the kitchen, where Gabe, the negro boy who cooked for him, was prodding the wood fire in the stove.

The old hunter explored the oven and found a square of hot cornbread.

"The flat-horned buck's come back," he drawled. "We'll get him this fall when his horns are prime."

He dropped into a chair and began to unlace his boots.

"I jes' killed that big gator they call the king of the river," he said casually. "We'll go down to the backwater after dinner an' take off his hide."

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

You will enjoy FLORSHEIM SHOES—they are economical —they are satisfying—their long service and refined style give generous value for their moderate price.

A style to suit your individual preference—for every occasion. Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on request. The name in every pair—A dealer in every community

One of many models—THE RUGBY M-148—Most styles

$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers CHICAGO

The Florsheim SHOE

Bean-free!

-- Your family stands on the threshold of a delightful experience --

Your full size can of Bean-'Ole Beans is at *your* grocer's. Get it *today*. It costs you nothing—just give this coupon to your dealer and he will hand you a 20c size can, *without charge*. Only one can to a family.

To Dealers—

Retail dealers everywhere will receive the free Bean-'Ole Beans for their customers from wholesale grocers, before the appearance of this advertisement.

VAN CAMP'S, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Van

'Ole Beans

ONE of the never-forgotten memories of those who have visited camps in the Maine Woods is the delicious goodness of Bean Hole Beans, baked under the ground.

The process is a heritage handed down from earliest New England days.

A hole is dug some three feet deep, and a half cord of wood is burned in it to make a bed of red hot embers. A giant pot, filled with beans to which just the right amount of pork, molasses, spices and other seasonings have been added, is sealed with clay and lowered into this hole. The pot is covered with hot earth and ashes and the beans left to bake slowly for twelve hours.

The result is a dish so truly irresistible that even Bostonians will tell you Bean Hole Beans surpass all others.

Up to this time this much desired delicacy has been obtainable only in the Maine Woods, but now Van Camp's bring to your table (from your regular dealer) Bean-'Ole Beans ready to serve.

Van Camp Products Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

Camp's

"Something Good for Every Meal"

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE SHARP SHUTER

(Continued from Page 13)

This was Mr. Saltley Shuter; and it may be explained at once that Mr. Shuter was a young man who would stand no nonsense whatever. He was in Finch Court strictly on business. He was a sharp chap, a smart man and a wise guy. He was ever the first to admit it. He was not merely up to date; he was twenty-five minutes fast. He was the son of Old Sam Shuter, the celebrated West End money lender who had made so much money that the hard work of incessantly counting it had so atrophied the caution convolution of his brain, and so overdeveloped the funny convolution, that he had become possessed of the delusion that he owned all the money in the world. Calmly confident in this belief, old Mr. Shuter, no doubt feeling that he could afford it, had given away most of the considerable proportion of the world's supply of money that he really did own—and that before his son could stop him. Thus, Saltley Shuter, returning from an educational trip round the world, had inherited five low figures instead of seven.

This had given him a permanent colic or grouch against the whole world; but being a young fellow of energy, though not of charm, he had very resolutely and deliberately set himself to regouge, without mercy to man, woman or child, out of the world the fortune which father had so quaintly given back.

He had suffered a reverse or two when the gentle George H. Jay had heard of him as a likely buyer of a business. Mr. Jay, who was by no means averse to moving his agency a little farther west, had conceived the idea of selling Mr. Shuter such of his business as he could not possibly cart westward with him, and had developed the matter to the point where Saltley, cold and cautious, was spending a month or two in the office, studying the business before actually parting with the price thereof.

Mr. Shuter had already decided that Mr. Jay was something of a back number—slow, easy-going, rather simple, and far too prone to wander and ramble and hesitate and hum and haw.

The Finch Court business, in short, wanted waking up. Saltley proposed, in a few weeks' time, provided he liked the look of it, to buy it and to do the waking.

George H. took a seat on the corner of Saltley's desk and passed over Winnie's letter. Mr. Shuter read it.

"Well," he asked in his sharp, slightly acrid voice as he returned it, "what's she calling for? Her account is balanced. There's nothing due to her."

Mr. Shuter, who already knew the books by heart, referred to the few small matters concerning Mr. Jay's transactions with Winnie that appeared in the business accounts. Most of the gentle George's affairs *in re* Winnie he had regarded as casual and personal, and consequently no record of or reference to them appeared in either his books or his income-tax return.

"This is the Miss O'Wynn I mentioned to you, Shuter," he explained; "the young lady who, a little while back, was enjoying a few days' visit at the country house of old Lady Jernington in company with her friend Lady Fasterton."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Shuter with a species of sharp testiness. "We've discussed that. You wrote to her then, but she had left and your letter was forwarded. I haven't forgotten the details. I'm glad she's deigned to call, though I'll say frankly that, considering the way I failed to persuade that cross-grained old cat to sell her worthless bit of land—used to negotiation as I am—I wouldn't care to bet any real money on this Miss O'Wynn persuading her."

Mr. Jay's ears pricked up a little, and his eyes brightened like those of a naturalist with a butterfly net whose vision suddenly focuses itself upon a rare specimen flitting over the garden phlox.

"The needle-pointed young cod hook feels like a bet, does he?" said Mr. Jay within the dim, dark privacy of his soul. "I guess little Miss Winnie's worth a small bet. She always was before her holiday, as I know to my sorrow." Aloud he responded, "Oh, I don't know, Shuter. She's got a rather winning sort of ingenuous way—what with her eyes and her hair and voice."

Mr. Shuter shrugged impatiently.

"Oh, a baby vamp! My dear Jay, London's crawling with 'em—these baby vamps. They make me tired!"

George H. nodded.

"Yeh—me too. Still, I've got a ten-pound note that says Miss O'Wynn will win out. What I mean, she'll get results where you got the—er—bird."

Saltley Shuter's eyebrows went off at half cock.

"After All, I Have Been Everywhere and Met Everyone."
She Sighed, Bright Eyes Dancing

"I'll bet you that ——" he said very quickly. "Let's have it right, though. This is the bet, Jay—we are employing Miss O'Wynn to call on old Lady Jernington in order to persuade her to sell three hundred acres of land around the estuary of that little stream, the Meander, running through the tail end of the Jernington estate. If she fails to get us the land, I win the bet. If she succeeds in getting the land, you win the bet. That right?"

"Yes, that's right," said Mr. Jay a trifle anxiously, even slowly.

Young Mr. Shuter smiled a peculiar, lean, slightly death's-head smile.

"Some of you Finch Court financiers are so prosperous that you've gone to sleep," he stated. "Man, haven't I interviewed the old Gorgon myself? She's the toughest old turkey in the south of England. Would you like to double your bet?"

Mr. Jay fidgeted.

"No—yes—no—that is ——" he muttered.

Mr. Shuter smiled, shrugging one shoulder.

Gentle George H. caused his face to redden somewhat—no difficult feat.

"Yes," he snapped like one irritated, "I'll double you up on that. D'ye think I'm afraid of a bet? Look here, Shuter, if you think I'm afraid of a bet, I'll—I'll—dash me, I'll go you fifty!"

Coldly, almost Napoleonically, Mr. Shuter booked the bet.

"You haven't let your temper run away with your judgment?" he asked, being the sort of person who asks that sort of question.

"Well, what if I have?" snorted the gentle George most ungently. "I guess I can pay if I lose! Anyway, she'll be here at eleven," he added, and went back to his own room to rub his hands, light a cigar and purr.

Mr. Saltley Shuter was, indeed, a glass-edged young fellow; but poor old George H. Jay had been winning that sort of bet when Saltley, in his cradle, was studying his little pink feet and wondering why toes grew on them so. Still, he had outlined the position quite succinctly.

One of the clients he had imported into the web spun at the entrance of the Finch Court office was an excessively wealthy but aged financier, one Mr. Grant Shannon, who for no very obvious reason had taken a fancy to buy a certain piece of land on the Dorset coast and thereon build himself what he described as a marine residence. The owner of the land in question, a sandy waste of gorse, heather and wind-stunted firs running down to the sea, was old Lady Caroline Jernington, of Jernington Hall, and the waste bit of land was neither an ornament nor a serious asset to the big Jernington estate of which it formed an odd corner.

Mr. Shannon had approached the old lady personally and had received a personal refusal. Being an obstinate old gentleman, he had commissioned Mr. Saltley Shuter to succeed where he had failed. But Saltley also had registered a failure, and the matter had dropped, and probably would have remained so forever but for the fact that one day, like a small blob of manna falling from the sky, a letter from Winnie, written on Jernington Hall note paper, had reached Mr. Jay inquiring about some small matter of investment.

Naturally George H. had swiftly endeavored to devour his manna. He conceived it probable that Winnie, who evidently was a social friend of Lady Jernington, might quite easily succeed where the rich Mr. Shannon and the slick Mr. Shuter had failed. Hence the postal appeals which had resulted, after a lapse of some weeks, in the promise from little Miss Winnie to call when she returned to town—a promise which was fulfilled punctually by Winnie before smooth Mr. Jay had finished purring over the way he had wished Mr. Shuter up from a ten to a fifty pound bet.

III

IT WAS swiftly evident to Winnie that the sharp Mr. Shuter had no intention at all of treating her with the extreme, even gingerly deference which had long characterized the attitude of George H. Jay toward her. Mr. Jay, indeed, handled the lovely little lady much as he might handle a fragile bit of exquisite old glass—or a very hot potato. He would not have ventured to claim that he understood her, but he admired her more than he had ever dreamed he would admire anybody, including himself. There had been a time, in the early stages of their acquaintance, when he had regarded her merely as an extremely pretty and incredibly naïve and ingenuous child, up from the country, a little bewildered by London, and very overawed indeed by the body of pushing, keen, clever business men of whom he had the honor of being a prominent member. But he had altered his opinions somewhat. He had seen so much money pour silently past him into Winnie's little bag that he had come to the conclusion that either she was one of the most stupendously lucky girls he had ever met or one of the cleverest—more probably both.

No man could have made more fuss over her or poured forth the compliments and greetings more earnestly than the gentle Jay today. Mr. Shuter's eyebrows did all sorts of tricks as he stood by his desk, taking notice.

"Let me have the privilege of presenting to you Mr. Saltley Shuter, my temporary partner, Miss Winnie," said George H., beaming.

Winnie shook hands with Mr. Shuter, smiling shyly as she exchanged civilities.

"I think it must be nice to have a partner," she said presently. "After all, two heads are better than one, aren't they?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Winnie," agreed Mr. Jay with a mock-rueful laugh. "And I suspect that one head—Mr. Shuter's—is better than the other—mine."

But he was looking quite cheerful about it.

Winnie's bright eyes, starry under one of the little Paris hats, rested with a remotely timid admiration on Mr. Shuter.

"Ah, dear Mr. Jay is so generous and kind that he is always ready to efface himself; don't you find that so, Mr. Shuter?" she cooed.

"Oh, yes—yes, yes," agreed Saltley without much enthusiasm, and glanced at George H.

"About the matter of business in which we hope to obtain Miss O'Wynn's coöperation, Jay—shall I put it to her? Perhaps I'd better, don't you think?"

"Oh, decidedly, decidedly," agreed Mr. Jay, and sheered away, as it were, to tack gracefully to and fro in the offing.

Mr. Shuter fixed his cold and sunken eyes on Winnie's exquisite face and explained with businesslike terseness exactly what he wanted, how he wanted it done, how much he was prepared to pay for the work; and incidentally he managed to convey his impression that he had no great hopes of her success, but was prepared to give her full credit if she succeeded. He was cold, keen, precise, concise, intensely businesslike. He neither wasted time on compliments nor did he attempt any jollying along whatever. He made it clear that he wanted her to do a job of work for a matter of pay. He was a business man, but not sufficiently experienced to know that a good business man treats people as they are, not as he conceives they should be. His tone was not inviting.

It was perhaps unfortunate that in his last business venture, a theatrical agency, he had had to do with pretty girls in large quantities, all most anxiously in search of work. And possibly in his somewhat autocratic dealings with those girls he had acquired a tone which was, on the whole, hardly calculated to endear him to a self-acting little free lance of Winnie's type.

But she listened meekly and attentively, big blue eyes absorbing Mr. Shuter, pretty little ears noting Mr. Shuter's instructions, and the swift wits behind those perilous eyes doubtless taking a tolerably accurate measure of Mr. Shuter's character, temperament and abilities.

George H., hovering on the hearthrug, watched and listened even more intently, for he was grimly determined to miss nothing whatever in the transaction which could by any possible chance or design be diverted Jayward. He had missed far too much on past occasions and that was a great grief to him.

Winnie was smiling a faintly wistful smile when Mr. Shuter finished.

"I think I see, please, Mr. Shuter," she said.

"She doesn't like him—it's 'Mr. Shuter,' not 'dear Mr. Shuter,'" noted the genial old vulture on the hearthrug, and anxiously rubber-stamped the note on his brain.

(Continued on Page 111)

In their Humpty Dumpty Days they need you most

ARE there any Humpty Dumpty folks around your house?

Little Question Marks who come to you so many times a day for information about the astonishing world which is just beginning to open to them?

How much they need you in those plastic years when every day pours a thousand and one new impressions into their small brains. And how necessary it is for you to take time from your household duties to answer their questions; to "mother" them at this time when they need "mothering" most. A moment with them now means more than an hour in later years.

That is why so many modern mothers have called upon the laundry to give them more time with the children and less time with the wash. To them, washday is only a few words on the telephone, and their bundles are returned, gently but thoroughly washed, fresh and white. And the many services of today's laundry are offered at prices that will fit into even the most modest household budget. The laundry is as moderate in its costs as it is satisfactory in its work.

But as long as your Question Marks need you, you will most appreciate the laundry for bringing new leisure. It turns Wash Day into Your Day a day for your husband, your children, and yourself. It means more than soap and water; it means time and energy and happiness. And if there are no children in your home the laundry will give you more time for the social and civic life of your community. Time is what the laundry sells—time is the reason why more than two million women are laundry patrons today.

* * * * *

Wouldn't you like more Humpty Dumpty hours for your Humpty Dumpty folks? Then telephone your laundry today.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

PRIM-PRI-ST

A finer laundry service. Every-[illegible] everything beautifully [illegible] service, complete in every detail

HO-MESTIC

A most acceptable medium-priced [illegible] moderate cost of this service no [illegible] however, starch wearing apparel [illegible]

ROUGH DRY

Everything washed. Articles like [illegible] Flat work is neatly ironed. Those [illegible] Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

FLOAT-IRONED

A low-priced ironed service. Every [illegible] and 70 per cent finished. Articles [illegible] will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home

THRIF-I-SERVICE

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten [illegible] is removed [illegible] work is returned damp, ready for starching

WET WASH

Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names

After all—*the Engine*

What have *you* at the end of

IT MUST be very perplexing to the public to listen to all the claims put out for all motor cars.

A sea of ink has been spilled all over America in wordy talk about generalities—in wordy essays on beauty, comfort and economy—in wordy claims about axles, brakes and tires. Words, words, just a smoke screen of words—befogging the real issue—diverting people's minds from the most vital thing they ought to think about in buying an automobile.

The engine—the very heart and soul of a motor car! A car is no better than its engine.

We could write a long chapter about Willys-Knight beauty—but why paint the lily? We could rave about the cushioned comfort of Willys-Knight—for owners certainly do. We could shout about axles, and easy steering, and a lot of other things notably fine about the Willys-Knight. But above all these virtues is the outshining excellence of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine—*the engine that improves with use!*

WILLYS

is the thing!
50,000 Miles?

Have you ever wondered why so many people are ready to divorce the average automobile along about the time the speedometer shows a total of 15,000 miles? Nine times in ten —*it's the engine!*

Owners Keep the Knight

You don't find Willys-Knight owners that changeable. You find them keeping their Willys-Knights season after season—faithful to their cars because the cars are faithful to them.

There was a time, perhaps, when people would buy anything on four wheels that would run. But that was back in the legendary past, a time gone forever. Buyers now want the smoothest and quietest performance they can get. And their quest eventually leads them to the Knight.

About the time the Knight engine was invented—in 1906—American manufacturers were even then set in their ways and ideas, and less open minded than they are today.

Moreover, the Knight engine carried the full protection of patents—and they balked at having to pay royalties for the privilege of using it. Stronger still was their objection to buying the necessary special machinery required to build the Knight engine.

So, like the airplane, the submarine and many other great American inventions, the Knight engine was destined in the beginning to find its greatest welcome in Europe.

The Daimler of England—"the car of Kings"—adopted it. With such great success that, as soon as the European patents expired, the better cars of France, Belgium, Germany and other countries quickly changed over to it.

Volume Lowers Price

The Knight engine came into its own at home in 1915, in the Willys-Knight. American engineering genius and large production methods have made it possible to build this great engine at a price within average reach. And American patents still protect it from promiscuous use in this country.

Today the public is turning to the Knight for greater mileage—and greater satisfaction—and greater money's worth generally.

Willys-Knight owners frequently report 50,000 miles and more without having a mechanic touch the engine!

In over nine years of Willys-Knight history, we have never known a Willys-Knight engine to wear out. The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine actually grows smoother and quieter in use. It is better at 15,000 miles than when new!

Freedom from Woes

It is immune from valve-grinding and the bother of carbon. And from all the wear and tear of hammering cams, pushrods and clicking springs!

You know you are buying *big mileage* when you buy the Willys-Knight. And after all, *mileage* is what you want for your money.

Take one ride in a Willys-Knight and you will agree that—"After all—the engine is the thing."

Willys-Knight Models: 2-pass. Roadster $1175; 5-pass Touring $1195; 7-pass Touring $1325; 5-pass Coupe-Sedan Standard $1495, De Luxe $1550; 5 pass Sedan $1605 (De Luxe $1695); 7-pass Sedan $1695; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

KNIGHT

Toned sunlight lends enchantment to your rooms

by Helen Richmond

START with the windows—that is always a safe rule to follow in decorating any room. For windows are all-important in achieving beautiful effects since they determine the quality of light. And the skilful handling of light makes or mars any decorative scheme.

You know the restful tranquillity that fills a room where many softly shaded lamps shed a subdued radiance. And such a room always breathes a gracious atmosphere of hospitality—it's a livable room. But lamps, however beautiful, can only be used at night. Then, how can you secure this luxurious peacefulness in the daytime?

Tone the sunlight with window shades—just as you tone the electric lights with lamp shades. And here it is that you will find a new satisfaction in window shades, if you choose one of the new tone colors. With shades that tone the daylight, the too ardent rays of a summer sun are tempered and diffused into a mellow glow. And a colorful radiance bathes everything in the room in a flattering aura of light faintly tinged with color that is indescribably beautiful and soothing.

This subdued, elusive light gives mellowness to the furnishings. It intensifies a brilliant bit of color in a tapestry or a vase; it melts away into the velvet shadows of a dark corner. The walls, the rug, the touches of color about the room are all brought together and subtly blended in its alchemy.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Some colors great decorators advise

Chamois—No. 295
Persian Gold—No. 311
Strained Honey—No. 348
Circassian Brown—No. 354
Etruscan Ivory—No. 290
Plaza Gray—No. 313

Don't make the mistake one of our readers made. She read all about toning sunlight with the beautiful Columbia Shades and then discarded the idea because she thought it too expensive. A few weeks later she saw the plan carried out in a friend's home at a trifling cost, and found that she had misjudged Columbia Shades by assuming that because they are unusually good they must be unusually expensive. Price them at your dealer's and judge for yourself.

You'll be just as delighted with Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," as Mrs. A. T. G., who wrote us, "*The ideas and illustrations are wonderful. They helped me change commonplace rooms into a delightful home.*" Send 10c for *your* copy to Columbia Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

IN choosing window shades, feel free to let your love of color enjoy full sway. But a hint or two of the effects you can secure with the different colors of shades will doubtless help you in making your selections.

Rooms that face the sun can be made refreshingly cool during the summer if you use window shades of Plaza Gray or Etruscan Ivory.

Northern rooms, of course, need window shades that will transform the cold, steely light into a semblance of sunshine. Chamois, Persian Gold, Strained Honey or Circassian Brown performs this miracle to perfection. There's warmth and richness in the amber glow they spread over the rooms.

Your windows are the index to those on the street of the charm and comfort of the interior. And the window shades must carry this message. By means of *Columbia Twi-tone* shades you can have the color you prefer on the inside and still have the outside of your home harmonious and all in one color. *Twi-tone* shades come in a variety of combinations.

Columbia

GUARANTEED

WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 106)

Winnie thought for a little, her fair head drooping pensively.

"But, please, you know, I feel somehow that although dear old Lady Jernington might do it for me, I should be—be presuming on her liking for me. You see ——"

"Hah, she likes you, does she?" snapped Mr. Shuter. "That makes it easier."

But Winnie was modest.

"Oh, perhaps I shouldn't have said that, please. I meant that it just happened that she said I reminded her so much of what she used to be that she felt as if I were a dear little sister—that was all."

Winnie, noting the somewhat steely light that had flickered to Mr. Shuter's eyes, did not add that dear old Lady Jernington said much the same to every really pretty blonde she met, having very liberal notions of what she had been in her mid-Victorian youth.

Gentle Mr. Jay's face sagged half an inch as he reflected on the pity of having to have the man Shuter in this little cast-iron certainty at all. He and Winnie could have accomplished the business quite neatly without help. He sighed and continued to listen, nodding as one nods to an old familiar friend at the little one's next words.

"I am so anxious that you should not misjudge me, Mr. Shuter. Please do not think me unkind if I say that I—I hesitate to risk losing Lady Jernington's friendship by asking a favor she has already refused to two people."

"Two strangers," corrected Mr. Shuter. "And, of course, it is understood that Mr. Jay and I recompense you for such risk. That's so, Jay?"

George H. nodded.

"Oh, certainly, Shuter, certainly. Miss Winnie knows this firm well enough to understand that I should never, in any conceivable circumstances whatever, dream of attempting to enlist her influence in any matter o' business without being prepared—no, anxious—to recompense her for all risks," he explained rather urgently. Shuter opened his mouth to speak, but George H. cut in swiftly. "For example, in this matter, it is quite clear that Miss Winnie is jeopardizing a very real friendship. Old ladies, even the dearest and most charming of them, have their little—um—fads and fancies. That must be considered. . . . Just a moment, Shuter, allow me. I should suggest that we offer Miss O'Wynn an—um honorarium of a hundred pounds, win or lose, for her kind aid in the matter—with another hundred if she succeeds."

"Wha-at?" Mr. Shuter was hurt and wrenched in all his feelings.

"Yes, a hundred down for trying and a further hundred for succeeding," pursued Mr. Jay blandly, but firing over Winnie's charming head a scowl and glare so ferocious and ugly that Mr. Shuter was momentarily taken aback.

"Oh—er—very well," he said, disconcerted.

Winnie rose, floated across to a spot from which she could see them both and smiled very sweetly indeed.

"I think it is very nice of you both to recognize my risk so generously," she told them, "and I shall try very hard to persuade Lady Jernington."

She thought for a moment, then produced a dainty little gold-mounted notebook of a most ladylike thinness.

"I think it would be a good plan for me to take exact notes of how much land you want and how much money you wish to pay, don't you, please?"

Mr. Shuter was recovering.

"Yes, yes; certainly."

Mr. Jay moved to the door.

"Excellent, excellent," he murmured. "I'll be writing a check for Miss Winnie's fee."

He turned at the door, beaming on the little client almost as if he was paying the fee because he liked paying it, and that wholly without any hope of later ensnaring a very ponderous whale in return for this quite handsome sprat.

"Let me see; you would like bank notes, perhaps, Miss Winnie."

The bright-eyed little lady nodded, smiling.

"Notes are rather nice, please—when they are clean."

"Yes, very nice, Miss Winnie; very nice indeed—nothing nicer in fact—ha-ha!" agreed George H.; and if there was a faint far-off anxiety in his hearty, breezy laugh it was barely perceptible.

Mr. Shuter gave Winnie the particulars she needed with a marked increase of sourness in his manner. He was shocked and hurt at the specious manner in which his temporary partner, or, as he was thinking of him, "that old-fashioned fool, Jay," was throwing the firm's money about. He could not accommodate his system to the idea that this baby-faced know-nothing was going to do any good at all and he regarded that hundred as a hundred forever flown. Even as he talked, half his mind was busy on arguments likely to help him insist that Mr. Jay stand the shot of that hundred himself.

He was chill and curt in his manner when taking leave of Winnie—compared, that is, with the smooth Mr. Jay, who could not have conducted her to the door of the office with more ceremonious friendliness if she had been his rich aunt leaving after a surprise visit. At the door Winnie's big eyes sought his.

"I think I liked it better when you did not have a partner, please, dear Mr. Jay," she said rather forlornly, one little gloved hand resting confidentially on his sleeve.

"Yes, Miss Winnie, I know—I know," he replied rather quietly. "So did I. But it won't be for long. You will see. Trust old George H. Jay. What doesn't suit his clients doesn't suit him. No, sir! We'll just get this little bit of business nicely out of the way and then we'll have a change, Miss Winnie. I didn't like Shuter's tone to you—didn't like it at all. Nuh, nuh! I shall have an understanding with him."

"Oh, please, not on my account," pleaded Winnie. "You know there are all kinds of people; and one has to take them as one finds them—and just do one's best, don't you think?"

"Yes, yes, Miss Winnie; right as usual," he agreed, and added that as long as she did her best on Shuter and not on him he would be happy enough.

But he did not add this until Winnie was out of hearing.

IV

THREE days later old Lady Jernington, a thin, extremely well-worn but still quite extraordinarily distinguished-looking aristocrat, took the sweet face of little Miss Winnie O'Wynn between two slender, rather tremulous hands and pressed cold lips affectionately to a flawless cheek.

"Why, little one, of course your absurd agent can buy the ridiculous land for that curious person who bothered me so about it—just because you have asked so prettily, Winnie. I used to ask for things like you do—years and years and ever so many years ago. I always got what I wanted when I was your age and just like you, child. Little, soft, coaxing dormouse ——"

Winnie hugged the old lady.

"They gave me a hundred pounds to ask you," she confessed, for she really liked her hostess, though in a different way from dear rapid Lady May Fasterton. If she had been lucky enough to have a really truly grandmamma, Winnie would have liked her to be just like rich old Lady Jernington.

"Paid you a hundred pounds! More fools they!" chuckled the old lady.

"Oh, but they are very clever men—I think!"

Lady Jernington guffawed quite openly.

"Clever men!" she said. "Why, the poor things!" She had lived a very long time and met so many of them. "Of course you shall have the land, child. What are a few miserable acres of sand and gorse and heather to an ex-beauty of my age? Besides, five thousand is more than it's worth."

"They gave me a document—a ——"

"A contract, Winnie? Show it to me. Go and fetch it."

Obediently Winnie went. You have to submit to being ordered about by very old ladies.

"Read it, child." Winnie read. "Yes, that is in order. Fill in the names and we will sign it. Ring for Burlap and he can witness it."

So Winnie did as she was told, and Burlap, the ancient, shaky butler, attached an ancient, shaky signature as witness, and Winnie wrote and passed over a check for five hundred pounds—ten per cent deposit.

"Now, child, sit in the window where the sun shines on your hair and talk to me. You look charming this afternoon, and I am pleased at that, for I have a nice young man coming to see me presently—Viscount Carisbourne, who is equerry to Prince James. . . . Why aren't you married?"

"I nearly was once," sighed Winnie.

"Ha! What was he like? Tell me all about him."

But she had not told the half of it before the Viscount Carisbourne, a good-looking youth, very much more like a smart young bank clerk than the popular idea of a royal equerry, was ceremoniously ushered in by Burlap. Lady Jernington received him as graciously as could be expected from an old aristocrat who, years before, had dandled him on her knee.

Winnie helped her receive and entertain him by command. You have to help receive these viscounts and equerries when self-willed old ladies insist. But he was a smooth and silken youth, and being there, as it presently proved, to request a favor on behalf of his royal master, the Prince James, he was quite absurdly easy to get on with.

It appeared that Prince James, motor cruising, had fallen most deeply in love with the pretty little rock—almost too small to be called an island—just off the mouth of the Meander, and would be grateful for an opportunity to purchase the island—with Lady Jernington's consent—for the purpose of erecting thereon a summer villa from which he could motorboat—one of his favorite diversions—ad, so to say, lib. There was much embroidery wrapped around it, and some little frilling, with quantities of silver-foil decoration; but that, presently, appeared to be the real reason why the Viscount Carisbourne had called.

Lady Jernington, who all her life had found it intensely difficult to say no to any courtly and handsome young spark, naturally did not dream for an instant of altering her ways and saying it to the most popular and dashing of all the royal princes. Winnie at least gathered that before the viscount rather reluctantly left, and a little later the big motor came to take her to the station.

She woke from a rather charming daydream of princes and viscounts to find herself on the platform at Waterloo Station, staring with an intent frown at the posters of the evening papers, several of which announced the sudden death of the millionaire, Mr. Grant Shannon.

"But that is the man for whom I have bought the land," whispered Winnie a trifle anxiously. She thought a moment, then smiled again, and her color returned so gloriously that the taxi person who drove her home hadn't the heart to make a bid for more than slightly over double his legal fare.

V

MESSRS. GEORGE H. JAY and Saltley Shuter were facing each other across the latter's desk on the following morning in an atmosphere of considerable tension. Both had arrived early and evidently with such a keen appetite for work that neither had yet paused to discard his hat or coat. Mr. Jay indeed, standing on the hearthrug, still clutched the crumpled newspaper which he had studied all the way to the office. The eyes of the sharp Mr. Shuter were hard and bleak, and his finger tapped rather nervily on a telegram open on the blotting pad before him.

"It arrived last night after you'd left, Jay," rasped Mr. Shuter. "She's bought the Jernington land at five thousand—and paid a ten per cent deposit. And Shannon's dead, and we've nobody on our books fool enough to give a third of the money for the land. We're stuck with it!"

"Let me see the wire," desired Mr. Jay gravely, picked it up, thrust his silk hat back on his head and read it.

Have purchased land at five thousand pounds. Paid 10 per cent deposit and executed contract. O'WYNN.

He replaced the telegram on Shuter's desk, his brows complicated in a most unhappy scowl.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" said Shuter in a thin-bladed voice. "It looks as if we're five thousand one hundred pounds behind the game and three hundred acres of rotten, worthless sand and gorse ahead."

"Five thousand two hundred," corrected George H. sadly.

"How two hundred?"

"We promised Miss O'Wynn another hundred if she succeeded—and she has."

Mr. Shuter stood up sharply.

"What? Do you mean to tell me that she'll have the everlasting nerve to claim that hundred in these circumstances?"

"Our circumstances aren't hers ——" began Mr. Jay ruefully, but broke off as his quick ears caught a familiar sound in the outer office. "But here she is, I think. I'll meet her. You'd like her to come in

(Continued on Page 113)

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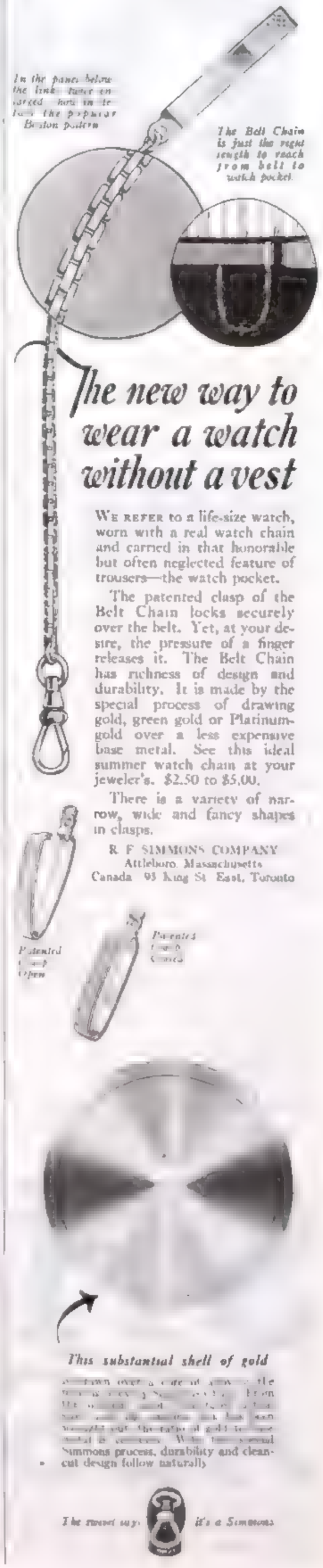
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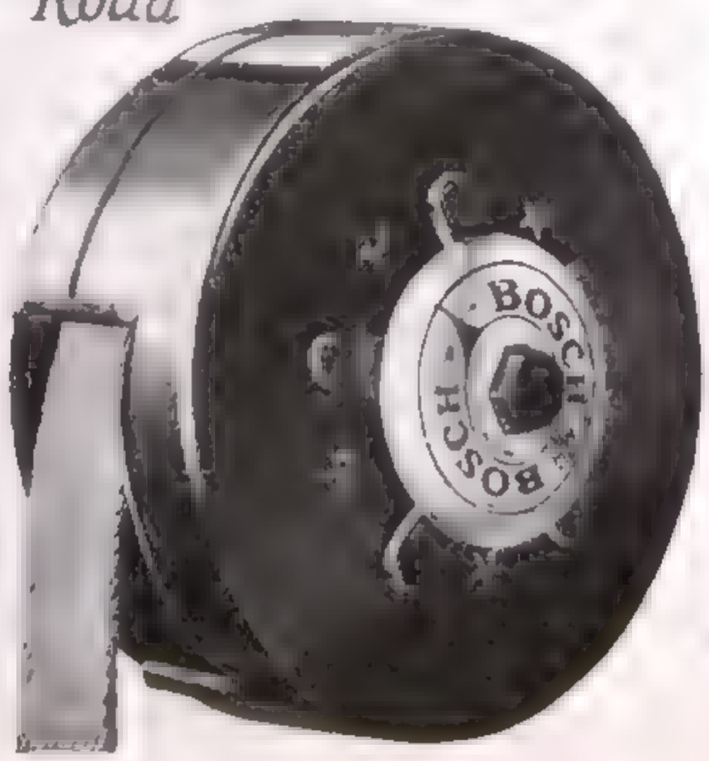

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(Continued from Page 111)

here, hey? Yes, yes," said the gentle one rather hurriedly, and went out.

Winnie, cool and clear and bright as a spring dawn, was there.

"Ha-ha, Miss Winnie, good morning," breezed Mr. Jay far too breezily, for he was strangely nervous. He fussed with doors and things. "Won't you go right in and see Shuter? He ——" Mr. Jay hesitated. "That is, I have to look in at an office down the court for a few moments. I shall be right back, Miss Winnie. Forgive my hurrying this way, but it's an urgent call."

Winnie passed into the lair of Mr. Shuter, smiling faintly. The door closed behind her, leaving her alone with Mr. Jay's partner. George H. himself was not there. The sharp one greeted her with unenthusiastic politeness and placed a chair for her. He made no comment on the sudden self-effacement of George H. Jay.

Winnie clearly was very pleased and proud and happy, and it was with a delicious, almost irresistible childish charm that she broke at once into a gay confirmation of the glad news in the overnight telegram.

"Oh, Mr. Shuter, I was so happy to be able to telegraph the news that I had been so lucky. Lady Jernington was sweet to me—far more so than I deserved, I think, don't you?" It was like a small, beautiful bird singing. But there was no sign on the bleak, rather pinched face of Mr. Shuter that he cared much for song. "She was agreeable, and I thought it was wise to make haste and—and clinch, don't you say, please?—and clinch the transaction. So I filled in the form you call the contract and paid a check for the deposit—isn't it 'deposit,' please?—and dear Lady Jernington and I signed the contract then and there—then and there, Mr. Shuter, as quickly and smoothly as even the very cleverest business man—and I have it here."

She produced an envelope, eyes shining, cheeks faintly flushed with pretty triumph.

Meantime, outside the office, on the hard, hard paving stones of Finch Court, the gentle Mr. Jay was behaving very oddly indeed. Twice he walked to the exit of the court, twice he returned to the office door, muttering anxiously, his hat perilously on the back of his head, his hands plunged deep into his pockets, his strong teeth mangling an unlighted cigar.

"The hyena's going to eat her alive—and she can't escape this time. He's got her—yes, he's got her. Lord! A crooked, conceited four-flusher like that getting one over on a winner like little Miss Winnie first shot! There's no loophole for her—not a crack an ant could crawl through!"

Again he started off to leave the court—only to halt, muttering sourly, at the exit. Gentle George H. was engaged in a very bitter battle with his shadier instincts

"I am not very clever at business really, you know, please, though dear Mr. Jay is so kind that he pretends I am," confessed Winnie as she passed the contract over to the gentleman with bulging jaw hinges and stony eyes.

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, grabbed at the contract and glanced swiftly at the signatures. His lips thinned as he turned his gaze on the blue eyes watching him. "Yes, I see that this is in order. You have contracted to buy this land," he said slowly. "But the circumstances force me to point out to you that you have gravely exceeded your instructions, Miss O'Wynn."

If he had leaned across his desk and struck her with his open hand he could not have smitten all the happy joyousness from her exquisite face so effectively. She seemed to shrink a little, and the great eyes darkened and dilated almost to deep violet.

"Oh-h! Please! Exceeded my instructions?"

The sharp Mr. Shuter tapped his forefinger with a measured beat on the contract and spoke metallically.

"Undoubtedly. This contract was given to you for signing by Lady Jernington and by myself and Jay. But you appear to have taken upon yourself the duty of signing it as buyer and of paying the deposit with your personal check. Why? As the thing stands, you are the buyer of this land—not Jay and I."

"I—myself—am the buyer?" faltered Winnie.

"Certainly. There's no question about it. You exceeded your instructions. We did not desire you to buy the land on our behalf, nor did we ask you to. We paid you to secure Lady Jernington's consent to sell the land to us."

Winnie's face brightened again.

"Oh, I see," she said with a low laugh of relief. "You—please, you startled me a little for a moment. Of course I should not have exceeded my instructions; but, you see, I was so anxious to make quite sure of the land for you. Luckily it is not very serious though, is it? I—I mean, although I am the buyer of the property, I can sell it again to you at the same price as I paid for it. That would be the best way out of the difficulty, I think, don't you?"

Mr. Shuter proceeded to deliver his blow.

"Unfortunately, we are no longer in the market. We don't wish to buy—we decline to buy," he said with the chill, exaggerated harshness which often characterizes a man's voice when he is doing a shady action.

Winnie was bewildered.

"But I—I don't understand! Do you mean that you won't take the land—that I have to pay the other four thousand five hundred pounds for all those waste acres and be the owner?"

Shuter nodded, his flinty eyes staring defiantly.

"Probably Lady Jernington would let you off the deal if you asked her. But speaking strictly as a business man, it's not my affair. You've had a hundred from us anyway. That'll help you."

"But—I bought it for you!"

"We did not wish you to buy it for us. We no longer want it at all. You will have to make the best terms with Lady Jernington you can."

Winnie flushed.

"But I can't do that, please. She only sold it as a personal favor to me, and I can't possibly go back begging her to return my deposit money."

"I'm sorry," said Saltley Shuter. "But it's final."

Winnie rose.

"But it is not very fair to me," she said tremulously; "and surely dear Mr. Jay is not willing that I should be treated so—so cruelly?"

"Dear Mr. Jay, as you see, has quietly slipped out of the way, leaving me to deal with the business," said Shuter.

"But ——"

The door opened and the gentle George entered, looking a little less guilty but a little more unhappy. He took up his hearthrug stance and surveyed his partner with a lowering brow. Winnie looked at him with anxious eyes.

"Oh, I am so glad that you have come back, dear Mr. Jay. Mr. Shuter has repudiated the contract."

George H. Jay nodded.

"Yes, I guessed that would be the way of it, Miss Winnie. But it's too—too raw. I am no saint in business, but I got a heart somewhere. I can't force my partner to take over this liability of yours, Miss Winnie, but"—he was speaking cautiously now—"but I can and will come in personally—to an extent—with you in this deal, Miss Winnie. Yes, you have been bitten at last, I'm afraid. You can afford it, I know; but because you can is no reason why you should—no. And old George H. Jay is standing by as usual, Miss Winnie. Yes"—he glared at Shuter, though not very convincingly—"G. H.'s shoulder is here to bear a share of the burden, Miss Winnie."

She went across to him, offering her hand.

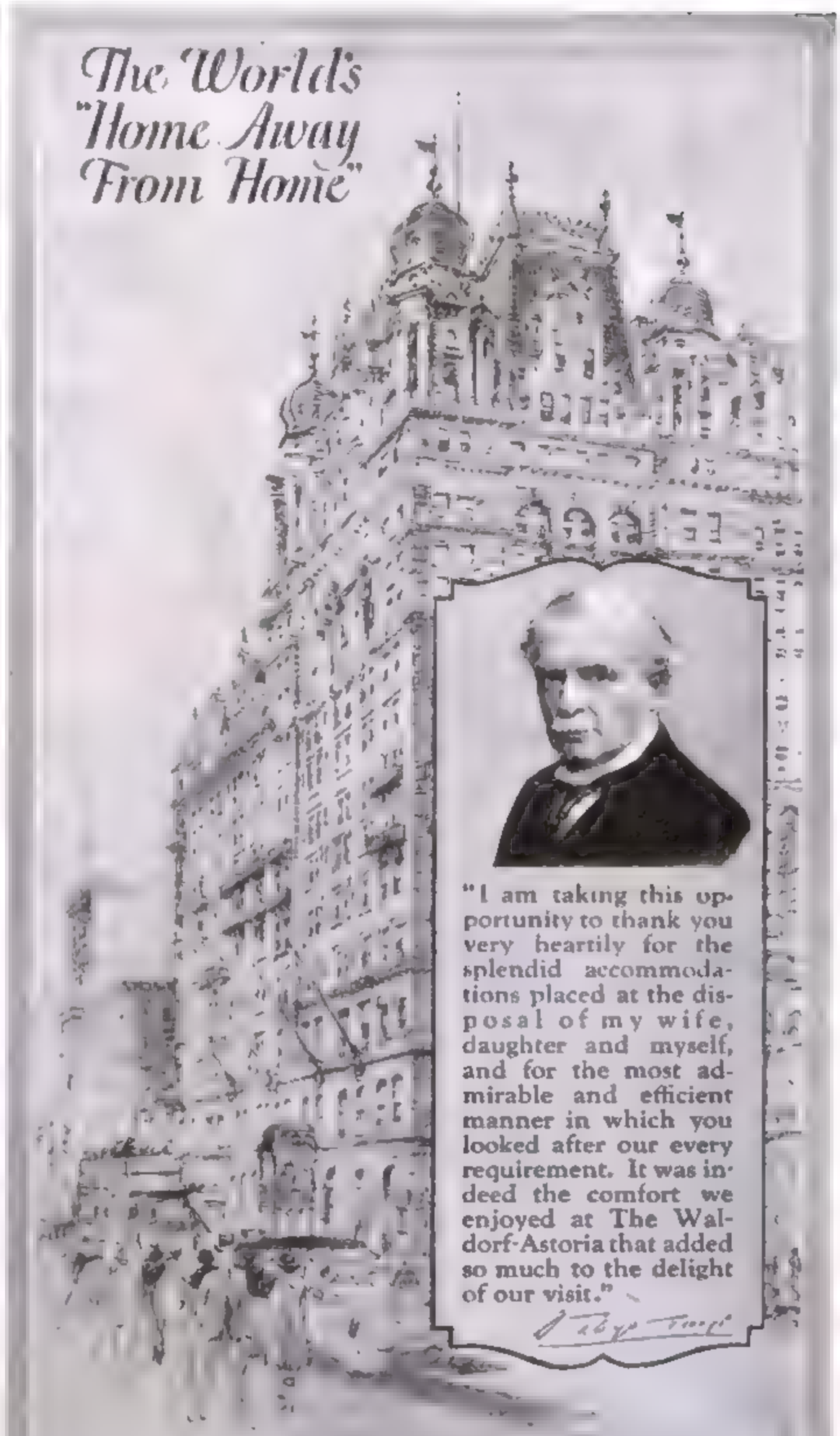
"Oh, that is splendid of you, dear Mr. Jay," she cried softly. "I felt somehow that you would be ready to help. You are so loyal, so kind, so scrupulous!"

She was clearly so pleased and relieved that Mr. Jay looked more anxious than ever. It was abundantly evident to him that she was ready to place a part of the burden on the shoulder so gallantly if reluctantly offered.

"If you cared to take half the land—two thousand five hundred pounds' worth—dear Mr. Jay, I think I could face the other dreadful half more happily."

But that was more than the brave Mr. Jay could bear to contemplate. He almost shuddered.

"My dear Miss Winnie, if only I had the money loose—I'd take the whole thing off your hands like that!" He snapped his finger and thumb in a truly courageous manner. "But money is tight in the market. Scarce and hard to get. Loose money, I mean. You fortunate ladies, with big interest-bearing deposit accounts, don't quite realize perhaps how hard it is to find loose, quick money in London nowadays. But we are old campaigners, Miss Winnie. We stand by each other. Always have—always will. Yes, indeed. Now what will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suit you best, Miss Winnie? What do you say to my personally bearing a—come now, shall we say a tenth of your risk? If only money were not so shockingly tight! Hey, Miss Winnie? Shall we stand side by side in this deal in the following proportion—nine-tenths to you, one-tenth to me?"

He rolled it as boomfully as he could, but it sounded mighty meager, and he could not meet her eyes as he proposed it. Indeed, even before she answered he had screwed his courage up another notch. After all, he had in the past made a great deal of money with Winnie's aid.

"Nuh, nuh," he said, like a man in pain. "I'll make it a fifth—I'll stand in for a thousand, if I have to borrow the money to do it!" he declared nobly. "For old times' sake!"

Winnie's eyes softened a little. She saw that the gentle one was doing his best. He was putting up this thousand about as happily as he would put up ten years of his life, but he was putting it up. She pressed her little hand gratefully on his sleeve.

"Thank you," she said simply, and thought for a moment. "Daddy always used to say that a great man once wrote about selling a horse, 'Be to his virtues ever kind and to his faults a leetle blind.' That is what I would like to be to your offer now, please. Dear Mr. Jay, you have tried hard to be kind to me, and I do appreciate that so much, for even if you were only two-tenths successful, that is more than many men would be, I think. But I see that I have made a mistake and I must pay for my folly myself. Perhaps I was too confident, just because I have been lucky in the past. Still, I think I understand about money being tight in business, as you say, and it is true that I do happen to have a large deposit account. So, if you like, I won't mind a bit if I have to bear the whole burden myself. It was kind of you to try to help me; and, please, I am most grateful for your kind, kind thought; and if you would sooner not risk the thousand pounds I shall be just as happy and just as grateful as if you had, because you offered to stand by, you see."

She smiled up at him, pretty, sunny, sweet, without a trace of disappointment or unhappiness in her eyes.

"If you wish to take a share, I will gladly agree, dear Mr. Jay," she summed up. "But, please, if the money is not—not loose and quick—I mean if you do not find it quite convenient, I agree just as gladly to bear the whole burden myself."

George H. hesitated. She was giving him another chance. He could pull his four-figure chestnut out of the fire yet—and he wanted to badly. But would he, by some inconceivable, unforeseen chance, burn his fingers? His agile mind reached back over the many little transactions in which they had been concerned—in too many of which, for lack of courage or blind faith in her methods, he had missed really gorgeous opportunities. Time and again he had shirked a nasty-looking risk in partnership with Winnie—and time and again he had seen that ugly risk fade out like sun-dissolved fog giving place to a very attractive looking and highly profitable certainty. He had sworn violently in private never to let a chance slip past him again—never. But was this a chance?

Three hundred acres of barren waste on the coast, miles from anywhere, with thousands of similar acres behind and around it. To risk the fifth of five thousand real pounds on an icicle like that! No—nuh, nuh—it couldn't be done. No, not even with Winnie's luck behind it. It would be money thrown to the dogs. Morally, he supposed he ought to take a half risk at least. But here was Miss Winnie freely, so to speak, offering to let him off. He hesitated one second longer, then made up his mind. Hastily he grabbed his thousand by the tail, as it were, and snatched it into safety.

"Miss Winnie, I will accept that sporting, that high-minded offer in the spirit it is made—money being so tight. I thank you. And I will move heaven and earth to find you a buyer for the land. If I had a loose thousand I'd gladly turn it out on that land to graze with your four thousand and chance whether it fattened up a little or not. But I haven't got it—loose."

Winnie nodded slowly, still smiling, looking at the gentle one rather intently. A very horrid suspicion flashed into the mind of George Henry Jay that in the big blue luminous eyes was a look of pity. But it was gone instantly.

"Very well, dear Mr. Jay. I will take the whole risk," said Winnie with a sigh.

Mr. Jay nodded, looking a little ashamed. He was very human. Like Winnie, he was ever and always in mute rebellion against the cold, cruel law that makes it impossible to eat our cakes and still have them left for tomorrow.

There was a momentary silence in that office. Then Winnie picked up and put away the contract and turned so that she faced them both.

"Don't be angry with me, please, if I say that you have not been very kind to me this morning," she said gently. "But I know that there are two places where kindness for kindness' sake ought not to be expected—one is the race course and the other is a city business office. Daddy told me that so long ago, and I have done wrong to forget it. But I forgive you, Mr. Shuter, and dear Mr. Jay knows that I forgive him quite freely. We will be good friends just the same, won't we? Only, please, if you do chance to hear of someone who wishes to buy the land and relieve me of the burden, it would be really kind to tell me quickly. You see, I—I don't want to humiliate myself by begging Lady Jernington to take back the land. So, of course, I would be glad to sell it."

Profusely they bound themselves to perform herculean labors in search of a buyer; and so, shaking hands almost affectionately with them, Winnie went away.

Mr. Saltley Shuter grinned his death's-head grin at Mr. Jay.

"Neatly handled, that, I think," he said with a sort of pride.

But George H. shook a dubious head.

"Nuh, nuh, it was raw, and some way it's going to cook us." He scowled. "It was crooked, like a boomerang, and it'll come home to roost, giving us two black eyes—like a boomerang." He glared at Mr. Shuter. "Yes, sir, it was sharp, like a razor, and it's going to cut us. I got a feeling already, a kind of tingling. I've had it before. Damn it all, I wish I'd taken a flyer with that thousand!" he concluded.

But the sharp Shuter was sardonic.

"It's not too late, if you feel that way, Jay. Chase her now. She's not more than a few yards away. She'll let you in five thousand pounds' worth if you really want it! Go on," he gibed pleasantly. "Go and put your head in the bag if you're so keen!"

For a second George H. seemed to balance, to hover. "I ought to," he muttered. "knowing her as I do—er ——"

Shuter lost patience.

"Oh, cut it out! You know perfectly well that you won't. Come on, let's get to business. We're a hundred behind as it is."

Mr. Jay did not follow Winnie—except in his mind, which was on her and the land all day and half the night. Indeed, it might be stated with some approximation to the strict truth that, if appearances were to be relied on, the gentle George H. worried a good deal more over the money he had saved than Winnie mourned over the money she had lost.

Certainly it was an abstracted and moody Mr. Jay that fluttered home to dinner that night, whereas no one could have seemed happier or more demurely gay than Winnie, who formed one of a select little dinner party of four, comprising her great friend Lady May Fasterton, that vivacious butterfly's latest admirer, Sir Henry Exton, the great newspaper proprietor, and the Viscount Carisbourne, who had very eagerly leaped at an opportunity offered him by May Fasterton of meeting again that wonderful little witch with whom his meeting at Jernington Hall had been, he felt, all too brief and far too formal.

It is not to be denied that May Fasterton fell considerably short of being the ideally domesticated wife; but as Winnie took occasion fondly to tell her late that evening, she was always ready to help a friend by, for example, arranging a quick little dinner and theater quartet—even to the point of allowing the said friend, in this case little Miss Winnie, to nominate the gentlemen.

"Oh, child, it's nothing," said May airily. "What is a dinner, more or less, as long as it's eatable, a play as long as it's sane, or a man more or less as long as he's presentable? Did you enjoy yourself?"

Winnie's eyes were like jewels as she smiled a happy affirmative.

VI

THE hour at which the Finch Court offices of Mr. George H. Jay usually opened for grim business was nine o'clock. But neither the genial George nor the ungenial Saltley Shuter ever appeared there much before ten. It was normally a sign that something special was in the air if either entered the offices by 9:30, and only on really desperate business occasions did they arrive promptly at nine A.M.

But on the morning after Shuter had repudiated the contract, and Mr. Jay had done very little better, they reached the office door at precisely 8:30. They were pale and wan—except as to the jowls, both being unshaven—and neither looked as well dressed or dapper as usual, though they wore their customary garb. Both clutched a crumpled copy of the popular daily newspaper controlled by Sir Henry Exton, and each glared at the other with far more of hate than brotherly love.

"Morning," snarled the sharp Shuter. "Seen it?"

"Morning. Yes. Seen it! Of course I've seen it," rasped Mr. Jay, his voice shaky with what might have been bitter rage against Shuter or even more bitter disgust with himself.

He fumbled at the door with his private key, for none of the clerks had arrived. Together they entered the offices and, without a word, went straight to Mr. Jay's room.

George H. spread open his newspaper.

"Listen to this," he commanded in a voice that was breezy only because it reminded one of a black squall. He read:

"H. R. H. Prince James has purchased the islet off the Dorset coast known as Jernington Rock with the intention of building thereon a villa to form the headquarters from which he will indulge in his favorite amusement of motor-boat racing every summer. It will be remembered that his royal highness won three events at Monaco last ——"

"Don't read any more, man," snarled Mr. Shuter. "I know! I've read it fifty times this morning already."

"Well, and what are you going to do about it?" demanded Mr. Jay icily. "You've been down there and I haven't, but still I know that this now-royal rock is right in the jaws of the estuary which little Miss Winnie owns with"—his voice went shrill—"with every inch of land surrounding it." He ground his teeth at his temporary partner. "You double-crossed the girl yesterday and hypnotized me into helping you; you made her take that land at five thousand to save your own measly bacon, and now it's worth what? Lord knows! Every snob in the country, and particularly the motorboating push, will be ready to give anything Miss Winnie likes to ask for a building site facing the prince's island—and small blame to 'em, for I'll say that he is a sportsman and deserves every ounce of his popularity. And yesterday we owned that land! Owned it—and threw it away! You make me tired! You said Shannon was an old fool; but he knew what he was about—oh, yes!"

"Will you stop crying," snarled Mr. Shuter sourly, "and let me think? Who the devil could possibly know that the prince was likely to buy that place? Shut up, Jay, and let me think!"

He thought for two seconds, then his eyes burned. He glanced at the clock.

"Eight-forty! What time does that blue-eyed baby get up?" he asked.

"I'm not her maid," growled George H. "But you can take it she's asleep now all right. She's got nothing to lose any sleep about!"

"I'll try that out." Mr. Shuter grabbed at the telephone. "What's her number?"

He was through almost at once, and his eyes gleamed as someone at the other end of the line announced that Miss O'Wynn never saw anyone before eleven and that an interview was impossible before that hour. Miss O'Wynn, indeed, was still sleeping, added the informant.

"Still sleeping!" hissed Mr. Shuter. "That means she hasn't seen the newspapers yet."

He snatched a check book from the drawer and scrawled furiously.

"Countersign that!" he snapped. "It's the second hundred we held out on her yesterday. I'm going round at once, before she's had a chance to learn from the newspapers that she's had a stroke of luck in the night, and I'm going to apologize, I'm going to grovel, for the misunderstanding yesterday; and I'm going to take over that land at all costs, Jay. That's what I'm going to do, Jay!"

His voice thinned with excitement.

"Are you coming in on a fifty-fifty split, Jay, or are you stopping out? Please yourself. Do any darned thing but hesitate and hang fire. I'd sooner you stayed out."

"Yes, you would!" shouted the gentle one. "That land's worth a hundred pounds an acre, and Miss Winnie's got three hundred acres of it—thirty thousand pounds' worth!" He snatched his head with both hands and shook it violently. "And she begged me to be half owner at two thousand five hundred only ——"

Shuter was cramming his hat on.

"Will you cut out the Book of Lamentations and tell me right here if you are in on this deal?" he raged. "Yes or no!"

"No—yes—yes. It's raw—it's —— Yes, damn you, yes!"

Association with Mr. Saltley Shuter evidently was not good for the genial Mr. Jay.

The sharp one signed another check form.

"Right! Stand by the telephone for the next hour. I'm going to tempt her with cash—cold cash. I'll phone you how much I want and you can get it in notes from the bank the instant I phone," he instructed. "See? I daren't leave her free to glance at a paper till the deal's through."

Mr. Jay, seeming just a mite flustered, nodded.

"But you can't go round there like that. You got to get a shave," he demurred weakly.

"Shave! Risk thirty thousand for sake of a shave? I guess she can stand my whiskers for once in a way!" jarred Shuter, and was gone.

Mr. Jay lapsed into his chair, his hat almost slipping off the back of his head, and stared at the ceiling like a man in the dock staring at a judge about to deal with the business end of his trial.

"It serves me right, running with these greedy grafters!" he said. "Far better have thrown in my hand with Miss Winnie. . . . Luck—you can't beat luck. And all the fairy godmothers in fairyland must have hovered around the day she was born. . . . It serves me right! We handed her a raw deal yesterday, and one raw deal leads to another—which we're handing her today. Shuter's a hound! After this, I've finished with Shuter. He's too edged for me—eh?—poor old honest George Jay."

He shook his head.

"Matter o' misjudgment. I misjudged the low hound. Lose me my best clients in no time. Yes, after this I cut loose. Get back to the old steady-going business. Don't like these raw deals."

He mused a little, his eyes on the telephone, cooling down.

"She's got her luck with her as usual—little Miss Winnie. Luck! But somehow she's always got that with—hey, though!" Honest George Jay sat up suddenly, very stiff and rigid, his glassy eyes wide. "But is it luck? We thought poor old Shannon was a fool to fancy the land at five thousand! But few fools become millionaires. He knew the chances of this jump in value all right! I see that now. Shannon was no fool. We thought he was eccentric, but I guess we were the eccentric ones. He had a private wire to someone close to the prince. Yes, sir!"

Mr. Jay stood up.

"And what Shannon had, I guess Miss Winnie could get! She knew—she knew yesterday—somehow!" His face began to flame with excitement. "She tried to help me! I handed her the half of a raw deal. No, let's be fair—I handed her four-fifths of the half of a raw deal, and she tried to save me in spite of it. She's white, that girl is. If she knew, she offered me half her likely profit for two thousand five hundred, as she's done before, and I—turned—it—down, being greedy and afraid. Oh, yes, it serves me right! Shuter won't get that land!"

He gloomed for a while at the telephone, pushing aside with a gesture of weary distaste the morning's mail which a clerk laid before him.

"But if he does, if she hasn't heard and sells, there's this—I'm only taking back today what she freely offered yesterday. That makes it more or less straightforward as far as I am concerned, though there's no excuse for Shuter. No, none!"

He walked about his office for a long time, assuring himself that the conduct of Mr. Shuter throughout was low, inexcusable and far from that of a gentleman. He went through his mail like a man in a dream, for he could not overlook the fact that Shuter had been away long enough to justify the assumption that something was doing—yes, something doing.

VII

HONEST GEORGE JAY was not far wrong in his guess. Mr. Saltley Shuter was carrying out his second raid on Blue

(Continued on Page 119)

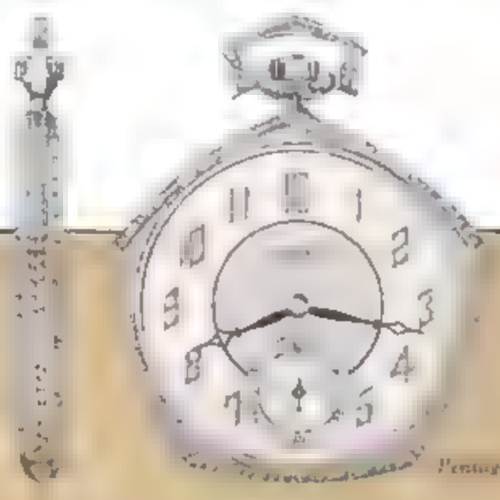
For the graduation gift

YOU remember how, on your own Graduation Day, Time seemed to stretch without limit in front of you.

Perhaps because Time then seems infinite it is well to start youth marking its passing hours with a real timekeeping instrument.

Here are some of the newest Gruen Guild Watches, ideal for that purpose. Watches that will *keep time*. Watches that your son or daughter can wear with pride in any company (youth is so sensitive). Watches whose beauty makes instant appeal to modern tastes.

Think how *thrilled* your boy or girl would be to get one!



Pentagon VeriThin

THE GRUEN VERITHIN

You should know that there is only one genuine VeriThin watch—the Gruen.

Quite naturally, it has become the leading fine watch for men, with demand for it constantly exceeding the supply.

It represents, in full measure, the Guild ideals in craftsmanship and art. In its timekeeping service, in its beauty of line and dress, and in the unusual admiration it commands, the Gruen VeriThin offers you, at any given price, the maximum in watch values.

Those marked "Precision" represent the highest mechanical perfection attainable in a modern timepiece.

When you make your selection be sure to ask the jeweler for the Guarantee certificate.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen VeriThin—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem.

W P 19—White Gold reinforced, "Precision" Quality, $35.00

SemiThin—Green Gold Filled, $25.00 to $40.00 according to movement; White Gold Filled, $27.50 to $40.00 according to movement

Cartouche 3—White Gold reinforced, $50.00, Solid White Gold $60.00

Cartouche 32—White Gold reinforced "Precision" Quality Grade, $45.00

Pentagon VeriThin—White or Green Gold reinforced, $70.00 to $85.00; Solid Gold, $100.00 up, according to case and movement

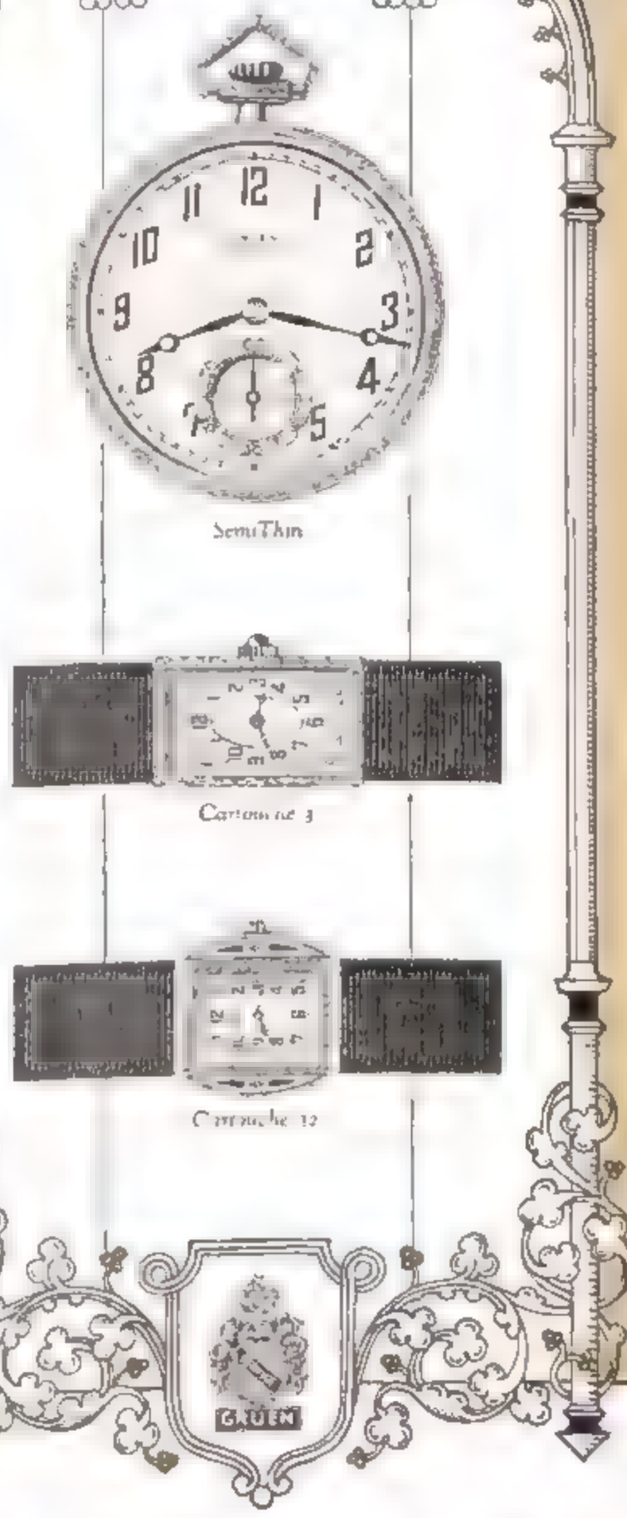
1 W 151—Platinum, fully paved with diamonds, $675.00 and up

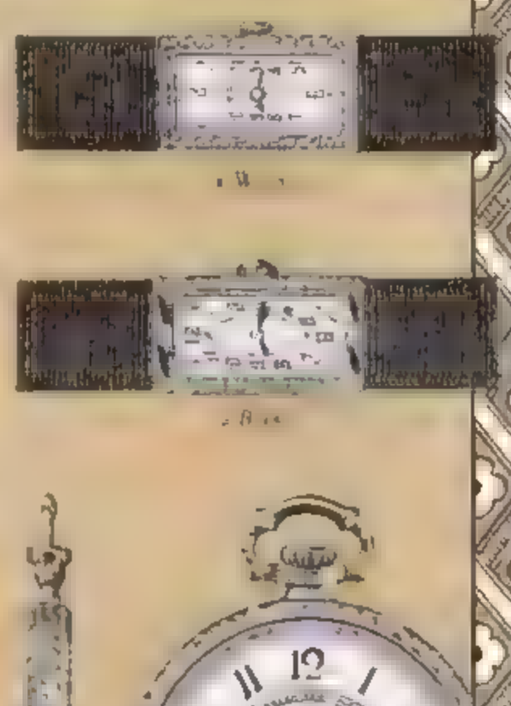
2 B 151—Solid White Gold with 6 diamonds and sapphires, $185.00 and up; Platinum with 6 diamonds and sapphires, $295.00 and up

Louis VeriThin—White or Green Gold Filled, $50.00 and up, "Precision" Quality Grade, $60.00 to $70.00

Tank—Green Gold reinforced "Precision" Quality Grade, $55.00, White Gold reinforced "Precision" Quality Grade, $60.00, Solid Green Gold, $75.00; Solid White Gold, $85.00.

1874—Fiftieth Anniversary Year—1924





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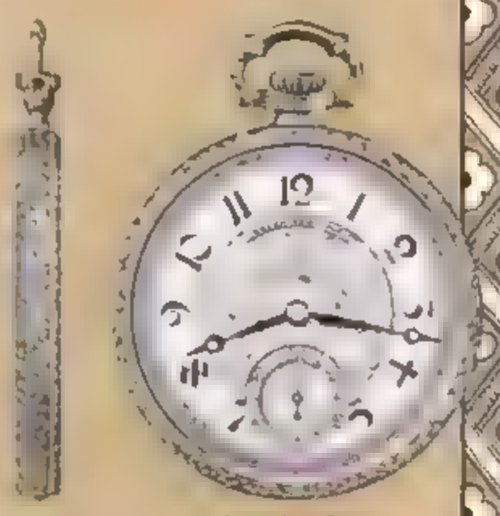
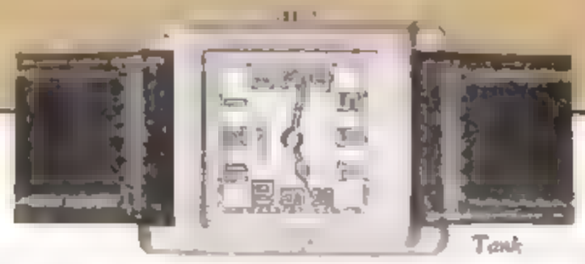


Louis VeriThin



Tank

GUILD *An organization devoted to faithfully maintaining the traditions of fine craftsmanship*

GRUEN Guild Watches

The Gruen VeriThin wheel train, one of the technical improvements by which the entire watch is made THIN without sacrifice of strength of parts

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

Canadian Branch, Toronto

Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

What every Ford needs

LET us show you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E".

(POINT 1)

First, you pour in the oil. Your Ford manual tells you to open the top pet-cock on the oil reservoir, and to pour oil into the filler until it runs from this top pet-cock.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E". It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Heavier-bodied oils flow sluggishly. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

When you pour in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", it runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with certainty.

(POINT 2)

But possibly you do not think that this over-supply of oil makes any difference. Well, let us see what happens.

You notice that there is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.)

If there is *too much* oil in the reservoir there will be too much oil splashed to the third and fourth cylinders. From the cylinder walls this excessive amount of oil reaches the combustion chambers, where it is burned up.

With an over-supply of oil heavier than "E", don't be surprised if you find extra heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes the tendency toward carbon formation in the combustion chambers.

(POINT 3)

Next, let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the connecting rods into the troughs underneath. Remember that these connecting rods have no oil holes, no oil grooves, no dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not.

(POINT 4)

Next, let us consider the pistons. The Ford pistons over-run the top of the cylinder bore. Consequently, any oil carried up by the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A heavy oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valves.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", being a clean-burning oil, is readily consumed and expelled. It does not remain to foul the valves, seats, and stems.

(POINT 5)

The Ford multiple disc clutch runs "wet"—is continually in a spray of engine oil. All manufacturers of this type of clutch recommend an oil which will give positive, quick engagement with no slipping, and an instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engines cause a drag between the clutch plates. "Creeping" is the result. The car starts ahead when the engine starts, although the clutch is released.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping."

(POINT 6)

Just a word about the transmission. In the Ford you have a Planetary transmission employing three *close-fitting* sleeves, mounted on an extension of the crankshaft. A heavy-bodied oil is not well adapted to work into and thoroughly lubricate the sleeves and bearings.

The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly.

(POINT 7)

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit tightly—in fact, so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of such body that it freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings.

(POINT 8)

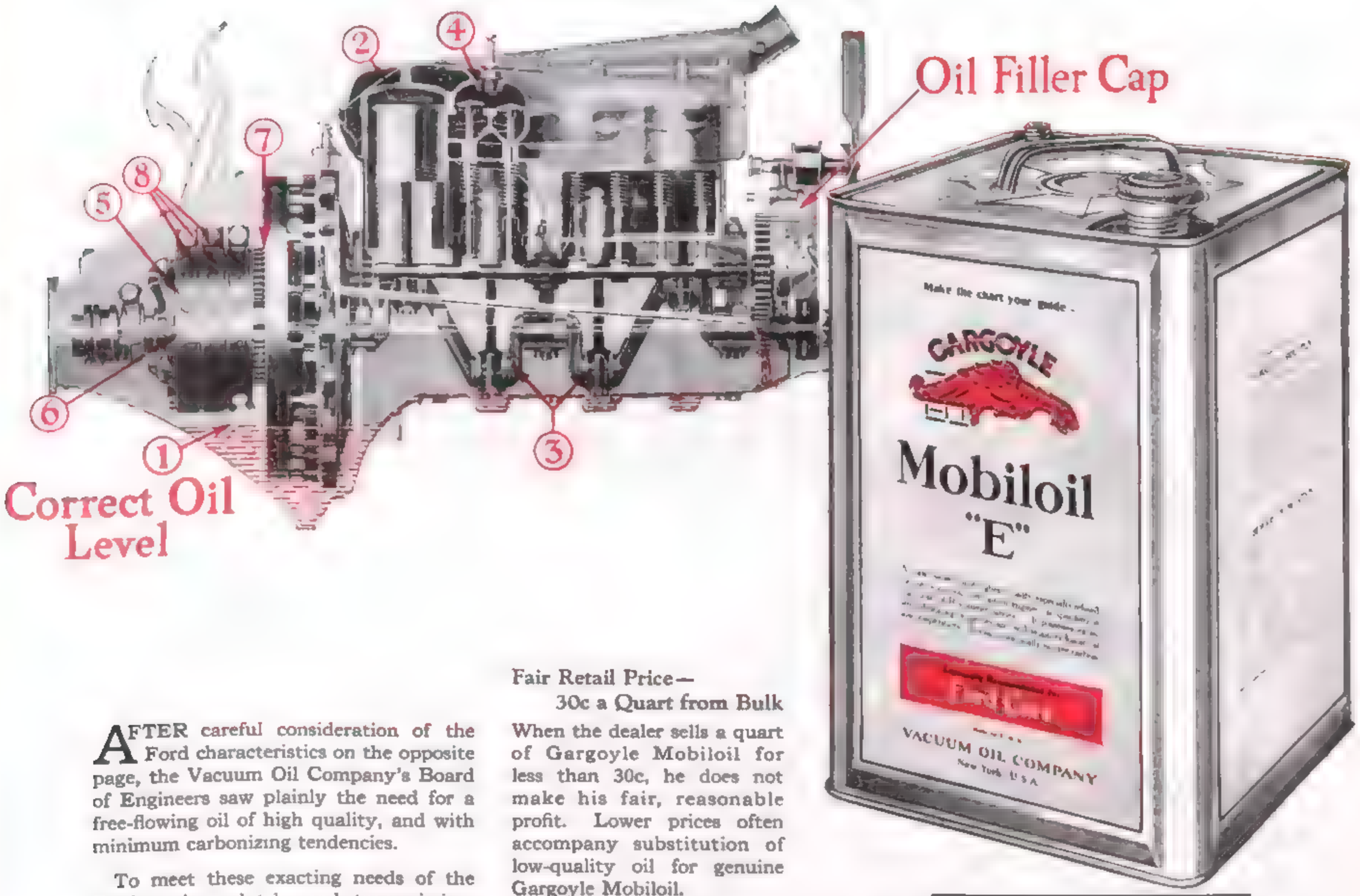
Chattering of Ford transmission bands comes from incorrectly adjusted bands or worn-out linings, and is aggravated by unburned fuel mixed with the lubricating oil. In such cases the diluted oil should be replaced with fresh oil and the bands correctly adjusted or the linings renewed. To attempt to remedy such mechanical conditions by the use of oils containing foreign material which may separate, or decompose under heat, is obviously wrong, and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material. Its use and proper attention to the adjustment and renewal of the bands will give the greatest possible freedom from chattering. At the same time it will correctly lubricate the engine.

Domestic Branches

New York (Main Office) Philadelphia Indianapolis Milwaukee Buffalo Albany St. Louis Boston Detroit Minneapolis Des Moines Rochester New Haven Portland, Me. Chicago Pittsburgh Kansas City, Mo. Dallas Oklahoma City Springfield, Mass. Peoria

—And Why—



AFTER careful consideration of the Ford characteristics on the opposite page, the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers saw plainly the need for a free-flowing oil of high quality, and with minimum carbonizing tendencies.

To meet these exacting needs of the Ford engine, clutch, and transmission, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured.

The results secured by Ford owners through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are ample proof of the high quality of this oil and the correctness of this recommendation.

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

Fair Retail Price—
30c a Quart from Bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

By buying in sealed 1-gallon and 5-gallon cans, or in the 15-gallon or larger steel drums, you can get genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil for *less* than 30c a quart. The 5-gallon and 15-gallon containers are particularly suited to the car owner who has his own home garage.

For your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can at 35c each, or 3 for $1.00, is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As far as production will permit, this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put one or two one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road. Be prepared!

Use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" for your Ford

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Be as Careful as Your Doctor

Only sterile, *utterly sterile* dressings are safe to use on even a minor wound

Marked ~ Bauer & Black

That means protection—the utterly sterile dressings that guard against infection

For safety's sake, avoid infection by using only *sterile* dressings, even on a minor wound.

Do as your doctor does—obtain Bauer & Black gauze bandages, Bauer & Black absorbent cotton and other Bauer & Black first aid helps to meet the minor emergencies which arise in every home.

The mark Bauer & Black means *sterility*, the warranty of safety and protection accepted by leading hospitals, physicians and surgeons throughout the world for 30 years.

Remember, the cleanest cloth, not having been scientifically sterilized, often is laden with germs that cause infection. Physicians are constantly warning mothers of this danger.

The cost of Bauer & Black sterile dressings is so trifling that there is no reason for using makeshift methods. Prices for the everyday packages are from 10c to 50c.

First Aid Book—Free

Obtain a copy of the Bauer & Black illustrated First Aid Book—127 pages—which tells you what to do before the doctor comes. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, for a free copy. If you live in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Other Products
***Marked*—Bauer & Black**

Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze
Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster
Bauer & Black Sterile Bandages
Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Baby Soap
Bauer & Black Sterile Absorbent Cotton
First Aid Cabinets for homes, factories, ships, railroads, automobiles
Maternity Packets
Picric Acid Gauze—for burns
Iodine Swabs—first aid to minor cuts.
Household Ointment—healing for cuts, burns, skin eruptions, etc.
Surgeons' Soap—germicidal.
Sanitary Napkins.
Dental Floss.
Formaldehyde and Sulphur Fumigators

Your druggist will supply you with products marked Bauer & Black

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(Continued from Page 114)

Eyes' bank account as satisfactorily as shamelessly. He overcame without difficulty the feeble protestations of Winnie's cook-housekeeper that her mistress could not possibly be awakened to receive him, and his easy success over this first difficulty cheered him as the scent of caribou on the barrens cheers a pack of skeleton wolves.

His name went in to the soft nest wherein the little one was sleeping so late and possibly so expensively, and Mr. Shuter sat awaiting her in the tiny morning room. By a table in the window, made pretty with flowers, breakfast silver and glass winking in the sunlight, the famished eyes of the sharp Shuter fell on the folded morning paper awaiting Winnie's study. Deftly and silently he contrived to open it and slither out the page containing the news of Prince James' purchase. This he folded and put away in his pocket, replaced the newspaper and resumed his seat, breathing far more freely.

She came in a little later, her blue eyes seeming still a little misty from sleep, her wonderful hair careless but never prettier, the pink flush of youthful rest on her cheek, all very sweet and graceful in a pale-salmon blend of kimono and tea gown. Even the hardened crook awaiting her was struck by her charm as she stood smiling just a little wistfully in the doorway. But he was not sufficiently affected to be merciful.

She came forward, offering a slim white hand.

"I was very tired this morning, Mr. Shuter, and so I had to keep you waiting. I am so sorry."

Her big eyes, fast on his, seemed to ask rather anxiously why he had come. He did not wait for the spoken question, but drew out the folded check for the second hundred, and holding it between finger and thumb began his day's work.

"Miss O'Wynn, let me say at once that I am here to apologize most humbly and sincerely for the gross injustice I and—influenced, I fear, by me—Mr. Jay came perilously near inflicting on you yesterday. The only excuse I can offer is that we had only just heard of the death of Mr. Shannon, our client for the land, and we were greatly—greatly agitated and upset. We did wrong to decline to assume the responsibility of the contract which, on our behalf, you signed to acquire that land from Lady Jernington. It was—no, it would be an infamous trick if we really did it. But we do not intend to do it. In a moment of worry we were—not ourselves. But we have—um—slept on it, and as I say, I am here to make amends, with apologies."

He was watching her like a wolf, and the thing he called his heart speeded up a little as he noted the brightness of relief which dawned on and irradiated her face.

"You mean, please, dear Mr. Shuter, that you will take over the land after all?" she cried softly.

"I do, indeed, mean that! We should never have yielded, even momentarily, to the baseness of repudiating the contract. But first let me hand you this. It is just the check for the second hundred pounds payable to you in the event of your successful negotiation with Lady Jernington—forgotten in yesterday's excitement."

He handed it with the air of a courtier; Winnie took it with the air of one taking a hot chestnut. Then her sweet face grew grave.

"Thank you, Mr. Shuter. I did earn that, did I not?" She put it away in a drawer. "I want so much to forgive you and Mr. Jay for what you did to me yesterday, and indeed I do forgive you—oh, truly. But try to think, please, of what I have been through from the time I left your offices until this moment!" The slender hand touched his sleeve and the blue, blue eyes were very big. "I did not fall asleep until nearly three o'clock this morning, Mr. Shuter. I cried last evening." So she had for a second—at the play. "I was hurt and worried and it made me feel so lonely, so all alone, you see. If I had not found a dear friend who would have stood by my side I should have been dreadfully frightened at the loss I incurred over the land. I I somehow I can't forgive you quite for the sorrow of yesterday. And now I know my friend will stand by me, I don't think, please, that I will sell the land back to you. It—something tells me that it is not a very lucky piece of land, and perhaps it will only lead to more disappointment and sorrow. After all, it was I who made the mistake, and," she added bravely, "I am prepared to abide by it, please."

Mr. Shuter almost gasped.

"You won't transfer to us, after all, Miss O'Wynn?" He pulled himself together, going slowly—very slowly and cautiously. "But—forgive me, dear Miss O'Wynn—are you quite, quite sure that's wise? That it isn't—er—pique?" He laughed a very natural sounding and friendly laugh. "Cutting off your nose to spite your face, as the saying is? Is the land of the slightest use to you? I urge you to believe the truth, that it is not." He paused, seeming to reflect. "But I see very well how it is—how you must feel. You are hurt—you are offended a little with us. And indeed, indeed, you have reason to be."

Winnie nodded reluctantly.

"I confess that I am still very hurt. I can't help feeling so."

"No. I understand. It is my fault."

A distant cry from the street thrilled Mr. Shuter. It was only the cry of a perambulating lavender seller, but he fancied it to be that of a belated newsboy. He began to hurry, and hurry is apt to take the keen edge off craftsmanship.

"We must pay for our stupidity, I see, Miss O'Wynn. So I will be utterly frank. Will you be patient with me for one moment longer? Miss O'Wynn, this morning, after Jay and I had decided to retract our repudiation of the contract, naturally we felt we would like, if possible, to save ourselves. So, as a forlorn hope, we telephoned to the executors of our client, the late Mr. Shannon, who had commissioned us to buy the land. Rather to our astonishment we found that they were still prepared to buy the land on behalf of Mrs. Shannon. The idea is to develop that land into a summer resort—an enterprise needing hundreds of thousands behind it. We ventured to ask a small profit on the land for ourselves."

"Please, how much money for your profit did you ask?" said Winnie with a curious innocent impulsiveness.

"Five hundred pounds. And, Miss O'Wynn, you may have that too. We shall make it up in the course of time in other ways—from the Shannon estate—commissions on sales of sites, and so forth."

And then Winnie knew the iron to be hot—and she, too, struck. Her eyes were suddenly like blue ice.

"Ah, I see that there is still something hidden from me, Mr. Shuter. I know in my heart that you still are being unkind in some cruel, clever business way that I cannot guess at because I am not a business girl." She drew in her breath, almost as if she were sobbing. "Mr. Shuter, I will do what my daddy told me he once did to a man about whom he was doubtful. I will test your sincerity."

"I ask no more—nor less than that," said the sharp one earnestly.

"Very well," she almost whispered. "But you are bound to fail, you see. The land is not worth even five thousand -you told me so yesterday. Well, then, I will sell it to you—I—I mean I will transfer the contract to you and Mr. Jay for two thousand pounds."

Mr. Shuter's hands clenched behind his back. It was cheap at twenty thousand.

Well, well. He saw that she thought she was being a little clever, and, in a way, she deserved to make the couple of thousand. It hurt a little, but time was pressing. He caught back his excitement and spoke gravely.

"Yes, we deserve that. Well, Miss O'Wynn, Jay and I are men who do not do things by halves. We will pay you that—two thousand for the transfer of the contract to us." He smiled as pleasantly as he could. "You thought I should quail at that, Miss O'Wynn," he said. "I confess I nearly did. But we can cover ourselves, still, and make perhaps a few hundreds profit out of the Shannon estate building scheme. But you will have the profit you richly deserve."

She seemed to gasp.

"You accept?" she cried softly. "You really mean that you will pay me two thousand pounds for transferring the contract?"

Her eyes shone.

"Yes; and in cash, Miss O'Wynn," he smiled. "For these things are better settled at once. You agree? So I will telephone, if I may, to the office for the notes to be sent at once, while I draw up the necessary document covering the transfer of the contract."

She agreed gayly. In twenty minutes it was signed, sealed and settled. Winnie had two thousand one hundred in cold cash, and the check for one hundred, but Messrs. Shuter and Jay had the land.

"The land!" as Mr. Shuter crooned, hurrying officeward. "Three hundred good acres at a hundred an acre—thirty thousand cold!"

Winnie sat down to breakfast happy as a bird. Even when, looking at her morning paper, she found a double page missing, she was not vexed—only laughed, a little soft, silvery sound, very sweet and heady.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when she called a little breathlessly at the Finch Court offices, interrupting the sharp Shuter and honest George Jay as they pored over the rough smudging-in of a plan of suitable sites for the houses of the numerous crowd who had good money to exchange for sites practically adjoining the summer house of a popular royalty.

"Oh, please, I've lost a glove. Did I leave it here yesterday, dear Mr. Jay?" she fluttered.

The honest one and his partner searched earnestly. "No, Miss Winnie, I don't think there is any ——"

Somebody bellowed from the narrow court outside—a newsboy, unconsciously saving Winnie the trouble of finessing the early evening edition she was carrying to the beaming partners' attention.

"All the runners! Midday speshul! All-a runners! Prince James' tour round the world! All the runners! Royal tour in battleship—roun' a-world! Speshul! All-a runners!"

George H. Jay went stiff, like stone—or like Mr. Saltley Shuter, and he was like unto Lot's own wife.

"What's that?"

Their eyes protruded.

"Do you mean the races, please, or about Prince James' tour?" zephyred Winnie, wide-eyed.

"Eh?"

Mr. Jay's jaw hung open and there was a curious agony in his eyes. Beads of sweat leaped to his brow.

"The prince, Miss O'Wynn, the prince!" snarled the sharp Shuter. "Hark! Send out for a paper! What's that about Prince James going on a tour?"

Winnie smiled—quite a tiny one—and produced her paper. "Only that it has just been officially announced that the prince will start next week on a two years' tour of the world in a battle cruiser," she said very gently, even caressingly.

Mr. Jay said nothing; even if he could have spoken he would have said nothing. He might have moaned a little.

"But what about the place—the motor-boating headquarters on that island he's bought?" said Mr. Shuter.

"I—I don't think he has bought one," breathed Winnie. "Indeed, I know he has not. But he was considering it."

"How d'ye know he was?"

"Viscount Carisbourne called on Lady Jernington while I was visiting her the other day and asked her if she would sell the island. She agreed—only the prince changed his mind."

"Hah! Changed his mind! And how did you know that?" gritted the sharp Shuter.

"You see, I dined with Viscount Carisbourne, the prince's equerry, last night—and, of course, he told me!"

Winnie was moving gracefully to the door.

"Then you—you—when I called this morning you knew the prince had not bought the island?"

Winnie's eyes were like stars.

"Oh, yes, please, I knew. . . . And now, really, I must fly."

She flew. A minute later honest George Jay arose, with a groan, to his full height.

"Shuter," he said, his bloodshot eyes boring into his temporary partner like the pointed edges of broken bottles, "leave this office, man! Get out while you can! We'll dissolve through our solicitors! Man, can't you see I'm holding myself in? Go while the going's good!"

The sharp Shuter glared, his fixed death's-head grin slashed across his grim face like paint, perceived that the advice was good—and took it.

Mr. Jay slumped into his chair and audibly divided seven thousand two hundred by two. It worked out at three thousand six hundred exactly.

"Shuter knew no better," he groaned. "It was the first time he ever tried to rob her! But me—me! Why, I wrapped it up in silver foil and handed it to her on a golden salver! And she took it—and the salver—and my thumb, too!"

Which was, in its quaint way, about the truest observation he had made for many a moon.

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WAHL PEN

RUSTY SKIDS A BIT

(Continued from Page 25)

let on to be peeved all right, but she'd want to know who the other girl was that had warned you off her, and from then on you'd have her stickin' around. 'Course, I'm dopin' her out from your description, and I take it she's one of these society beauts that's been fed this soft stuff all her life. Always hearin' about her lovely hair and wonderful eyes. And likely it's been done a lot better'n what you did it; not castin' any asparagus on your work, Mr. Buell, but them Washington birds show a lot of class. So your best bet would be to spring something different—the razz line."

That got him scratchin' his ear and lookin' thoughtful. "You think it would be effective, Rusty?" he asks. "You have tried it out yourself, have you?"

"It's my strong suit," says I. "Why, I remember stackin' up against a skirt like that once. No upper-cruster, you understand; just a biscuit shooter in a summer hotel. She was a fancy looker though, and she'd won a decision in a bathing-beauty contest, and she'd pulled down first prize at the help's fancy-dress ball, and she'd had her picture printed in a Sunday edition. Say, all she'd listened to for a couple of seasons was what a stunner she was, and maybe she wasn't wearin' her nose in the air. Couldn't see anybody less'n a room clerk or maybe a head waiter. Then I rolls in—I was drivin' an old couple in a closed car then—and I picks her to play around with. Would she have it? Why, the first time I opens my mouth to her she chucks a whole tray of dishes at me. Then I starts in kiddin' her, and inside of an hour I had her cryin' mad. But say, before I left she was beggin' me to take her joy-ridin' and I got tootsie-wootsie letters from her for a month afterward. Sure it works, Mr. Buell, and I expect this Miss Cowden would just eat it up. She gave you the air on the other line, didn't she, so you don't stand to lose."

"By George, Rusty, that's so!" says he. "I—I believe I'll try it on."

He must have been rehearsin' some of them lines I'd sketched out for him instead of keepin' his mind on his back-swing, for what I saw of his game was pretty ragged golf. He was hookin' and slicin' all over the lot and when the foursome trails in from the eighteenth, along about one o'clock, I notices that it's Mr. Buell who does most of the settlin'. He's cheerful and chipper about it though, and has chicken à la king sent down for my luncheon, and on the way back to the house has me drive slow so he can go over a lot of points that he's been thinkin' up.

I coaches him for his new act as well as I could without knowin' the young lady, and I got to admit that some of it was just wild guessin'. For even when you think you have a dame all sized up, from her mornin' disposition to her wave length, some of 'em will fool you; and when it comes to guessin' about one, sight unseen, and tellin' somebody else how to tame her, that almost calls for seventh-son stuff.

Once Mr. Buell gets sold on a proposition though, he stays right with it. He pumps up enthusiasm as he goes along, and by the time we gets home he can almost see Miss Cowden changin' from a haughty beauty to a mild and meltin' young female who'll finish a tantrum by parkin' her permanent wave on his necktie and sobbin' out tender that he's a great big brute but that she's all hisn now and forever.

First off he was for huntin' her up right away and gettin' it all over with, but on my advice he decides to stage the big scene soon after dinner, when he'll be chirked up by two rounds of cocktails and a cup of black coffee. And he pats me friendly on the back as he leaves and struts across the veranda with his shoulders square and his chin up.

That leaves me lots of time to get myself dolled for the evenin'. And say, when I've done a twice-over with the safety, and got my ears dug out, and the close-fittin' whipcord all pressed and creased, and the leather leggins polished, I had them two sloppy Swede shuffers lookin' me over goggle eyed.

"Watch out, Hans, and see what puts powder on the face," sings out one.

"Is it a rooster bantam, or what?" asks the other.

But all I gave that pair of dumhoovens was a mean look, and swings along up to the service wing for my chow and another little talk with my new sweetie. But I finds the fair Annie poutier than ever. Seems she's had a run-in with the housekeeper and ain't sure about gettin' off to go to the dance. She whispers that she'll try to sneak out, if I don't mind a late start or maybe waitin' around for nothing.

"Say, Annie," says I, "waitin' for you is the easiest thing I do. I'll be right there."

So about 8:15 I slips out with the roadster, runnin' down the drive without lights, and noses into the shrubbery outside the stone gateposts. I must have been there half an hour or more and was just wonderin' if Annie wasn't goin' to make the grade after all, when something in white comes flutterin' out. I whistles the cooey-cooey signal, flashes the stop light a few times and opens the car door invitin'. At that the party in white stops, stares into the shadowa, and finally flutters over.

"Are—are you waiting for someone?" asks a clear crisp voice, which ain't Annie's at all.

Well, it was takin' a chance, but I was all primed for fox-trottin', and if Annie couldn't keep her dates maybe here was somebody who'd do just as well.

"Sure I am," says I. "For you."

"Oh!" says she, steppin' back like she was scared.

And somehow that caught me. It's kind of a change to find one that ain't so brassy. Besides, I liked her voice, and from what I could see in the dim light she's a trim built young female, and dressed more or less zippy. Might be some lady's maid that I hadn't lamped yet.

"Why not for you?" says I. "Anyway, I got an empty seat here and I'm all ready to roll."

She hesitates for a minute and then she steps up and asks, "Who's car is this, please?"

"Why, it's Mr. Buell's," says I—"but what's the difference? No chance of his usin' it tonight. He's busy, he is—mighty busy."

"Really!" says she. "Mr. Buell's, you say? How odd!"

"You mean how lucky for both of us, don't you?" says I. "Well, what about it?"

She leans in through the door and asks low, "Would you be willing to take me over toward Stockbridge?"

"Just what I'd planned, sister," says I. "Snuggle in beside Rusty Gillan and tell him what he's to call you beside dearie."

With one foot on the step she stops. "Suppose you don't call me that at all?" says she. "Jenny, perhaps."

"Jenny goes," says I, "and we'll save up the dearie for later on. You listen good to me, and you —— Say, what's the perfume? Wood vi'lets?"

She sort of muffles a chuckle and says, "No, L'issoir Danube. Just a drop on my hair."

"Nifty," says I, sniffin'. "I'm gonna let you take a silk hanky to scent up next time you find the bottle left around careless. Well, now we're off. And say, Jenny, I'm a one-handed driver at night, so don't be afraid of crowdin' me. Here, like this!" And I slips an arm around her waist.

"I wouldn't do that, Rusty," says she, calm and cool, as she shoves the arm away.

"Aw, come!" says I, givin' her a squeeze. "You're gonna like it a lot soon's you get used to it. What's the harm?"

"I prefer that you shouldn't," says she, edgin' away.

If she'd acted peevish about it, or let on to be huffy, I'd just gone right ahead; but she's so quiet and dignified, and seems so sure of herself, that I decides to humor her. Some of these lady's maids do get to behavin' mighty cagy. Have to, you know. And they pick up a lot of fancy airs and talk.

"Well, have it your own way at first," says I. "But my specialty, Jenny girl, is warmin' up the cold ones."

"I can believe it," says she. "Is it Mr. Buell's specialty also?"

"His?" says I. "Say, don't make me laugh."

"But you said he was very busy tonight," says she. "I didn't know ——"

"Listen, girlie," says I, "he's as busy as a guy who's taken lessons by mail in tiger tamin' and has gone into the cage to try it out."

"Oh, not really!" says she. "Just what do you mean though?"

"Say, who are you with, Jenny?" I puts in.

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"With?" says she.

"Yeauh," says I. "Who's your lady boss?"

"Oh, I see!" says she, smotherin' another chuckle. "Why, I'm with Miss Cowden."

"Z-z-z-z!" says I, through my front teeth. "Say, that does make it odd."

"Why?" she asks.

"Don't tell you much, does she?" says I. "Say, this is fruity, this is! You don't get it? Well, I'll try to sketch it out. Here you are, and here I am. We're off joy ridin' together, ain't we? And Miss Cowden—excuse me while I snicker up my cuff—she's the one he's gone into the cage to tame. See?"

That gets a little gasp out of her, and for a minute or so afterwards she don't say a word.

Finally she asks, "Then you think that Miss Cowden is something of a tigress, do you, Rusty?"

"Well, maybe that's a bit strong, but you get the idea," says I. "Kind of a high-strung, high-voltage dame, ain't she?"

"M-m-m-m! Well, perhaps that is a fair description of her," says she.

"'Course," says I, "I'm takin' the boss' word for it. She had him buffaloed all right."

"Did she?" says Jenny.

"Oh, absolutely smeared," says I. "Why, after one short session with her last night he was so downhearted this mornin' that I'll bet if anybody had said 'Boo!' to him he'd have crawled under the bed. Say, your little lady must have handed him some raw ones, accordin' to his account."

"Who did he tell about it?" she asks.

"Why, me, of course," says I. "Ain't I his Romeo secretary and matrimonial coach 'neverything?"

I could feel her stiffen up at that, and for a minute I thought she was gonna get sore about something, but she comes out of it. "Now you're just boasting, Rusty," says she. "What you've said is perfectly absurd."

"It is, eh?" says I. "All right, all right, girlie. We'll let it ride at that. I'm four-flushin'—maybe."

"But I happen to know precisely what did occur last evening," she goes on, "and if Mr. Buell was such a—that is, if he confided in you, you could tell me. Let's hear it."

"Well, it wan't anything serious," says I. "The party didn't get rough, or anything like that. Only the boss starts pullin' his usual line of soft stuff, gushin' over her lovely hair and wonderful eyes, and all that mush; and when he don't get hep to the frappéd looks she shoots his way she simply walks out on him. Flat! Goes to readin' a book. Does that check up with what you heard, Jenny?"

"Yes," says she, sort of gaspy. "It was just—just like that. But I don't quite understand why he should ——"

"Spill it to me?" says I. "Well, for one thing, he's got me rated as an expert. Thinks I know how to handle 'em."

"And he's right, isn't he, Rusty?" she puts in.

"No," says I. "He's dead wrong. Oh, I might have a little luck now and then with the girls around hotels and parlor maids and such; but when I stack up against somebody with real class to 'em, like you, see what a dud I am. Reg'lar washout; eh, Jenny?"

"Oh, I don't know," says she. "But please go on. You don't mean he actually asked you to coach him?"

"Sounds nutty, don't it?" says I. "But he's kind of a big sap, you understand. Oh, he has his good points. Easiest boss I ever had or hope to have—pays me good money, don't keep tabs on the gas, never gets snooty about where I take the bus nights, and acts human generally. But he sure is bugs on gettin' married."

"Wh-a-a-at!" says she. "But you are just guessing about that."

"Guess nothin'!" says I. "I don't have to when he gives it to me straight."

"That is something new though, isn't it?" she asks. "A recent development?"

"Well, he's had the disease for three months now," says I. "That's what I'd call chronic."

She thinks that over for a spell, while the car eats up a stiff grade and then slides down the other side. "Three months!" says she. "It doesn't seem possible. Why, he has barely known Miss Cowden that long."

"Oh, her!" says I. "She's only this week's headliner."

That gets her grabbin' me by the arm. "You mean," says she, "there have been—others?"

"Only one every place we've stopped," says I. "Narragansett Pier, York Harbor, Piney Springs, and so on."

"The wretch!" says she, impetuous.

"Not at all," says I. "He meant business every trip."

"He proposed!" says she. "To all of them?"

"In turn," says I. "Oh, he was a good picker, all right. Too good. Maybe that's why he flivvered so consistent. And it was while he was feelin' low after the last one that he calls on me to tell him where he went wrong. That's how I come to be let in on this coachin' stunt. Now it's Miss Cowden he's after. Say, I wisht I'd known I was gonna meet you tonight, Jenny. I'd had him hold it over until I'd got a few pointers."

"From me?" says she.

"Sure!" says I. "You ought to be a great help. How long you been with her?"

"Oh, years," says she.

"Huh!" says I. "Then you ought to have a good line on her. One of these spoiled society dolls, ain't she?"

"Why, Rusty!" says she. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Just a hunch," says I. "Stunnin' looker, I understand, brought up in Washington, traveled a lot. The kind that men always flock around. They're bound to get snippy and bored like. You know bein' raved over all the time. They get fed up on it, don't they?"

"There is something in that," says she.

"Well, there you are!" says I. "Just how I doped it out to Mr. Buell. And a fat chance he had of gettin' anywhere with her; springin' the same old stuff, only givin' a third-rate performance. No wonder he got her readin' a book. That's why I planned out this new line for him."

"Not really!" says she. "Oh, Rusty! Tell me all about it!"

"Yeauh!" says I. "I can see myself! You're pretty good at the sponge act, ain't you, girlie? Take in everything and give out nothin'. Say, I don't even know what you look like."

"Does it matter how I look?" says she.

"You bet it does," says I. "The boss don't mind my runnin' with good-lookers, but if he thought I was burnin' his gas to cart around some comic-strip exhibit he might get sore. So let's have a squint. Whoa!"

With that I pulls up at the side of the road and flicks on the dash light. And say, after one good look I nearly lost my breath. What's sittin' next to me in the roadster is something worth stretching a neck for any time. Honest, a reg'lar plum blossom! And talk about class! Why, you could tell just by the way she held her chin that she could step into any high-rollin' bunch where she wasn't known and get away with it. Yes, I've picked up some that was easy on the eyes, but this Jenny party had 'em all pushed to the back drop. Not only that, but she dresses the part. In spite of the silk-cape effect that she has pulled around her shoulders I can see that she's in full evenin' regalia.

There's a quizzy pucker to her little mouth as she asks, "Well?"

I stalls around a bit so's to get my balance and lets on I was inspectin' her critical. "Yeauh!" says I. "Eyes are mates, nose and chin seem to team up fairly well, color scheme laid on natural, and no harelip or anything. I expect you'll pass."

"Is that the best you can say of me?" she demands.

"Well, you wasn't lookin' for me to turn any handsprings or start spoutin' poetry, was you?" says I.

"Rusty," says she, "you are rather clever, after all."

"After all what?" says I. "Why tack that on?"

"You are perfectly right," says she. "And you're quite refreshing. If your Mr. Buell could be half as entertaining I'm sure he would get on better."

"Thanks for the kind words, Jenny," says I. "And I gotta admit you're no dead one yourself. Shall we shake on it?"

She gives my hand a little squeeze and then shoves it back on the steerin' wheel. "Suppose we go along," says she.

We'd been under way again for a couple of minutes when she gives a little chuckle. "Why didn't you coach Mr. Buell to say something like that to Miss Cowden?" she asks.

"Maybe I did," says I.

(Continued on Page 124

The Pacific Northwest's New Industrial Center

LONGVIEW

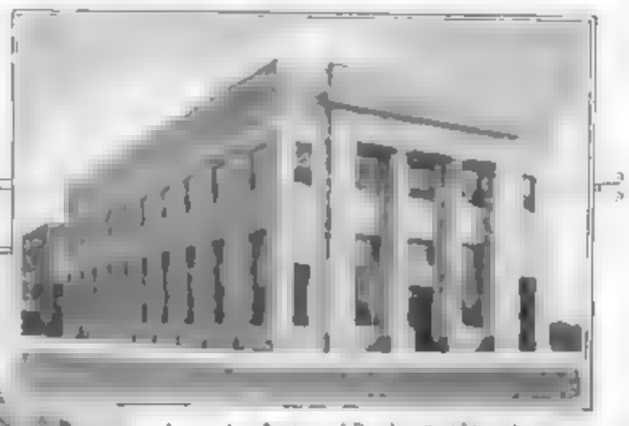
Washington

THE CITY PRACTICAL THAT VISION BUILT

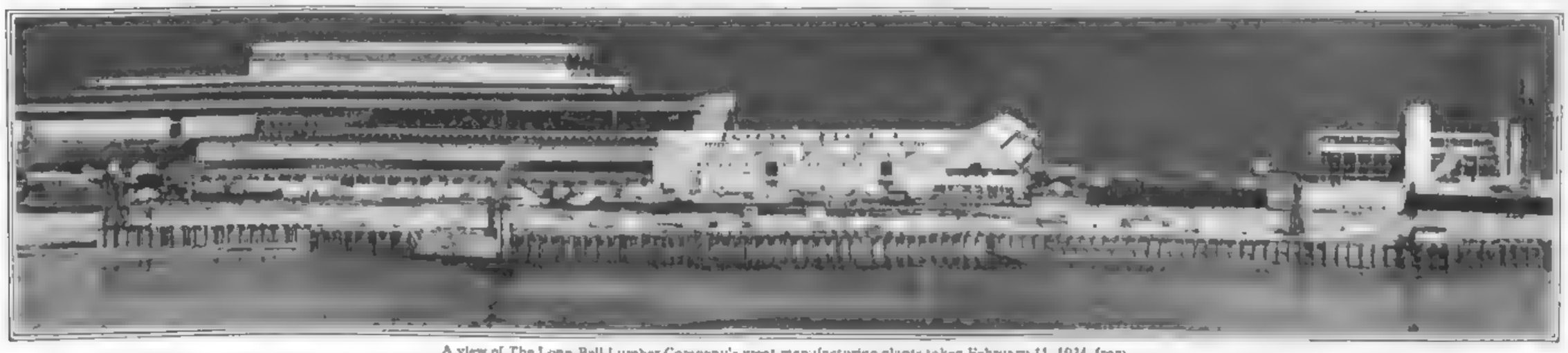
Hotel Monticello in Longview [illegible] fire-proof, 200 rooms with bath—a mecca for tourists.

Commerce Avenue a little more than a year ago marked only by surveyor's stakes

An ocean going freighter unloading cargo at Longview's temporary docks on the Columbia River



Longview National Bank, one of two banks in the new city, with combined deposits of 1 million dollars and 2,500 depositors



A view of The Long Bell Lumber Company's great manufacturing plants taken February 11, 1924, from a point nearly a mile away, on the opposite bank of the Columbia River. This plant will start operations in July. Thirty-four acres of buildings are under roof. The docks in the foreground are 1400 feet in length

LESS than a year ago, there was announced in these columns the beginning of a new industrial city in the Pacific Northwest—Longview, Washington, halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean on the Columbia River. At that time, Longview's chief claims for recognition as a logical site for industries that sought an ideal location in America's fastest growing section were transportation by rail, by river, by sea and by highway; raw materials; fuel and power; accessible markets; and a mild, healthful climate.

Today, Longview has all these and more! Today, Longview is a live, thriving, going, growing city of more than 5,000 population. It has 74 miles of paved, graveled or graded streets; 17 miles of concrete sidewalks; 14 miles of water mains; 22 miles of storm and sanitary sewers; 18 miles electric pole lines; 6 miles underground electrical installation; many permanent business buildings; three modern hotels, one—The Monticello—equal in beauty and service to any in the Pacific Northwest; a modern school, with 850 pupils and 24 teachers; an eight column, eight to twelve page daily newspaper; nearing completion, Columbia River docks with a berthing length of 1,400 feet. The Long-Bell Lumber Company's gigantic fir lumber manufacturing plant, an electric power plant with an ultimate capacity of 36,000 kilowatts; The Longview, Portland and Northern Railroad, under construction, extending in a northerly direction from Longview through a rich agricultural section and opening up one hundred thousand acres of the finest virgin fir timber in the Pacific Northwest; more than 600 homes built, and many others under construction; a "Community House", replete with gymnasium, swimming pool, auditorium, etc., the center of civic and athletic activities for both men and women; churches, lodges; a complete municipal government; modern street lighting system; parks, golf course, tennis courts; boulevards; a post office, less than a year old, advanced from fourth to second class; suburban garden lands opened and being settled.

Such is Longview today!

Located in the heart of the Pacific Northwest with its abundant undeveloped resources, in one of the most rapidly growing sections of that great empire, offering transportation facilities that include rail, river, ocean and paved highways; offering a modern, model community, expertly planned in advance; unexcelled climate; offering ideal industrial sites and other land and business property at reasonable prices—Longview presents a layout of remarkable attractiveness:

—to industries, both large and small, seeking a Pacific Northwest location;

—to persons seeking an ideal place in which to live;

—to suburban farmers, truck growers and dairymen.

Longview should be seen for a proper appreciation. It is in the direct line of summer tourist travel in the midst of wonderful scenic grandeur, at a point where the paved Pacific Highway, running north and south, first meets the famed Columbia River Highway. Three transcontinental railroads—the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern—are at its door; pleasure steamers ply up and down the Columbia River and the mighty Pacific Ocean is but 50 miles to the west. Include Longview in your trip to the Pacific Northwest. Longview will give you a true western welcome and you can see the marvelous spectacle of a great city being built before your eyes.

The Great Long-Bell Plant Starts In July

IN JULY of this year The Long-Bell Lumber Company will begin the operation of its great fir lumber manufacturing plant now nearing completion in Longview. To see it in operation is well worth including Longview in your trip to the Pacific Northwest. This company owns large tracts of fir timber adjacent to the new city and, after a most careful investigation, selected Longview for its great plants because of its perfect location.

Summer railroad rates of approximately ½ fare for the round trip to Longview and other Pacific Northwest Cities in effect May 15.

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THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Wash. Dept. 11

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Did you really?" says she, gigglin' enthusiastic. "But how could you guess that it would—would be effective?"

"Easy," says I. "If the mush line got her yawny, a little razzin' would wake her up, wouldn't it? Anyway, some of the stuff I doped out for him ought to give her a jolt. I expect he's at it about now. I wonder how he's makin' out. Say, you must have seen her just before dinner. How was she then?"

"As to disposition?" says she. "Well, none too good. She'd had a letter that seemed to upset her considerably. She tore it into little bits and threw it into the waste-basket. In fact, she was in rather a temper when she went down."

"Good night!" says I. "And I'll bet the boss won't have any better sense than to —— Oh, well! What he don't know about women!"

"And what you do; eh, Rusty?" she puts in.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I don't hafta know much. I'm sittin' pretty, ain't I? I'm headed for a dance, and I got a partner that I expect can do some swell steppin'. How about it, Jenny?"

"To a dance?" says she. "Oh, I'm sorry, but I really can't."

"Well, what's to hinder?" says I. "I'll say you're dressed zippy enough for an annual ball, and didn't you ask me to take you over toward Stockbridge? Well, the hall's only a couple of miles off."

"But you see," says she, "I must deliver a message for—for Miss Cowden; something she couldn't phone, you know. And she didn't want to ask for a car. So I had to get over here somehow and—and when you called to me ——"

"I get you," says I. "Don't worry. There'll be other dances when you ain't so busy. Now where you gotta go?"

"To the Wiltons'," says she. "It's a big, low stone house quite a bit back from the road. We must be near it now. There! Up where all those lights are."

So I turns in the next driveway and shifts into second for the climb up the hill.

"You gonna call for Mr. or for Mrs. Wilton?" I asks.

"For neither," says she. "For a Mr. Burton."

"Oh, yes!" says I. "He's the butt-in guy that used to crowd out Mr. Buell. But him and Miss Cowden have had a bust up, ain't they?"

"Yes," says she, sort of low and choky.

"And he's picked him another sweetie," I goes on. "Engaged, I hear."

"No!" says she, snappy. "That is, I—I don't believe he is. But I must get a message to him—tonight."

"That's simple," says I. "Send a note, did she?"

"No," says she. "But I know what to say if I can manage to have him called out without being seen myself."

"Why couldn't I do that?" says I. "I might tell the butler there was a party outside that had a message for Mr. Burton."

"Rusty, you're a dear!" says she, pattin' my arm.

Maybe I am. Anyway the ones I've seen didn't act like they had a whole lot of sense. Know what I let myself in for by that play? Well, I stops the car under a tree and trails up to the front door and calls for Mr. Burton. He's a tall good-lookin' sport with keen eyes and a fightin' chin. First off he's a little suspicious about followin' me when I don't say who he's to meet, but after sizin' up my five feet three he hunches his shoulders and comes along.

She's a tricky one, this Jenny. She must have climbed out and followed me part way up, for me and Mr. Burton are only halfway down to the car when she hails me from the shadow of a bush.

"Thank you, Rusty," says she. "Will you wait in the car for me?"

At that she steps out, whispers something to Burton, and off they go up one of the paths leadin' toward the flower garden. I heard him gasp out somethin' that sounds like "Jenny!" when he first sees her, so he must have known who she was all right.

And it couldn't have been any short message she was deliverin'. I waited ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. Then I smoked a couple of cigarettes and waited some more. Finally she appears sudden from nowhere and taps on the windshield.

"I am so sorry," says she. "Have I been long? But Dick Burton's such an old stupid that he had to have everything explained over and over."

"Got it through his head after a while, did you?" says I.

"Oh, yes!" says she, indulgin' in a chirky little laugh.

"Didn't happen to find out," I asks, "if he was engaged to the new one?"

"He's not," says she. "Positively."

"Huh!" says I. "Then he might be chasin' over to see Miss Cowden again. Maybe you fixed it up?"

"Possibly I did," says she, with another ripply little laugh.

"Ouch!" says I. "Looks like I'd helped you do your lady a good turn and frozen the gears for my boss at the same time. If I've double-crossed Mr. Buell ——"

"You haven't, Rusty," says she. "And I'm going to tell you a secret that I've known all along. Your Mr. Buell never did have a chance."

"Oh, in that case," says I, "we'll just forget it. Only I hope he didn't get himself in very bad tonight."

"I doubt if he did," says she.

"Well, now you've got that off your chest," says I, "how about droppin' in for a couple of fox trots?"

"You deserve them, Rusty," says she, "but I must hurry back."

"'Course," says I. "Miss Cowden will want to get your report. And if she ain't already finished with the boss, couldn't you kinda hint to her to let him down easy?"

"I shall tell her I shall give notice if she doesn't," says she.

"Say, you're a reg'lar pal, Jenny," says I. "Too bad we ain't due to be on the same pay roll."

That seems to tickle her a lot. In fact, all the way home she's hummin' kinda happy and contented, and now and then she stops to chuckle soft to herself. Even when I kids her about borrowin' one of Miss Cowden's party dresses she don't get sore.

"Oh, I often do," says she. "I would like to see you in one of Mr. Buell's golf suits."

"You couldn't," says I, "unless you peeked in through the top."

Also I got a near hug and a pat on the cheek when I let her out at the gate. Some girl! Seemed like I'd known her a month, yet as I backs the bus into my stall in the garage I notices that it's only a little after ten. But I'd had a busy evenin' and I wondered if the boss had had the same.

I don't often go sleuthin' around just apurpose to see what he's up to either, but this time I thought I might as well cruise down and take a slant in through the windows and up and down the verandas. That's what I was doin' when I bumps into somebody that comes stridin' across the lawn with his head down.

It's the boss.

"That you, Rusty?" he growls.

"Yes, sir," says I. "Just gettin' a little air before turnin' in. Fine evening, Mr. Buell."

"For what?" says he.

"Oh!" says I. "Don't tell me the new line didn't work."

"Never had a chance to use it," says he. "She dodged me right after dinner and I haven't caught a glimpse of her since. Had to talk to that old bore from Louisville. Rusty, I've heard all about tobacco, from the seed to the cigar ashes. But that wasn't the way I'd planned to spend the evening."

"No, sir," says I.

He starts along toward the front of the house and I falls into step with him.

"She must be somewhere around the place," says he, half to himself. "Or if she went out she's bound to come back. And I want to have a talk with her tonight while I can remember what I've got to say."

"Gettin' kinda late," I suggests.

"I don't care if it's morning," says he. "I intend to find Jean Cowden and —— Why, there she is now!"

"Where?" says I, starin'.

"There!" says he, pointin' in through the open French windows of the south sun porch.

"Excuse me, Mr. Buell," says I, "but that ain't Miss Cowden."

"What!" says he, steppin' closer and starin' in. "If it isn't Jean Cowden then I'd like to have you tell me who it is."

"Sure!" says I. "It's her maid."

"Eh?" says he.

"Name's Jenny," says I.

"Rusty," says he, "either you are crazy or I am. We'll soon see."

And he starts around toward the side door. "Wait, Mr. Buell!" I whispers husky. "Don't pull any bone like that. Honest, I know her."

"Oh, do you?" says he. "But I understood you to say only this noon that you had never seen Miss Cowden."

"That's right," says I. "I ain't."

"Well," says he, "I know them both. Her maid has a round fat face, and popped blue eyes, and her name is Olga. You'd better go to bed, Rusty. I am going in to have a talk with Jean Cowden—a razzy talk. Wish me luck."

"I do," says I. "You're gonna need it."

Did I stop and watch? I did not. I ain't got that much nerve. Besides, things was spinnin' around inside my head and I wanted to get off where I could be quiet and get 'em straightened out. So my evenin' pick-up had been Miss Cowden herself. Gosh! What was it I'd said to her? What hadn't I said to her! Say, maybe I hadn't been bunked good and plenty. And me toutin' myself for a girl expert! Oh, Luella! Tellin' her how I was coachin' the boss 'neverything. Not only that, but askin' her to go to a public-hall dance and tryin' to cuddle her up! Boy, boy, what a crust!

But say, come to think of it, she didn't take it so bad. Oh, she put me in my place easy enough, and kept me there, but it wasn't such a poor excursion at that. A good time was had by both, I guess. So there couldn't have been anything absolutely cheesy about my line. Anyway, I near got hugged at the finish. Thinkin' of which helps me doze off pleasant, in spite of them two Swedes doin' their airplane-motor imitation in the next room.

Prompt at seven A.M. I'm called to the house phone. And half asleep as I was I could have forecasted the order. It's from Mr. Buell.

"We are leaving right after an early breakfast, Rusty," says he.

"Yes, sir," says I. "We usually do."

When I gets my bacon and eggs I sees that the fair Annie has a grouch on, partly because she's been routed out at that hour, and partly on account of bein' kept in last night. But somehow, after havin' that close-up of Miss Cowden, Annie don't look like such a cuteums to me. I let her pout. Finally she slams down a square cream-tinted envelope in front of me.

"That was left for you," says she.

I opens it with the end of my coffee spoon and squints in. There are two yellowbacks inside and a sheet of note paper with a few words written neat. "I did let him off easily, for your sake," it says. And it's signed, "Jenny."

"I expect you found somebody else to go ridin' with you last night," says Annie, watchin' me pouty.

"I'll say I did," says I. "And next time you see that housekeeper of yours, Annie, I wish you'd do something."

"What?" says she.

"Give her a kiss for me," says I.

I was expectin' to find Mr. Buell in the dumps too, but he's almost cheerful. He don't open up any about last evenin' though, so after we'd covered ten or a dozen miles I gives him a chance.

"I take it the razz system didn't work so swell'" says I.

"Well, I should hardly say that," says he. "It barely had an opportunity to be tried. Miss Cowden was in quite a different mood. She was very kindly and very gracious. We are—er—going to be friends."

"Ye-e-es?" says I. "Well, it might be she'd already promised to hook up with some other guy—maybe that Burton fellow."

The boss gazes over at me sharp for a second and then he sort of shakes his head. "Rusty," says he, "I am almost led to suspect that you know either too much about my love affairs or too little."

"Funny!" says I. "I had the same suspicion. But the slate's clean just now, ain't it, Mr. Buell?"

"Quite," says he. "We will drive up to Manchester and see how near I can come to breaking eighty on Ekwanok."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE BUSINESS OF VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from Page 19)

two or three weeks in this fashion, waiting for all the bookers to see it. Then it will lay off after the bookers decide whether or not they can use it in their theaters and also what it is worth to them. The bookers have a conference every week, at which all new acts are taken up and thoroughly discussed. If possible an offering price is set and then they are ready to do business with the agent. Meanwhile the act has to be kept together, and this of course costs money. In the case of a production act—that is, one which requires any extras in the way of costumes and scenery—there has already been a considerable outlay, waiting to be paid off.

Eventually, if the act proves satisfactory to the various bookers and a price is finally set which meets with the approval of all concerned, a tentative route is laid out, contracts are signed and the act begins to work in earnest. A few acts, if they prove sensationally good, are routed through for the entire season, but most of them get routed about six weeks at a time, and then, if they have gone over all right, are given additional booking. There are even some acts that are booked only from week to week. Some people, I understand, prefer this week-to-week booking, as it leaves them free to accept something more lucrative if they get a chance.

Keith, Orpheum and the subsidiary circuit acts work on what is called a play-or-pay contract, which is mutually operative. That is, if an act is booked for four weeks, let us say, and at the end of the first week the bookers decide they do not care for it, they must pay its full salary for the remaining weeks unless they play out the time. On the other hand, if it is the act which should break the contract, then the act must pay the booking office the amount of its salary for the number of weeks it has canceled.

Two outstanding examples of the working of this play-or-pay contract, which is a most equitable arrangement, have occurred within the past season, one illustrating each side of it. In the fall the famous emotional star, Nazimova, was playing a one-act piece in vaudeville, and when she reached the Palace, New York, with it, it was canceled after the first performance. Mme. Nazimova's contract still had five weeks to run, at three thousand dollars a week. On Monday night she was given a check for fifteen thousand dollars and taken off the bill.

Also in the fall, Bert Wheeler, an excessively funny comedian, who only recently has begun to get the recognition that should have come to him long ago, canceled several weeks of Keith booking to accept an engagement for his wife and himself in the Ziegfeld Follies. Mr. Wheeler at once sent the booking office his check for the full amount of his salary for the canceled weeks. The office, I understand, returned it to him, congratulating him upon his success, but he sent it back, wishing to live up to the letter of his contract. Whether or not they kept it the second time I do not know.

An average of thirty weeks' work a year on the Keith, Orpheum or allied circuits is considered a pretty fair estimate. To corroborate my own observation I interviewed several performers and they all agreed on this approximate average. Of course if the acts wished to fill in the extra time with engagements on opposition circuits they could do so, but it might be difficult for them to obtain booking on the regular circuits when they were ready to come back.

These statements naturally do not have a universal application. There are certain headline acts that could work fifty-two weeks a year if they wanted to, and for which the break-in period, with weeks of semi-idleness at full expense, is a thing of the dim and distant past. But of the twenty thousand-odd vaudevillians in America, there are probably not more than three hundred who are of sufficient importance to escape these conditions. There is a story current on Broadway—it has been current for years, I suppose—about a theatrical manager who, going to his club one night, was told that an actor in his employ had just been in the club, considerably the worse for liquor, and had said a great many uncomplimentary things about the manager.

The manager was furious and dashed wildly to the home of his partner.

"What do you think of that ungrateful dog," he exploded, "turning on me after all I've done for him! Why, where would he be if it weren't for me? But I'll fix him, the dirty hound! He'll never get another

(Continued on Page 129

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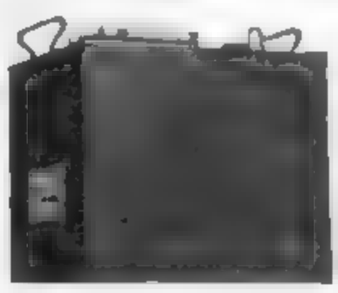

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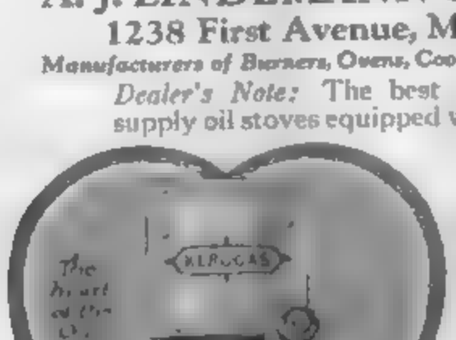
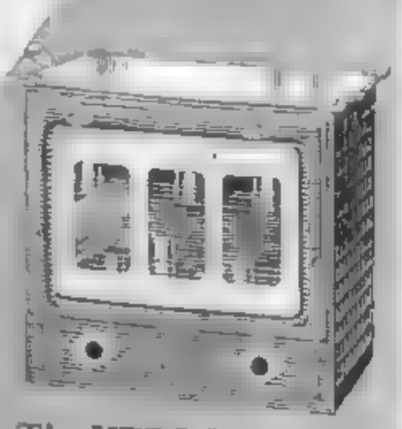


Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner



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(Continued from Page 125)

engagement with this firm again, not as long as I'm a member of it—unless we absolutely need him."

Vaudeville is no different in that respect from any other industry. If they absolutely need an act they'll take it upon its own terms, even though the act has infringed upon some of their pet rules. That's only natural. But that applies to only a limited number.

As for the rest, the approach to a season's work is just about the way I have described it, and the thirty weeks' average is a fair mean between the headliner who has more work than he wants and the poor little hanger-on who lays off three weeks to every one he plays.

The financial machinery involved in the booking of an act is tremendously interesting, and I think altogether unique.

Let us take a standard act in which three people appear and, for the purposes of our figuring, set the price of the act at one thousand dollars a week. That is the figure that appears on the regular contract which the head of the act signs when the turn is routed. It is interesting to trace the path of that thousand dollars and see where it goes.

Although the contract reads a thousand dollars, the act is never paid that sum. Nine hundred is the most it gets. By the way, the act is not paid by the booking office itself but by each theater at which it plays. Every house on the circuit is a separate corporation, and the act has to sign a separate contract with each one as well as with the booking office.

Before the house manager makes out the act's pay check for the week he deducts 5 per cent, which is a commission paid to the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange, or to the Orpheum Circuit, Inc., as the case may be, for booking the act into the theaters of the circuit. That reduces the thousand to nine hundred and fifty before the act even sees the money.

But there is still the agent to consider. He has to be paid for the services he rendered in getting employment for the act, and his commission, according to a law passed some years ago, is 5 per cent. This, by a regulation of the booking office, is automatically deducted from the pay check, so that by the time the head of the act receives the check it is down to nine hundred dollars.

There are two apparent reasons for the booking office's function in collecting the agent's commission. One is to make sure that the agent is paid regularly; actors are supposed to be rather careless about money matters. The other is to protect the performer, to make sure that he is not made to pay the agent more than the stipulated 5 per cent. In former days, before vaudeville was on the solid footing it is today, there were wildcat agents, unscrupulous men who would gouge the performers and get away with it.

Nicking the Pay Check

The Keith and Orpheum heads, seeking to prevent this, established two bureaus—the Vaudeville Collection Agency, which operates for Keith's, and the Excelsior Collection Agency, which operates for the Orpheum. When the manager deducts the agent's fee from the weekly salary he sends it to either of these agencies, according to which circuit he is on, and the agency pays the agent.

No agent is permitted to collect his own commission. He must abide by the rules of the organization or else he will be deprived of his franchise and banned from the booking floor, either temporarily or permanently, according to the seriousness of his misdemeanor.

Naturally, considerable expense is involved in the operation of the collection agencies, and to meet this a charge of 50 per cent of the 5 per cent commission is made by the Vaudeville Collection Agency or the Excelsior Collection Agency for services rendered to the agent. That leaves the agent with only 2½ per cent commission from the act, and a little mental arithmetic reveals the fact that out of every thousand dollars the booking office pays an act it gets back seventy-five. And the funny thing about it is that the performers evidently would rather sign a contract for a thousand dollars and have seventy-five of it reverted to the office at once, than sign a contract for nine hundred and twenty-five dollars and keep it all. It sounds nicer to say you have a thousand-dollar contract, even if the people you tell it to know the exact circumstances.

There is an additional complication in a great many cases, according to a well-established belief. Many agents, it is alleged, although not all of them, dissatisfied with the 2½ per cent which is left for them after paying the collection agencies, demand and receive additional payment. To get around the law in such cases—the law forbidding more than 5 per cent to be collected for the securing of employment, no matter how many agents are involved—this money is paid ostensibly for services other than the ones rendered in securing the employment.

When this additional payment is made it is done without the sanction or even the official recognition of the booking office. There have been cases of agents who were caught too flagrantly transacting this extra-legal business and who were either suspended or expelled from the booking floor.

I do not know precisely what sums the agents are supposed to get this way, but in the stories I hear, the amount varies from 2½ to 10 per cent over and above the initial amount.

So, out of the nine hundred dollars gross which the head of the act collects at the end of the week, it is possible, although not certain, that he will have to pay his agent another twenty-five or fifty dollars. Then he has to pay the railroad fare, salaries of the two other people in the act, and other expenses which quite properly come under the head of profit and loss.

The Vaudeville Accolade

Now there is another element which creeps into the complicated mathematics of the vaudevillian. All the above calculations have been based on the salary of one thousand dollars, as contracted for, on the assumption that all theaters in which the act plays will pay the full salary. That, however, is not an altogether correct assumption. Of all the theaters on the two circuits, there are only about half—perhaps a little more than half—which pay full salaries. The others are known as cut-week houses. That is to say, for any one of a number of reasons, houses cannot afford to pay a thousand dollars to an act which has contracted for that weekly sum. But the house would like to play the act at seven hundred and fifty. How about it? The acts always take the cut, because a cut week is better than an idle week and there aren't enough full-week houses to go round.

In New York it is a great honor to play the Palace. It means everything, and I am quite sure there are some small-time vaudevillians who would gladly play there for nothing, who would be willing to pay a bonus, if they could get a week's booking at that house. Just as it is the ambition of every social aspirant to see her name in the Social Register and to be invited to an Astor or a Vanderbilt function as the final accolade, so it is the ambition of every vaudeville trouper to see his name some day in the Palace line-up and to park his mangy trunk in one of the dressing rooms, even though it may be up under the roof, of that theater. To sit idly in the lobby of the N.V.A. of a morning, to be asked by a fellow trouper where you are playing this week, and to say, as you casually flick the ashes off your cigarette, "Oh, the Palace. And, believe me, kid, we knocked 'em dead." What a blissful dream!

Though this is largely a manifestation of that curious vanity indigenous to the acting temperament, it is not altogether that. Playing the Palace spells professional opportunity as well as social success. All the biggest bookers are in the theater every Monday afternoon and a successful appearance there means more and better work. In addition to that, a large number of Broadway producers have scouts who attend the Palace religiously each week, to catch new acts, and a considerable amount of theatrical history has been made that way. However, more of that anon.

It is easy to see, then, why an act will play the Palace for perhaps 25 per cent, perhaps 33 per cent, less than the sum its contract calls for. As for the other theaters that are cut weeks, their reasons vary. Usually it is because the house comes under the classification of a sick house; business is not good enough to warrant paying the acts full salary.

The amount of the cut varies too. The same act might be cut different amounts in two different theaters, or two acts, both

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THE LOCKED-IN RECORD of the Standard Manifolding Register guards *your* profits. It insures, that all the money from every cash sale goes into the cash drawer; that every time the cash drawer is opened a record is made; that all charge sales are entered on your books; that all C. O. D. collections are turned in; and that a clear, concise record is made of each disbursement.

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We will tell you how easily and inexpensively you can install a Standard System; or, how you can incorporate any part of a Standard System with your present systems. We will show you how Standard Systems will *make* money for you by *saving* money—how they will guard *your* profits. Just put a check-mark on the coupon opposite the systems you would like to see. We will send these systems FREE, together with sample forms, and with complete information about each.

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Without obligation, send me outline of system and samples of forms showing:

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The Self-Starter and Self-Stopper

In an emergency, you have no time to think of your cleaner, and you don't need to think of the OHIO. Simply raising the handle stops the motor, and the cleaner stands without propping. Afterwards, lower the handle to natural working position, and the motor starts. No other cleaner has these exclusive features

OHIO TUEC

The Only Cleaner With the Self-Starter

Before YOU buy ANY cleaner, ask the salesman about these eleven essential points. Don't WISH you had, later on!

1. Has it a self-starter? Will the motor start when you lower the handle and stop when you raise it?
   Thousands of women claim that the self-starter makes the OHIO the safest and most convenient of all cleaners.
2. Has it really powerful suction? Will it readily pick up hair, threads, litter, and deep-imbedded dirt without the help of its brush?
   The new OHIO has such tremendous suction. All the motor's power is concentrated on the FAN. The motor is not slowed down to accommodate the brush, which is traction-driven in the new OHIO.
3. Has it, in addition, a gently revolving carpet-sweeper-action brush, to pick up lint and ravelings, and to harmlessly straighten and brighten the nap without making the cleaner hard to push?
   The new OHIO has such a brush (not motor-driven) which positively will not harm the finest silken rugs, even if the cleaner is left running indefinitely on one spot.
4. Is it light enough to carry and use easily?
   The new OHIO is exceptionally light and handy to use. Even a small child can operate it, or carry it up or down stairs with ease.
5. Can it be carried upstairs without spilling dirt? Has it an automatic dust-shutter in the throat of the cleaner?
   The new OHIO has an automatic dust-shutter which positively prevents dirt from dropping back on the floor when the cleaner is being lifted or carried.
6. Is the dust-bag easy to empty and clean? Has the bag only a one-end opening so that you can empty it right in the room, without scattering dust? Can the bag be washed without injury, or readily turned inside out, without soiling the hands?
   The new OHIO has such a dust-bag.
7. Will it do really effective cleaning with the attachments? Has it the proper tool for every practical use?
   The unusually strong suction of the new OHIO makes every attachment exceptionally efficient. And there's an attachment for every practical use.
8. Will it clean in corners and along baseboards?
   The nozzle of the new OHIO cleans up close to baseboards, corners and furniture, yet without injuring them.
9. Will it clean stairs?
   The handle of the new OHIO locks at any angle required for cleaning stairsteps and other difficult places.
10. Can its nozzle be easily adjusted?
    The new OHIO can be adjusted to clean long- or short-nap carpets or bare floors.
11. Has it any electrical connections in the handle, such as switches and electric wiring?
    The new OHIO has not. Its electrical connections are entirely outside its wooden handle. This not only reassures those who have unwarranted fear of electrical devices, but makes the cord very easy to get at, if repairs are ever needed.

The complete story of this unusual cleaner and the pitfalls to avoid when buying a cleaner are treated in the free booklet, "Good Housecleaning." It also tells you how to do your housework with less effort. Write for it.

The United Electric Company, Canton, Ohio
SINCE 1909
In Canada, The United Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
Also makers of TUEC Stationary, TUEC Truck and TUEC Swimming-Pool Cleaners

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Built as Women Wanted It Built

salaried at the same figure, might be cut different amounts while playing on the same bill.

To return for a moment to the booking: There is one other method by which a new act occasionally finds work on the circuit. Every Thursday morning the stage of the Palace is turned over to aspiring performers, professional and amateur alike, who wish to demonstrate what they can do by way of entertainment. These Thursday-morning tryouts are open to everybody, and simply by sending their names to the young man in charge, aspirants are given a date upon which they may appear. The office supplies a pianist to do any accompanying that may be needed and the bookers try to be on hand in case anything really good turns up.

On the whole, though, the people who try out this way are pretty hopeless, and I can think at the moment of only one act that got its start this way. Any fiction writer with a flair for tragi-comedy could get material enough for a lifetime by attending a dozen or so of these sessions.

A word about the National Vaudeville Artists, the fraternal organization of the vaudevillian, before turning to the more alluring subject of showmanship. The N. V. A. was organized in May, 1916, and the building of the present clubhouse, with living accommodations for several hundred, was begun by the now defunct White Rats and taken over and completed by E. F. Albee. Dues have been ten dollars a year all along, although recently they have been raised to twenty-five, and the benefits, in addition to the purely social privileges, include a life-insurance policy of one thousand dollars, and necessary care in case of sickness, accident or other distress. Since the founding of the organization, financial aid amounting to $521,174 has been given and life-insurance policies to the sum of $110,000. Fred Stone, although not at the moment a vaudevillian, is president of the N. V. A.

The art of booking is a very difficult one, and a really good booking man must be gifted with a rare and unusual combination of talents. He must be at once a sound business man, a diviner of the public mind and a mechanical expert. For there are three things to consider in the assembling of a vaudeville show—its cost, which must be kept within a certain budget; its variety, which, after all, is the essence of vaudeville; and its feasibility from the backstage point of view.

There is one word used by the profession to describe the combination of these talents, and that word is showmanship. It is one of those qualities that people either have or have not, like blue eyes or brown hair. A good booking man is a good showman, and as such he is worth a pretty high salary to his employers. Some of them earn as much as three hundred dollars a week.

A Little of Everything

The primary consideration in laying out a bill, of course, is to give the audience a taste of everything. The booker has to be thoroughly familiar with hundreds of acts, so that he can tell almost instantaneously upon being offered a certain turn whether it will fit into any one of the programs he is laying out at the moment. A bill is built around its headliner, and in big-time theaters there may be anywhere from seven to nine acts on a program, with five acts for the small-time houses.

Most vaudeville shows have at least two featured players, and though literally only one of them can be termed a headliner—the one whose name appears on the top of the program—the term has come to have a generic meaning and is applied to all featured acts. Big theaters like the Palace have as many as four and five great names on one bill. Of course they are stars of varying magnitudes, which, by the way, provides a delicate little problem for the manager in the matter of dressing rooms, but stars they all are.

In an ordinary good-size house there must be two headliners anyway, one for each half of the bill. One of the two must provide the chief comedy note of the bill, and that act is always scheduled to appear next to the last turn. Next to closing, as it is technically called, is the best location on the program and the one which every comedy act aims at. The next best spot is Number Four, in the first half of the bill, although the act which just precedes intermission, and which perversely enough is called closing intermission, is regarded as a favorable position for a comedian. The single-woman act, usually a singing comédienne, also gets the next-to-closing spot.

Both closing and opening intermission are considered good spots for what are known as flash acts—full-stage acts with special scenery, lots of costumes and lighting effects, tending toward ostentation in production. Every well-balanced vaudeville bill today boasts at least one act of this type. Number Three is also considered a good position for this kind of act, which may be a dancing turn, or a condensed musical comedy, or perhaps a famous jazz band, one of the kind that earns a reputation for great showmanship by the simple process of running a toy choo-choo train across the back drop while the saxophones and clarinets take up the chorus of I'm Going Way Down South.

Then there must be a good musical act, either instrumental or vocal, on the bill. If there is a jazz band the other musical act is more likely to be a singing act, but not infrequently it will be a concert violinist or pianist. Second-before-closing, if the artist's name is a big one, and Number Three if he or she is rather obscure from the standpoint of vaudeville, are the most likely positions.

The inevitable team—which may be two smart-Aleck young men or two harmonizing imitators of Van and Schenck, or two hoofers, or a man and a girl engaged in one of those incredible flirtations that take place only on the vaudeville stage, or one of the sister acts that romp coyly across the stage and talk baby talk to the orchestra conductor—usually occupies second place on the bill. Opening and closing the show, of course, are always dumb acts—acrobats, wire walkers, jugglers, trained animals, magicians, and so on.

Laying Out a Program

Dramatic or comedy sketches, which used to abound in vaudeville and which are still found rather frequently except in cities like New York and Chicago, usually fill the three spot unless they are serving as a vehicle for some big name from the movies or the legitimate stage, in which case they are more likely to open or close intermission, although sometimes they have the coveted second-before-closing spot.

A tentative bill will be laid out on paper by the booker, but a bill that looks fine on paper, even if it fits into his weekly budget for that theater, does not always line up satisfactorily on the stage. That is where his practical and mechanical knowledge comes in. It is not enough to have a bill that will afford the audience as great a variety of entertainment as possible. It must at the same time work into the backstage arrangements. Obviously in a vaudeville theater the scenery for one act must be set while another act is on the stage. Consequently there must not be too many full-stage acts. As a rule the booker tries to have the acts alternate, so that a full-stage act follows one played down in front of the olio, or, technically, in one.

The first act is always a full-stage act, and the second an act in one. While that turn is on, the stage is being set for Number Three, which can therefore be a full-stage act. Of course these arrangements are not absolutely arbitrary; often an act will open in one and go into full stage along about the middle of the act, or an act will open with a full-stage set and close in one to accommodate a full-stage act which follows.

Here are three examples of what seem to me to be average shows—one of a nine-act show and one of a seven, for big time, and one of a five-act show for small time. The seven-act bill, which is more likely to be found in an Orpheum theater, is usually run without intermission, while the five acts are followed by a feature film.

The nine-act bill:

1—Acrobats—full stage.
2—Song-and-dance team—in 1.
3—Flash act—revue, girl show, etc.—full stage.
4—Smart comedy talking act—in 1.
5—A jazz band—full stage.

INTERMISSION AND NEWS REEL

6—Good musician—in 1.
7—Sketch with a big name—full stage.
8—Strong comedy single—in 1.
9—Animal act—full stage.

The seven-act bill:

1—Posing act—full stage.
2—Two act—in 1.
3—Sketch—full stage.

(Continued on Page 133)

The story of two men who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru school together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theatre Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

Then, along in their fourth business year, there came a change. One said: "After all, this business game is pretty tough. It's a fight. I wonder what I can do about it."

He insured himself against failure

He found in the Alexander Hamilton Institute a definite plan of business reading which gave him a new impulse and new self-confidence. As an extra locomotive, hitched to a train, makes its power felt from the first moment, he was conscious *immediately* that a new, fresh force was at work for his business progress.

He talked to his friend about it, and the friend was interested. "Probably a good thing," he said, in his easy-going way. But the matter never went further, and gradually the two found that their interests were diverging. Both were working harder than ever. But one was thinking; and in the office the executives watched them both and saw that one of them *did* think.

So one man began to forge ahead

Ten years passed, and somewhat to their surprise they found themselves at the threshold of middle age. One of them has arrived. He has the big satisfaction of succeeding while he is still young. The other still works and wonders, and does not quite understand.

Ten years look long, but they pass with almost unbelievable rapidity. Will you, in justice to yourself, spend fifteen minutes with the question: "Where will I be in business ten years from now?"

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Only a training vitally sound and practical could have the endorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. They are:

DR. JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; GENERAL T. COLEMAN DU PONT, the well known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; and DR. JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the statistician and economist.

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We should like to send you a little book called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—an interesting book of facts.

When you have read it quietly, without pressure or haste, you may decide that the Institute has something of value to offer you. This may be true if you are president of a corporation (more than 27,000 presidents and business heads have followed the Course and are enthusiastic about it). It may be equally true if you are at the very beginning of your career, for among the 200,000 men enrolled are some whose business position and salary were precisely like yours.

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THIS HAPPENED TO MR. J. M. G.
—and then he got a Philco. What experience embarrassing and dangerous you had with just ordinary batteries!

"Humiliating? Well, rather! —*and then I got my Philco!*"

"We were married in a certain well-known little church in New York. * * * In the excitement of making a quick get-a-way, I stalled the engine. Then my battery 'died.' * * * Humiliating? Well, rather! Right there I resolved it wouldn't happen again. And then I got *my* Philco!" J. M. G., Ottawa, Canada.

Whether on traffic-jammed streets, over railroad crossings or on lonely roads at night—*you can depend on a Philco.* No humiliating experiences. No hand-cranking ordeals. No battery "flunking" where it means distress or actual danger.

Everybody can now own a full-size full-powered battery made by Philco. Exchange prices range from $15.95 up, depending on type and geographical location.

The famous oversize type, equipped with Philco Slotted Retainers and guaranteed for two years, is the longest-life, lowest-cost-per-month-of-service battery built. And it now costs you less to buy than ever before. Look in your phone book for "Philco Battery Sales and Service" or write us.

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Battery [illegible] voltage [illegible] Price $8.00*
Philco Single Charger [illegible] 5.00*

Batteries for standard 6 volt [illegible] 16.00*
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Double pole throw [illegible] switch included free with either [illegible]

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Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck · Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives · Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 130)

4—Jazz singer with accompanist—in 1.
5—Big dancing act—full stage.
6—Comedy single—in 1.
7—Trapeze act—full stage.

The small-time show:

1—Bicycle act—full stage.
2—A pair of hoofers—in 1.
3—The five musical whoozis—full stage.
4—Comedy team or a single—in 1.
5—Acrobats—full stage.

Of course it is not quite so inflexible in rotation as this, but on the whole the booking man has to be considerable of a juggler when he lays out the bill on paper, and as for the house manager, who has the actual job of putting on a good well-balanced show, he has to be a wizard.

Even after the show actually starts, his troubles may not be over. Often after the Monday matinée the whole bill has to be rearranged, and sometimes it has to be tried two or three different ways before it is set. I remember one week at the Palace when the bill was rearranged at nearly every performance. There were about six full-stage acts, one of them a marionette show with very complicated machinery, and the Monday matinée was a succession of stage waits. Fortunately for the management, the headliner that week was Irene Franklin, who is not a temperamental lady, or there would have been real trouble, for each time she came in she found herself scheduled for a different spot.

There is also the running time of a show to consider. People begin to get restless after five o'clock in the afternoon and eleven at night, and it is poor showmanship to let a bill run much beyond those hours. Acts are sometimes asked to curtail their offering by a minute or two in order to come within the time limit, and there have been occasions when acts have been canceled after the first or second show, because the bill was too hopelessly long. This is another time when the advantage of the play-or-pay contract manifests itself.

On Monday afternoons the house manager sits in the audience and reviews the show. He takes notes and goes backstage at the close of the performance to make any necessary adjustments on the bill. He also sends to the home office a complete report, in which he makes a record of each act, its running time, his own reactions to it and its reception by the audience. This report is mailed at once to the booking office, where it is filed for future reference. In this way the booking heads know at all times what is going on all over the circuit.

The Publicity End

If by any chance there is some material used in an act which strikes the manager as objectionable, he can order it out. This, too, he reports to the booking office, which keeps a complete record of cuts, and checks up on the acts every now and then. There are certain things which are officially out, all over the circuit, such as ordinary swear words and all reference to physical defects which might hurt the feelings of someone in the audience. As for the rest, what is objectionable is decided mainly by the point of view of the local manager, and it is amusing to note that a line which was considered too rough in Boston got by all right in Kansas City, while a situation that was regarded in Kansas City as too risqué attracted no unfavorable attention in Boston.

All publicity and photographic service for the two circuits is done from the main office in New York. An organization known as the Photograph and Press Bureau, which operates for the Keith and Orpheum circuits alike, collects from the artists their photographs which are to be used for lobby display, and sends them out ahead of the act to the various house managers, who are supposed to return them at the end of the week. This department, which is most efficiently run by John Pollock, brother of Channing Pollock, the playwright, also sends to the managers a billing sheet which gives details of each act—what type of act it is, how many people are in it, how many dressing rooms needed, what props if any, and other quite important information. This billing sheet also contains a paragraph or two of press matter, as well as the descriptive line that goes under the act's name on the program, as, for instance, "East and West, the Boys with a Smile. Snappy Dressers On and Off."

Although some of the houses on the circuits have their individual publicity men, they are supplied, even lavished, with press matter from the Special Promotion Bureau in New York, which interviews the acts as they play in New York. The interviews are mimeographed and sent out to the managers, who file them against the coming of the act.

Altogether every department of the vaudeville industry, no matter how remote, is linked up definitely with the home office. The executive heads of the two circuits have lengthy long-distance conversations practically every day with managers all over the circuit, and they seem to think nothing of taking casual train rides of four or five hundred miles for the sole purpose of spending an hour or so in one of their towns to see how building operations for a new theater are progressing.

Speaking of building operations, no résumé of the vaudeville industry would be comprehensive without some reference to the theaters themselves, which are constantly growing in number, and the architectural completeness of which is striking, from the standpoint of both the audience and the performer. The Palace Theater, in Cleveland, which was opened with much ceremony in the fall of 1922, is conceded to be one of the finest theaters in the United States, if not the world. Then there is the New York Hippodrome, long a national institution, which last summer, when it was threatened with demolition, was rescued by the Keith organization and remodeled into a vaudeville theater of vast proportions, with a seating capacity of 6100. The E. F. Albee Theater, now in process of erection in Brooklyn, will undoubtedly be a rival to these two crown jewels of the circuit.

Two-a-Day or Three-a-Day?

Then there is the State-Lake Theater, in Chicago, the pride of the Orpheum Circuit. Incidentally, the State-Lake is officially known as a junior Orpheum house, because it follows the policy of three shows a day, although it plays big-time acts. There are quite a few of these junior Orpheum houses through the Middle West and the West, and it is planned to build one in practically every town which boasts regular two-a-day vaudeville. It is predicted by a good many theater-wise people that the two-a-day is doomed; that within a few years all vaudeville theaters, no matter what their size and importance, will be operated on the three-a-day basis. Whether it will prove quite that universal is hard to say, but there is a decided tendency toward the adoption of the three-a-day policy in big-time theaters. The theory seems to be that there is more profit to be made by playing three shows a day at a fairly low admission than two shows at a high price. The increasing popularity of the modern type of motion-picture palace, which works on this basis, undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the forming of this policy by the vaudeville leaders.

The relation of vaudeville to the public in matters not strictly relative to amusement is rather interesting and is, of course, one of the pillars upon which the institution is built. That is a part of the thing called showmanship. All sorts of tie-ups with local civic organizations are constantly in progress in the vaudeville houses. The theaters are lent to various organizations for meetings and forums; the local manager is usually an active participant in all the town's activities.

The theaters are always available for religious or educational purposes. Special Lenten and Christmas week services, for example, are held in most of them every year. All public holidays are marked by some special observances. And all public movements, particularly philanthropic ones, are entered into vigorously. During the war more than ten million dollars was raised by the vaudeville industry and something like four hundred million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds was sold by vaudevillians. Last summer, when the country was engaged in raising funds for the relief of the Japanese earthquake sufferers, the contribution of vaudeville was three hundred thousand dollars.

Every one of these activities is another separate strong link with the public, and together they are irrevocably tied up with that intangible, elusive business asset known as good will, an asset that no business institution, particularly one which provides the public with its amusement, can afford to be without.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Miss Spitzer. The second will appear in an early issue.

"*The* Shingle that *Never* Curls"

A DEFINITION: "*The* Shingle that *Never* Curls" is a superior shingle made of asphalt and natural slate on a heavy felt base. It is so scientifically correct in its formula and in the making that it has not the slightest tendency to curl or crack and become unsightly. It lies flat throughout its entire lifetime. And being made of such naturally rugged materials, it has an unusually long life.

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"*The* Shingle that *Never* Curls" is manufactured on a large production basis; therefore is sold at a price which means economy to owners of both modest and pretentious homes.

Carey Asfaltslate Shingles come in three colors, Blue-Black also Red and Green. Large size, 10" x 15¾" (for 5" exposure) weight about 300 pounds per square. Regular size, 8" x 12¾" (for 4" exposure) weight about 245 pounds per square. (One "square" covers 100 square feet.)

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The Repro-Phraso is the greatest influence for good music in the home that has ever been created. And as an influence for good music it is accessible, for the children can so easily play it.

All the varying moods of childhood can be expressed through the Repro-Phraso. The tiny fingers of the little tot can easily operate the levers, and everyone in the family from grandfather to grandson can play the selections they love best in the way that appeals to them. Therefore the Repro-Phraso is the one instrument that belongs in every home.

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Name _____ City _____ State _____

UNTO CÆSAR

(Continued from Page 21)

an appetite which isn't particularly becoming to a man, but actually degrades a woman, whoever she is."

"I'm much obliged," said Eve. "Tough and degraded. I am a topper, am I not? I suppose you realize that this is 1924."

"If you mean I'm old-fashioned, I admit it. I don't like to see a girl drink. But that's beside the point. I mayn't like the fashion, but I don't shout about it. You can't curse anyone for toeing the line. But I think it's a thousand pities to overstep it."

Eve smote upon the table with the flat of her pretty hand.

"You don't seem able to see," she cried, "that you're blowing a whole gale about nothing at all—nothing! Because there's a cocktail going spare and I'm fool enough to give it a home, d'you seriously suggest that I shall be branded as a sot? One swallow doesn't make a drunkard."

"That's better," said Jeremy, smiling. "That's the way to talk. And of course I don't, sweetheart. I'm not such a fool. But—you are so attractive, Eve, so—so dazzling; you set such a very high standard of sweetness that when you do something that brings us down to earth we've got such a long way to fall. A taste for liquor seems so much worse in you ——"

"But I haven't a taste for liquor. I hate it. I don't care whether I drink a cocktail or not. Yes, I do; I'd much rather drink water."

"I know you would," cried Broke; "but no one else would. And when, to put it plainly, you have a couple, then ——"

"Everyone knows I don't drink."

"But you do—you are—you're inviting attention to the fact. Thoughtlessly, idly, of course. You don't care a damn about liquor; but by having a second cocktail you're declaring your liking for drink."

"I don't agree," said Eve; "but supposing I am. Why shouldn't I like my liquor?"

"I've tried to point out," said Jeremy wearily, "that a taste for liquor doesn't become you. But I think in your heart you know that. What you won't see is that to drink two cocktails is tough."

"I confess that I can't," said Eve. "What's more, I propose to drink two more tonight."

"Look here!" said Broke, deliberately ignoring the glove. "A little while ago it was the fashion to wear short skirts, wasn't it? Very well. You subscribed to the fashion and wore them too. Well, you wouldn't have exaggerated that fashion—turned out in a frock that only got as far as your knees, would you?"

"What d'you think?" said his wife.

"Well, some girls did."

"Some."

"Exactly," cried Broke. "And because they went beyond the dictates of fashion, they were properly judged to be tough."

"That didn't make them tough. They were tough already or they wouldn't 've done it."

Jeremy spread out his hands.

"Out of your own mouth," he said. "Only tough people do tough things; or, in other words, tough things are only done by tough people."

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Right-o!" said Eve. "I'm tough. And just to leave no doubt upon the subject, I'm going to drink two and probably three cocktails tonight. If as a result I get tight, it'll be your privilege to escort me upstairs and apply the usual restoratives. Really," she added, raising her delicate arms and stretching luxuriously, "it's a great thought that if I like to exceed I shall be properly cared for. A minute ago I was wondering why I'd married you, but at least a tame missioner has his points. Even if you do choke him off, it's his job to return good for evil."

Jeremy turned to the window.

"Are you trying," he said, "to get a rise?"

"No," said Eve calmly. "I never attempt to accomplish a *fait accompli*."

"Why d'you call me a missioner and talk about choking me off? You know it's unfair and uncivil."

"I don't consider it unfair, and whether it's civil or not doesn't concern me."

"Then it should," said Broke shortly. "And in future I'll be glad if it does. I'm not rude to you and I see no reason why you should be rude to me."

Eve laughed musically.

"You have been most offensive," she said. "Familiarity breeds contempt, I know. Still, one likes it to be veiled. At least I do. You might make a note of that. And next time you feel impelled to review my manners ——"

"Eve, Eve, why do you speak like this?"

"In the hope that you'll understand. If we're to continue to live together, I advise you to pull up your socks. Because it amuses me to let you hold the reins ——"

Jeremy turned.

"You're determined to force my hand," he said quietly. "I beg that in future you will take only one cocktail before a meal."

Eve raised her eyebrows and sighed.

"Your request is refused," she said.

"Must I make it an order?"

Mrs. Broke stared.

"An order?" she said, rising.

"An order—which I shall enforce."

Jeremy watched the blood mount to the glorious temples, the exquisite lips tighten, the red glow of anger steal into the great brown eyes.

He continued evenly, "I am determined that my wife shall not cheapen herself. I've entreated in vain; I've used argument and it's failed; and so I must use power."

"Power?" breathed the girl. "Power? When you make enough money to pay your washing bills ——"

Jeremy stiffened suddenly and went very pale. With a hammering heart his wife stood still as death. For a moment he spoke no word. Then, "I'm going out," he said shortly. "Don't wait for lunch. I shan't be back till seven. I shall come back then—this time. But if ever you say such a thing again, or anything like it, I shall walk right out for good."

He picked up his hat and coat and passed out of the room.

Rome has much to offer. She offered much to Broke that April morning. But all he took was the aged Appian Way, tramping this steadily with an empty pipe between his teeth and the thin rain playing on his face. He had no eyes for his flank guards, no thoughts for the pomp of traffic that had swept or stalked or stumbled over his present path to build a world. He was aware only of a proud, passionate face, angry, yet exquisite in anger—the face of a spoiled child.

Sixteen miles he covered before he returned to the hotel, hungry and healthily tired, but with a clear brain and steadfast heart.

He had been checking and weighing many things. He had reviewed his married life, faced the mistakes he had made and steeled himself to pay for every one of them. He had found himself wanting in patience, slow to make due allowance, visiting Eve with ills which his own shortcomings had begotten. More. The bill his heart had run up was truly formidable. To do his darling pleasure he had let everything rip for month after flashing month. He had smiled at this extravagance, abetted that whim, encouraged that vanity. They had drifted—gone as they pleased. The trivial round had been bought off, the common task compounded with. Discipline had become a dead letter; indulgence, lord of misrule —— And it was his fault. She was a child and—she had great possessions; so life and love had become two excellent games, effortless, fruitful. Indubitably, it was his fault. He should have pointed the child, steadied her, used his experience. His failure was inexcusable, because he had been through the mill, seen that life at any rate was no game; a stroll or a struggle, perhaps, according as fate laid down, but not a game. The pity was they might have strolled so pleasantly.

Jeremy had also reviewed the recent affray. He had decided that he had been clumsy, quick to anger and blunt. But he was perfectly certain, first that his contention had been sound, and second that his withdrawal was wholly justified. Moreover, cost what it might, if ever again Eve laid such a whip across his shoulders he would have to go. Had he been less punctilious, had he ever given his wife the slightest cause, it would have been different. As it was, to condone such usage would be fatal. Her respect for him, his respect for himself, would rapidly bleed to death, and happiness would shrivel like a fallen leaf. There would in fact be nothing at all to stay for—unless one cared for love with his tongue in his cheek.

(Continued on Page 137)

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UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 134)

That she had drawn such a whip had opened Broke's eyes. He had been hurt—naturally; but he was far more concerned. Ten months ago —— Jeremy blamed himself very much indeed. He was, of course, most deeply in love with his wife and she with him.

When he came in that evening she flung her arms round his neck and burst into tears

"What do you think of me?" she wailed. "I must have been mad. You are so wonderful, Jeremy, so wonderfully sweet about it all; and then I take up your sweetness and slash you across the face. Jeremy boy, you've got a cad for a wife."

Jeremy kissed her hair.

"My lady," he said. "My darling."

Eve shook her glorious head.

"No," she said. "No lady. Don't call me that again. I've done the unspeakable thing. I know it. If you'd given me cause, it would've been the grossest form. But as things are ——" She drew away and passed a hand over her eyes. "I think I must be possessed, Jeremy. Of course I hadn't a leg—about the drinks, I mean. You were perfectly right. But I can mend that. I'll never touch a cocktail again as long as I live. But I can't mend the other."

"It's mended," said Jeremy, taking her hands in his. "I made you mad as a hornet. I didn't mean to, dear; but I'm clumsy, you know. Well, when you're mad, you just pick up the first brick. You don't care what it's made of or what it is. The point is it's something to heave."

Eve looked him in the face.

"There was a label on that brick—Not to be Thrown," she said. "We've all got two or three bricks labeled like that—Do Not Touch—Dangerous. I think from what you said, that brick is marked Dangerous too."

Jeremy bowed his head.

"Yes."

"Jeremy," said Eve, "you've something I haven't got—thousands of things, of course, but especially one. And that's my respect."

Her husband smiled. Then he extended his arms and brought her face to his chin.

"You've got mine anyway," he said.

"Rot!"

Jeremy nodded solemnly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "you never lost it. If you could have seen yourself ——"

"A sulky child," said Eve.

"No," said Broke. "A—a princess."

"That's not what you married."

"I know. But that was your fault. You went and gave me my choice."

A mischievous look stole into the big brown eyes.

"What a fool I was!" said Eve, and put up her mouth.

If the Brokes had slid back for ten months, for the next six they went steadily forward, hand in hand. It was the strangest progress. Luxury, idleness, ease certainly came behind, but dutifully, as servants should.

A jovial discipline jogged by their side. Respect and self-respect marched solemnly ahead.

Jeremy did admirably. Eve was twenty-six. She was worth twenty thousand pounds a year. Finally, she was American. With infinite patience, with gentleness, firmly her husband went to work—helping his wife, helping himself, helping his wife to help him and always giving her the glory. Eve gave it back always, with a look in her eyes that money cannot buy.

The vanities of a wicked world were against her, but her love and respect for Jeremy beat them back. She began to see the smile on Discipline's face, look for his cheerful wink, glow before his bluff praise.

One November morning Jeremy woke to find her fully dressed. This was unusual. That one's fast should be broken in bed was one of the articles of Mrs. Broke's faith. So soon as her husband could speak he asked what was wrong. After a little, a child told him her tale.

"You remember that poor man yesterday I gave half a crown to? Well, what's half a crown to me? It wasn't giving him anything, really. I mean, I wasn't missing anything. It wasn't hurting me. So I thought if this morning I got up at seven o'clock —— It sounds silly, because it hasn't done him any good. But he did have his half crown, and I—well, I'm glad I'm up now, but I do hope it was a deserving case, Jeremy."

Her husband slid out of bed and picked up her hand.

"I take my hat off," he said uncertainly.

And as is so often the way, two days later the pretty pilgrims' progress came to a violent end.

It was a bleak afternoon, with a sky of concrete and a wind that cut like a lash.

Eve, who had been to the dressmaker's, was sitting before the fire, reflecting comfortably that in ten days' time she and Jeremy would be in the South of France. Her husband entered quickly.

"Sorry I'm late, my darling, but when he'd finished with me he said he was going south and I was fool enough to offer to drive him down. You know what these artists are. Five and twenty minutes he kept me waiting." He stooped and kissed her. "And—and I've a confession to make."

"Go on," said Eve, smiling.

"I've done it again, Eve."

"What?"

Jeremy stepped to the fire.

"Got stopped in the park."

"Jeremy!"

"I'm awfully sorry, dear. It's a kind of disease with me."

"But you gave me your word ——"

"I know. I'm frightfully sorry. I wasn't thinking about speed. As a matter of fact, I was talking to Hudibras. And then, just as I was going to switch out of Clarence Gate, they pulled me up. Perfectly ridiculous, of course. The road was clear."

"That's hardly the point," said Eve coldly.

"I know, I know." He paused. Then, "Of course you'll think I'm mad; but, Eve, ten minutes later I did it again."

His wife sat up.

"Again?"

Jeremy swallowed.

"Again," he said uncomfortably. "Down Constitution Hill. I tell you, Eve, I could hardly believe my eyes. Just as I got to the Palace, out they stepped. Thirty-three miles an hour. They're perfectly right."

"And you promised to keep to twenty!"

"I know. I'm frightfully sorry. It just shows ——"

Eve laughed.

"It shows you don't care. I've begged and prayed you just for my sake to go slow. You know why. Because I'm worried to death when you're out alone. You know it. Over and over again you've given your word."

Jeremy stared at the floor.

"I'll give up driving," he said.

"I don't care what you do. The damage is done. I begged, you swore, and now you've broken your word. If the police hadn't stopped you I should never have known. The obvious inference is that you're breaking it all the time."

"I haven't really, Eve. I've crawled about. But today I got talking and ——"

"Why," said Eve, "should I believe you? What does it matter whether I do or not? Day in, day out I try to do what you want. I'm sick and tired of trying to do your will. Yet I keep on because it amuses you amuses you to see me cramp my style. God knows why. It's a funny form of love. But that's by the way I try I sweat and grunt and slave for peace in our time. And you stand over me and keep my nose to the stone. I'm not like that. It wouldn't amuse me to put you through the hoop. Only one wretched favor I've ever asked, and that I asked because I loved you."

"I know," said Broke. "I'm sorry. I've no excuse. But don't lay on so hard, Eve. You know it doesn't amuse me to "

"Then why do you do it?" said Eve. "Don't say 'Out of love,' or I shall burst."

"I do what I do," said Broke, "because I want you to get the most out of life."

"Oh, let us pray!"

Jeremy bit his lip.

"You do it," continued his wife, "to assert your authority. If the money was yours and not mine, you'd have the whip hand. As it isn't, you play the priest, trade on my better feelings, take advantage of my love. I didn't marry you for that, you know."

"You will please," said Jeremy, "take that back at once."

His wife stared.

"You're out for trouble," she said. "Well, here it is—hot and strong. I said I didn't marry you for that. Well, I don't pay you for that either."

Without a word Jeremy left the room. Ten minutes later he passed out of the house.

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For month after halting month Eve carried on. The girl hoped desperately that Jeremy would return. If he did he should find her soul swept and garnished. She dressed soberly, spent so much and no more, rose always at eight. She kept the same state, but entertained the less fortunate, was always lending her cars. When she saw some object she fancied she asked the price and gave the amount to charity. Herein she was scrupulous. A chinchilla coat attracted her very much. Still, her sables were perfect. Besides —— After careful reflection she decided that but for Jeremy's teaching she would have bought the fur—and wrote a check for the sick for four hundred pounds.

She made no search for her husband—not because she was proud, but because she felt that it was vain. If he was coming he would come. If he was not —— Had she stumbled across him she would have begged and prayed. But look she would not. She had no doubt at all that she was up against fate, and Jeremy had always said that fate didn't like you to try to force its hand. "So sure as you do, my lady, you lose your labor."

She often wondered why she had lost her head that bitter afternoon. After all, to exceed a limit was not a grave offense. He was careful in traffic, no doubt; and then, slipping into the park he hurried along. Besides, he was only hastening back to her, and he had been so humble.

Eve decided that she had been possessed. Some malignant devil had entered into her soul, distorting truth, ranting of motes and beams, raising a false resentment of a fictitious injury.

To say that she missed him is to call leviathan a fish. Only the fetish that she must do his will saved her alive. The night of his going she lifted up her head, shook the tears from her eyes and answered two letters that she had left too long.

And now four months had gone by.

Sitting before the fire Eve thought of the past with blank, see-nothing eyes. For the millionth time she wondered where Jeremy was, how he was faring, what he was doing to live. Never had riches seemed so empty, luxury so drear as they had seemed since she had been alone. The thought that as like as not he was going hungry tore at her heart.

She picked up the paper to try to distract her thoughts.

Staring straight at her was the advertisement of the St. James' Review. This was announcing the contents of the current issue. Third on the list was:

BABEL: Jeremy Broke

A child fell upon the telephone. A subeditor or someone was speaking:

"I'm afraid we're not at liberty to give his address, but if you write him a letter care of this office it will be sent on at once."

"All right," said Eve. "Thank you."

A child's letter went off by messenger within half an hour:

My Darling Jeremy: I would like to come to you if you will tell me where you are. I have tried very hard to do what you would have liked ever since you went, and if you had been here I should have been very happy. Please let me come, because if you don't I don't think I shall be able to go on. I would try, of course, but I think I should break. I've tried to write calmly, darling, but I shall be very glad to hear as soon as you can. Oh, Jeremy, my precious, I suppose you couldn't wire.

Your very loving, EVE.

No sooner had the letter been dispatched than a terror that it would miscarry flung into Eve's heart. She saw it being mislaid, forgotten, let to join the faded habitués of some dusty mantelpiece. Of course she should have marked it Important, inclosed it in a note to the editor saying how serious it was, asking for it to be expressed or sent by hand. Then, at least, he would have taken action. Besides, it was serious—desperately so; and urgent—most urgent. Yet she had done nothing to accelerate a reply—nothing. What a fool she was! She had certainly asked him to wire, but why not to telephone? If the letter had gone to him by hand and he were to have telephoned ——

The tide of apprehensive impatience rose to an intolerable height. Eve rose to her feet and stood twisting her fingers. After a moment, trembling a little, she stepped to the telephone.

"Oh, I rang up a little while ago and asked for Mr. Broke's address—Mr. Jeremy Broke. And you said—I think I spoke to you—you said that if I sent a letter ——"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I've just sent you a letter by hand, but I ought to have marked it Important, and—and—well, I really should have inclosed it in a note to you because it's very urgent and I would like it sent on by messenger boy if you could do it. At once—tonight, I mean. You see ——"

"I don't think he's in London. Wait a minute." The voice became almost inaudible. Frantically Eve strained her ears. "Broke. Jeremy Broke—fellow that wrote Babel . . . Messenger boy. . . . Rome, isn't it? Poste Restante, Rome" The voice returned to the mouthpiece. "No, I'm afraid —— Hullo! Are you there? Hullo! Hullo ——"

After a moment or two the speaker replaced his receiver with a sigh.

"Cut off," he said wearily. "Never mind. She'll ring up again."

He was quite wrong. He had had his last conversation with Mrs. Broke. The latter was already preparing to leave for Italy. Two days later the lady had reached Rome and was being rapidly driven to the Ritz Hotel. Purposely she avoided the Grand, where she and Jeremy had stayed—centuries ago.

She passed into the hall and up to the polished bureau. The reception clerk was busy, speaking into the telephone:

"Oui, madame. . . . Parfaitement. . . . Jusqu'à samedi prochain les deux, et après samedi les trois avec un salon en suite. . . . C'est entendu, madame. . . . Merci,"

He left the instrument, stooped to make an entry and turned with an apology to Eve.

"Hullo, Jeremy," said his wife.

At half past eight that evening Jeremy Broke, gentleman, entered the Grand Hotel and sent up his name. His head was aching and he felt rather tired. He wondered dully what this dinner with Eve would bring forth. The great gulf fixed between them seemed exceeding wide; everything was insisting upon its width. Not since the day on which he had left her house had he been used as a gentleman; now he was treated with respect—which her wealth had induced. A page she would presently tip was dancing attendance; here was the pomp of a salon which she had purchased; there was champagne waiting for which she would pay.

As the door closed behind him, another was opened and Eve in a plain black frock came into the room.

"Oh, Jeremy!"

He went to her quickly and kissed her hands and lips. The big brown eyes searched his steadily. He smiled back. "What is it, Jeremy? Why are you playing up?"

Jeremy dropped her fingers and turned away.

"The burnt child," he said slowly, "dreads the fire."

"Are you sorry I came?"

"Oh, Eve!"

He drew in his breath sharply, hesitated and fell to playing with his mustache.

Dinner was served. The meal did much for both of them, as meals can. Jeremy's headache passed and Eve was refreshed. The flesh being fortified, the spirit lifted up its head. By the time the servants had withdrawn they were exchanging news with zest.

"So, really," concluded Jeremy, settling himself in a chair, "I've—I've done very well. It's a most entertaining job—smoothing down the indignant, humoring the whimsical, bluffing the undesirable, assisting the helpless, shepherding the vague. I never had the faintest idea how many remarkable people are floating around. We had a fellow one day who stayed for six weeks. He went to bed when he arrived and he never got up. For six solid weeks he stayed in his bed. Nothing the matter with him. No suggestion of ill health. It was just his way of life. He did it wherever he went. Chauffeur and valet kicking their heels all day. He wouldn't have the valet in his room except to shave him. Said he didn't like his face. Then one day he got up and left for Naples.

"I got off once—with an old English lady. She had a courier and two maids and traveled with her own bath. She used to be ringing me up the whole day long and she never went out or came in without speaking to me. It was most embarrassing. She gave me a check when she left for a hundred pounds. I tore it up, of course."

"You would," said Eve.

"Well, I couldn't take money like that."

(Continued on Page 141)

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But safety paper and mechanical devices are not enough. The crook may find a way to beat them. Insurance is the only *positive protection* against loss.

Now, when you use these checks, furnished by your bank, a $1000 insurance bond automatically protects you against loss through fraudulent alteration of checks.

This insurance is carried by the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company—one of the strongest in America. It enjoys an enviable, national reputation for prompt payment of all just claims. Has over $19,000,000 assets.

Seal of the Hartford Company

Is associated with the "old line" Hartford Fire Insurance Company, which has been in business for more than 113 years.

The 3rd strong link

Finally, each check is protected by the powerful William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc. Crooks fear this world-wide organization.

The check raiser does not lightly tamper with checks protected by Burns.

So your protection is three-fold. It operates without thought or trouble on your part. It is positive!

Today ask about "Super-Safety INSURED Bank Checks." Your bank can furnish them without cost to you—for they cost no more than any other check of similar quality.

If you have a checking account you should at once inquire about this protection. If you are about to open one, consult the banker who provides these checks.

Get Burns' book free

We have privately published a book by William J. Burns. It gives stories of adventures with check raisers, written by the famous detective.

Simply clip and mail coupon for a free copy.

It will give you a half hour of intensely interesting and instructive reading.

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Trust your bank—

Pay by Check

It saves time and money. It gives you an exact record of what you pay out, eliminates mistakes in amount, and embarrassment or loss. It aids intelligent operation of your "budget," always shows where you stand.

Write checks properly, *with ink*—filling blank spaces. Never use a check on which erasure has been necessary.

Insist upon Super-Safety *Insured* checks—positively protected! They are triply safeguarded against fraudulent alteration.

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks
New York Chicago San Francisco Atlanta Dallas Denver

Look for this mark of safety on the corner of each check:

SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK CHECKS

CORRECTION

In our page ad., Saturday Evening Post for April 19th, we made this statement: "Wm. J. Burns is head of the world-wide organization which protects each Super-safety INSURED Check." This was in error. Mr. Wm. J. Burns founded the organization. Mr. Raymond J. Burns is now its head.

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY 105
5950 South State Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your private edition of "Stories of Check Raisers—and How To Protect Yourself," by William J. Burns.

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Address_____

City_____

Your Bank_____

Please write plainly, use margin if required

For the world and his wife —and their children too

CLICQUOT Club Ginger Ale is one of the most popular drinks that ever came tumbling out of a bottle. Wherever there are thirsty throats, it's in demand. It's the pet drink of just about everybody everywhere. *They all like it!*

You'll like Clicquot Club too. Uncap a bottle, and the first whiff of its cool ginger fragrance delights you. Take a long, thirsty drink of it, and the taste of its happy blend makes you its friend forever and a day.

No more puzzles about what to drink when your throat feels dusty and tired. A cool, cooling glass of golden Clicquot Club—nothing could be better. Except, of course, two cool, cooling glasses. That's twice as good! Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Have you tried a Black Cow yet? Just Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla—and cream it as you do your coffee!

Clicquot Club
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Ginger Ale

(Continued from Page 138)

"Plenty of people do."

"Yes, but ——"

Eve leaned forward.

"She wanted your to have it, Jeremy. She was rich and it gave her pleasure to spend her money like that. Your conscience was clear."

Jeremy shifted in his chair.

"It wouldn't 've been," he said, "if I'd frozen onto it."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't deserve it."

"Wasn't that a matter for her?"

The man hesitated. Then, "I just couldn't take it," he said.

"Because it was a tip?"

"Oh, no. If it had been a fiver—well, I suppose I'd been attentive, and I've no false pride."

"Then why," said Eve, "why did you turn it down?"

Jeremy laughed.

"I'm damned if I know," he said. "But it couldn't be done."

Eve lay back in her chair and crossed her legs.

"Shall I tell you?" she said. "Because you're a gentleman. You thought she'd lost her head—she probably had—and you weren't going to take advantage of a runaway heart. That hundred pounds was Cæsar's; you rendered it whence it came."

Broke got upon his feet and turned to the mantelpiece. Presently he took out a pipe and a well-worn pouch.

"I suppose you're right," he said slowly.

After a long look Eve lowered her eyes to the floor.

"You got off once before, Jeremy—nearly three years ago now."

"Yes," said Jeremy, pressing tobacco home.

"Did you think I'd lost my head?"

"No."

"Or that to take my money would be taking advantage of my heart?"

"No."

"Yet you rendered it to Cæsar every cent." She leaped to her feet and caught the lapels of his coat. "Every rotten cent that the good God had given us to make us happy you rendered unto Cæsar as though it were Cæsar's. And it wasn't Cæsar's, Jeremy. It was ours—yours and mine." Her voice broke and the tears came into her eyes. "I was so happy, dear, to think I was rich, because I felt I'd got something worth sharing—which you would share. I was so proud and happy. And then—you—wouldn't—share—it. Well, at first I was dismayed, as children are. You married a child, you know. . . . I tell you, I was ready to cry for disappointment. And then suddenly I saw something very magnificent—unearthly handsome, Jeremy, in your refusal. It was something so bright and shining that I couldn't think of anything else. I found you were paying me a compliment for all the world to see such as no woman with money had ever been paid before. Well, I'm vain; and the childish impulse to burst into tears was swallowed up in pride to think that I had for my husband so fine a gentleman. I found it so flattering, Jeremy; I was just drunk with vanity. And so I became a princess—you made me one, dear; and the child that you married disappeared, and with the child disappeared the idea of sharing—a princess doesn't share. That it was our money never occurred to me again. I had no eyes for such an idea. Every hour of every day you showed me that it was mine, and I came to prize its possession because it had brought me this superb allegiance. I sank to be a queen, Jeremy, and dragged you down to be the keeper of my purse—you. And then a day came when the queen became imperious, high with her faithful servant, thought him presumptuous, rose in the dignity he'd given her and asked who paid him to keep the privy purse." There was a long silence. Presently Eve went on: "And then a strange thing happened. You went, of course. But so did the queen, Jeremy. So did the pride and vanity and all the false position you had built up. And if you could have seen what was left, you'd 've seen a child crying—because it had no playmate to share its pretty toys.

"I say the false position you had built up. Jeremy lad, it's true. I let you build it, of course. I gave you the bricks. If I hadn't been so vain—so hellishly vain—I'd 've caught your arm at the beginning and stopped the rot. You built so faithfully, Jeremy, with the cleanest, honestest heart. And I watched you and let you build and thought how wonderful it was. And all the time you were rendering our happiness to Cæsar. He's had a year of it already—a long, matchless year out of our little treasure. Oh, Jeremy, Jeremy, you're not going to give him any more?"

Jeremy caught her to him and held her close.

"My eloquent darling," he said, with his cheek against hers. "But you've forgotten my sex. A man ——"

"You'd 've married me if I'd been poor?"

"You know I would."

"It was because I was rich that you wouldn't speak?"

"Yes."

"It was the child you wanted to play with—not her toys?"

"Yes."

"Why, then your honor is clean, and it'll always be clean so long as you'd play with the child if she had no toys. You wouldn't want me to throw my toys away; I've always had them to play with. Yet how d'you think I feel when the child I've picked to be my playfellow won't share my pretty toys?"

"I wonder," said Jeremy slowly. "I wonder whether you're right. 'Unto Cæsar.' You mean I've been paying conscience money—which I never owed?"

Eve nodded. The man put her gently aside and began to pace the room.

Slight fingers to mouth, Eve watched him as one watches the flow of a crisis which one is powerless to treat. Her face was calm and she stood like statuary; only the rise and fall of her breast betrayed her hammering heart. Her brain was straining frantically to perceive the line she would have to take. She had moved him—shaken him plainly. Everything in the world was depending on how she handled the next move Jeremy made.

Suddenly he swung round.

"Eve, if I come back my livelihood's gone. And I mayn't be quite so lucky—another time."

His wife stood up.

"You go too fast, Jeremy. I've suffered, you know—most terribly. And I can't go through it again." She hesitated. "Before you come back, you must promise—to play with my toys."

For a long minute Jeremy stood regarding his wife. Then suddenly he smiled—the smile of a man who has suddenly come upon the truth. He stepped to Eve and put his arms about her.

"What a fool I've been!" he said. "What a blinking, blear-eyed fool! Of course, it's partly your fault. You gave me my choice when you had no choice to give."

"What do you mean, Jeremy?"

"You asked me which I would marry—the child or the witch or the princess. Well, I couldn't pick and choose. I had to marry the three—or none at all."

"But ——"

"Listen! When you're a child, I'll play with your pretty toys; when you're a witch, I'll—I'll play with your beautiful hair; and when you're a princess ——"

"Yes, yes?" eagerly.

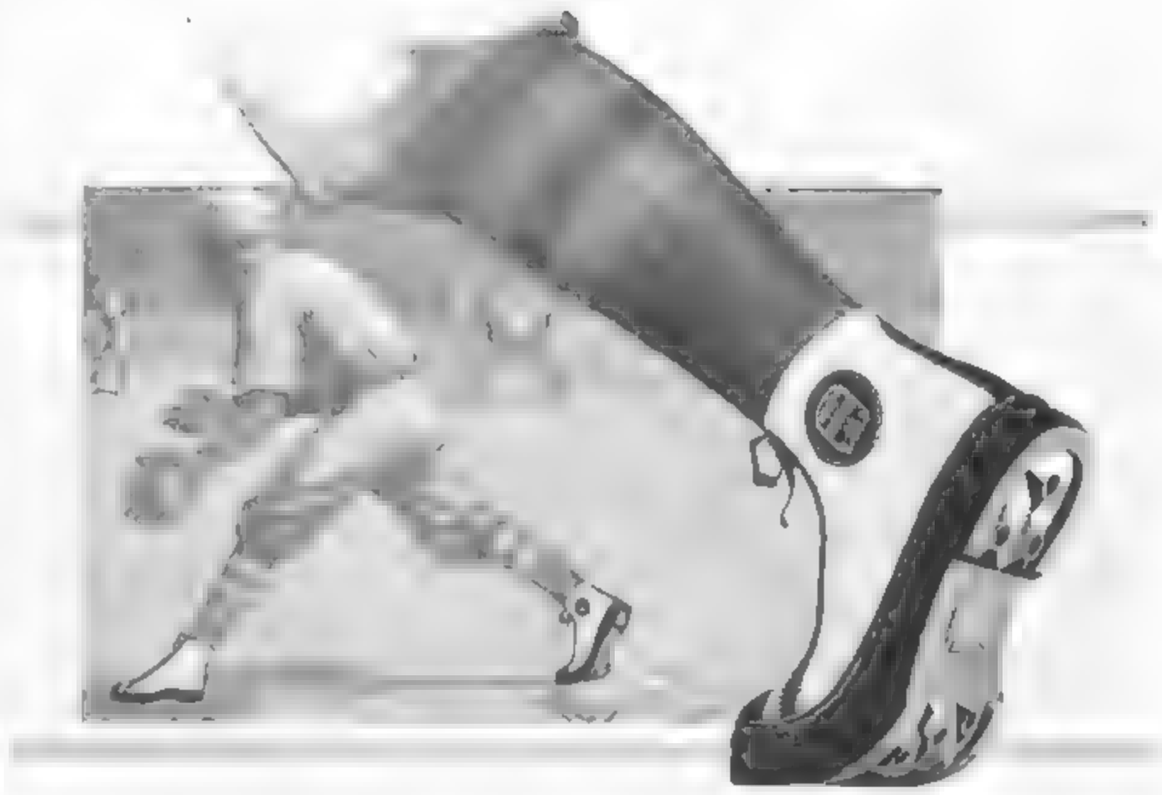
"Why, then," said Jeremy proudly, "I'll play the prince."

A glorious smile swept into his darling's face.

"And they lived happily," she breathed.

Jeremy nodded.

"Ever after," he whispered.



Grip Sure!

The shoes that help you win

THERE is a mighty big percentage in favor of the man or boy who wears Grip Sures. Surefootedness counts for a lot when you are trying to stop a sizzling hot liner or making a quick getaway to beat the catcher's throw to second base.

No game or sport is too fast for those wonderful suction cup soles that grip the ground the instant your feet touch it. You can be off like a shot, stop, dodge or turn with never a fear of slipping.

For hiking, sailing or all around summer use they are the most comfortable shoes you ever wore.

You'll get your money's worth in Grip Sures too. Every pair is made by hand and built up of the finest materials—long wearing Top Notch duck for the uppers, speedy new rubber for the soles and genuine full grained Cowhide leather for the trimmings and ankle patches.

You can always be sure you are getting the genuine Grip Sures with patented suction cup soles just by seeing the Top Notch Cross on the soles and ankle patches and the name Grip Sure on the soles.

"GRIP-SURE" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Makers of Top Notch Rubber Footwear
Beacon Falls - Connecticut, U. S. A.

Mighty Popular This Summer

PIONEER SPORTS BELTS
for Men and Women

Stylish, yet wonderfully cool and comfortable, they are indispensable for wear with sports clothes. Ideal for golfing, tennis, boating and general "hot weather" dress.

Striking silk effects in club colors are all the rage this summer. Ask to see the "Wimbledon" or "Knickerbocker," also the fancy silk belts leather lined. Also made in "Linen" color to match linen knickers and "Tennis White" for ducks and flannels. Like all Pioneer Belts, Pioneer Sports Belts are made from only the finest materials. All buckles are of solid nickel and rustless.

Ask to see Pioneer Sports Belts at the men's wear counter in better stores. If your dealer doesn't carry them, write us

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For 47 years Manufacturers of
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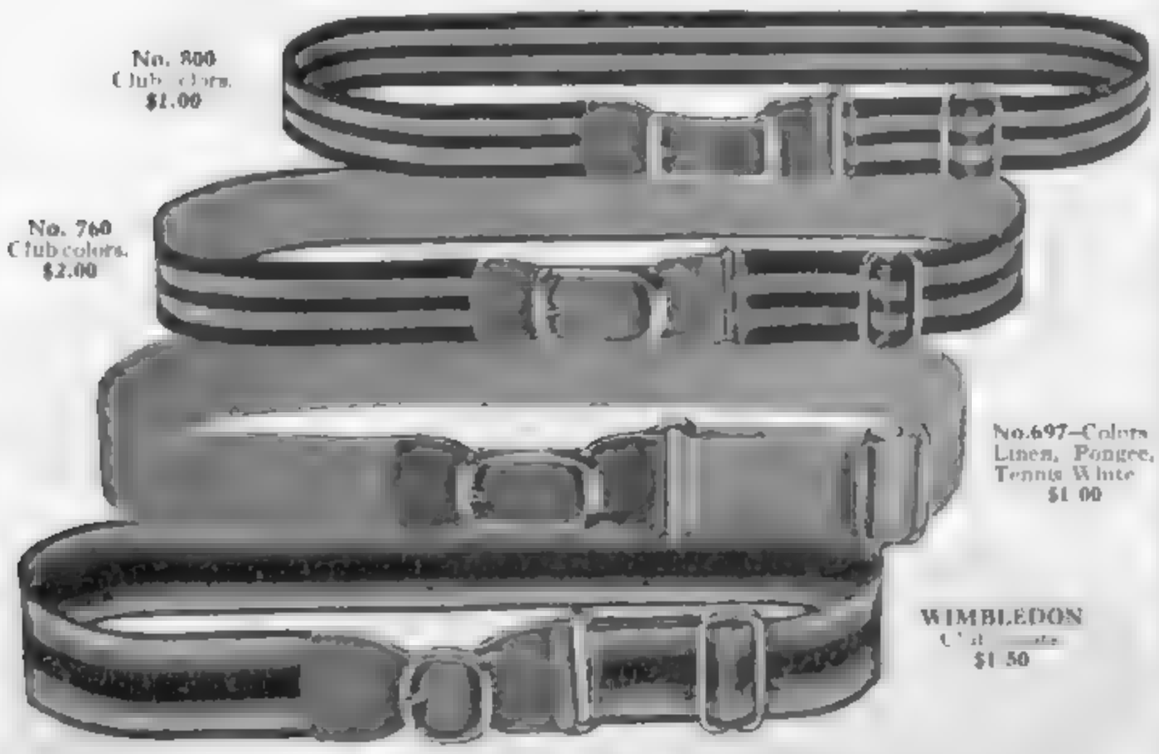


PIONEER
SPORTS BELTS

CAMPING—OR MOVING?

(Continued from Page 10)

other groceries, and any other odds and ends that happen to be lying loose around the house.

An unjust comparison? Not at all. In fact, not nearly in keeping with any number of instances that are recallable from actual experience. I recently received a letter from a young man contemplating a trip in the Rocky Mountains. He named his car, a sturdy enough automobile of the cheap variety, but far removed indeed from a vehicle of trucking power. Yet all he wanted to take along was a party of five persons besides himself, a trailer weighing 861 pounds, a forty-foot tent, two iron beds with springs and mattresses, an iron stove and other equipment built upon the same lines! Or to go farther:

One rainy day last spring a floundering, mud-splattered car wabbled up the main street of town and stopped in front of the garage. There was something wrong. The car wouldn't pull. On the last grade it had been a matter of heroic measures, dragging along in low, with the engine boiling every mile or so. The owner simply couldn't understand it. We fell to talking.

"I don't know what's come over the old concrete mixer," he said. "It never acted like this before."

"How much of a load are you carrying?" I asked.

"Not anything unusual. Only six people."

"So?" I glanced at the car. The fenders were so low in the rear that two mud lanes had been formed in them where the rear wheels had touched, pushing the silt from the road to the sides and naturally forming an impediment to travel. The springs were nearly straight, so great was the weight upon them. I pressed the question. "But you're carrying equipment too."

The motorist beamed.

"You know it!" he announced proudly. "Say, nobody ever went out better fitted up than I am. When I camp, I camp. Say, do you know what I've got? An ice box! Invented it myself. Look."

An Ice Box 'n' Everything

He led the way to the back of the car, where, lashed in unexplainable fashion to the tire carrier and the top braces, was a heavy oaken box, which must of itself have weighed all of fifty pounds. Within, he confessed, was fifty pounds of ice. At least, there had been fifty pounds when he started.

"And where are you going?" I asked.

"Up Fall River."

"How'll you get ice there?"

"Oh, I'll come down into town for it every day or so."

"Great! How much provisioning are you carrying?"

He went over the list: Sixty pieces of canned goods, weighing from four ounces to two pounds each, bottles of condiments and sauces, a fourteen-pound ham, a side of bacon, and so on interminably. Finally a light began to dawn upon him, and he started to estimate the weight of the various things he was carrying to a camp from which he intended to make almost daily trips to a base of supplies. The total was nearly 1000 pounds!

Weighed Down by Ignorance

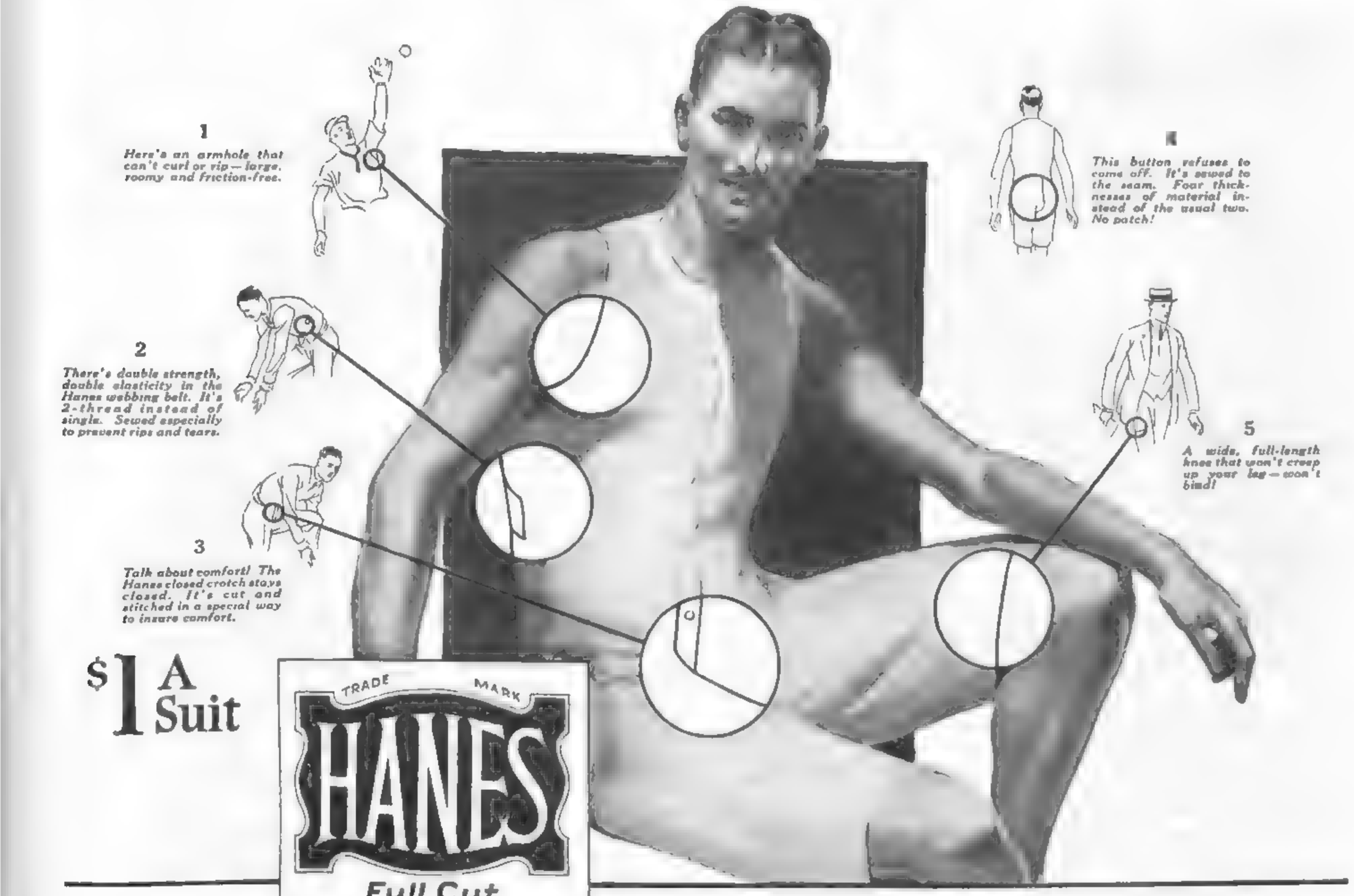
Here was the uselessness of it all: The country into which he was going was of sufficient altitude to allow a temperature near the freezing point every night, and cool enough in the little glens by the stream to keep any provisions he desired at refrigerator temperature. He had brought with him, among other things, eight loaves of bread, which could not possibly resist going stale. I suggested to him that when the camping trip was over he would throw away most of the ham and much of the bacon—a true prediction. Also, that he would not use one-third of the clothing or any of the hundred and one other things with which he had weighted down his car. It was a safe prophecy. I've been on camping trips myself, and in less experienced days I've done the same fool things he was doing.

One can generally spot a man who knows mountains, knows motor cars and knows camping. He will, in the first place, have a tight bedding roll filled with light woolen army blankets, which have more warmth than three times their number of cotton affairs and can be compressed into a small space. He will not carry camp chairs—for the good reason that he knows that the simplest thing in camping is to find a place to sit down. He will not be lugging along bed springs and mattresses, but instead will have either sleeping bags, which obviate blankets, or compressible cots of the type which cost no more than the ordinary kind, but which consist merely of a heavy piece of canvas with supports that can be folded independently of the cot itself, making a compact, small-weighted bundle. If he is a true outdoor man who really enjoys camping and isn't merely moving his place of domicile from the city to the country by means of a passenger automobile, he will have none of these things for sleeping. He will have a light waterproof canvas bag,

(Continued on Page 145)

DRAWN BY G. B. HARRISON

Auto Campers: Mary, I Find We Haven't Room for the Absolute Necessities—We Can Only Take What We've Simply Got to Have


1
Here's an armhole that can't curl or rip—large, roomy and friction-free.
2
There's double strength, double elasticity in the Hanes webbing belt. It's 2-thread instead of single. Sewed especially to prevent rips and tears.
3
Talk about comfort! The Hanes closed crotch stays closed. It's cut and stitched in a special way to insure comfort.
4
This button refuses to come off. It's sewed to the seam. Four thicknesses of material instead of the usual two. No patch!
5
A wide, full-length knee that won't creep up your leg—won't bind!
$1 A Suit
TRADE MARK
HANES
Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

Speaking of summer comfort—say "HANES"

COUNT the famous Hanes points off on your five fingers. They make a whole fistful of summer comfort, coolness and unbeatable quality. Ask your dealer to let you look at Hanes Athletics. Read the guarantee that covers every stitch, thread and button. You'll wonder how it can be done for the money—one dollar.

Never in your born days have you had such underwear worth—such downright underwear value.

There is a Hanes Athletic Union Suit for *you*, one that will give you the free and easy, loose summer comfort that only a real "fit" can give.

Once you've worn Hanes, once you have known that perfect comfort and seen the service that defies the wash-tub and the most arduous of summer wear, you will realize that it's just plain horse-sense to say "Hanes" to your dealer.

You can get Hanes comfort, fit and wear for the youngster, too. They are made for boys from 2 to 16 years, in the same quality, the same workmanship as the men's. They come in sizes 20 to 34.

This is the Hanes Guarantee. Read it. We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Next Winter You'll Want to Wear Hanes Winter Underwear

And Now — Get into the Boat and see for Yourself

GO to the Johnson dealer and "get into the boat and see for yourself." He will be glad to give you a demonstration. He wants you to appreciate the great difference between the performance of the Johnson and that of all other outboard motors.

He will ask you to run the Johnson Motor yourself (you won't need any practice or experience to do it).

And here are some of the things he will show you:

How easily the Johnson starts, under all conditions and temperatures.

How you can start it forward, backward or sideways, so as to leave the shore or dock without rowing or paddling.

How you can tilt the Johnson Motor to run in the shallowest water that will float the boat and how the motor tilts *automatically* to clear submerged obstructions without injury to motor or boat.

How the Johnson shock-absorber drive protects the motor.

How the Johnson two-cylinder design eliminates vibration in the boat.

How quickly you can turn or stop the boat in its own length.

How every operating condition has been met by correct marine engineering principles so that you can depend on the Johnson to take you wherever you want to go—*and bring you back*.

How fast and powerful it is.

Why it is the only motor that can be used on any type of boat *or canoe* without altering some styles of boats, and quickly switched from one boat to another.

And *how easy it is to carry*, for with all its remarkable power, flexibility and dependability goes the only *real portability*—it weighs

Only 35 Pounds

It's an easy "one-hand carry;" it can be carried on the running board of your car or packed into a suitcase that fits under a Pullman berth.

No matter what you think of detachable boat motors in general—no matter what experience you have had with them—no matter what your friends have said about them—do not confuse the Johnson Motor with any other outboard motor you ever saw or heard of.

Go to the Johnson dealer now. If you don't know him write us for FREE catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

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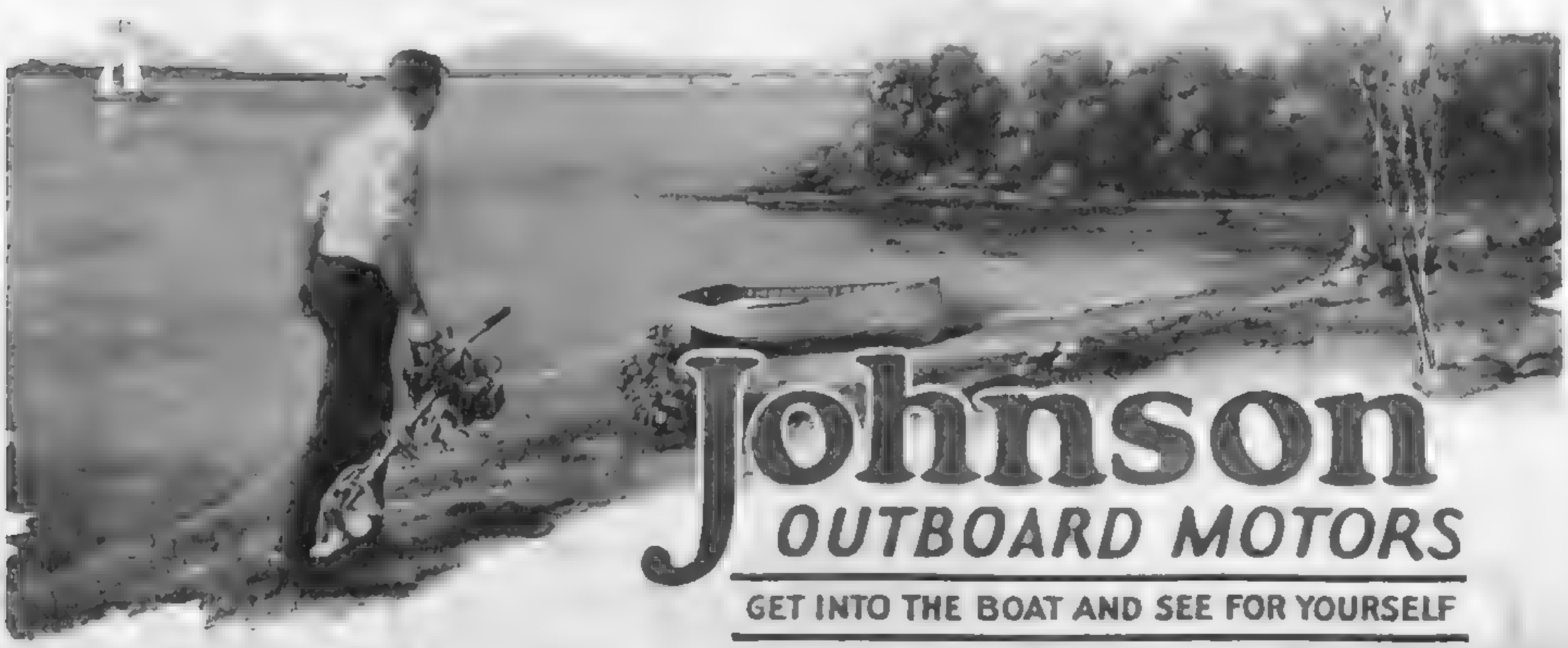


(Continued from Page 142)

into which his blankets can be rolled for packing; and when night approaches he will stop at the last town, roll up to the livery stable, buy a small part of a bale of hay for twenty cents, toss it into the car; and then when he reaches his abiding place for the night he will fill the canvas bag with it and lace it up. There is no better bed in the world, taking into consideration the sleep-producing qualities of the open air.

For a tent, he will have a three-piece affair, not one of these bulky things with a thousand and one entrances and exits and folderols. I have seen tents which, if the far-famed Arabs had striven to fold them silently and steal away, would have sounded like the gentle cooing of a boiler factory; things with conical tops for beauty, striped in pretty designs and necessitating from one to three tent poles to hold them erect, to say nothing of stakes and ropes and standards. Just why beauty is desired in a camp tent I do not know; especially when one is going into country where the sunsets are rose and mauve and purple and gold, where blood-red cliffs rise from mottled green bases, where the pines and spruce and evergreens of the hills stretch away in constantly lessening heights until at last they become mere fernlike fronds in the distance, where waters bubble blue white and even the chipmunks and scolding magpies are masterpieces of coloration. To the mountaineer, there is nothing prettier than an inconspicuous tent in a shelter of trees and a fire blazing before it. But perhaps he doesn't know Nature.

That tent, by the way, is the great problem of the man who wants to travel lightly. It must be staunch and secure and serviceable, yet not weighty. For this reason the professional camper often makes his own tent, simply and without folderols. Here's how he does it:

He takes first a width of waterproof canvas as wide as the top of his automobile, with two wide strips of canvas running from a spot about six feet from one end, this to fit over the machine and tie off on the other side, allowing a wall to drop down on the side of the machine. Then a few inches in on each side he sews a strip of canvas equipped with small steel rings. Then he cuts two triangular sections for the sides, each of these fitted with light harness snaps. He carries two stakes, no more, and these of light, strong steel, for the key stakes. I have yet to see the patent sawed wooden tent stake that wasn't a delusion and a snare, at least for the mountains. When one hits a small bowlder three inches under the surface of the ground and pounds and pounds with all his strength in an attempt to penetrate stone with wood, something simply has to happen to that stake. A light steel affair is small in circumference. It will find a hole for itself where no wood can go and will stay there as long as needed.

The other stakes are more of a decoration, anyway, to hold the canvas in shape, and they can be cut at the camping ground—the key stakes hold the tent, the others merely support it.

Comfortable and Sensible

The tie-off ropes are not permanently affixed to the canvas. Instead, they are merely looped or knotted affairs, with the other ends taped against fraying, so that they can be slipped in or out of rings at will.

Now when the camper reaches his resting spot for the night there is no laborious putting up of a tent. Instead, he throws the light top piece into place and ties it off. Then, one by one, he raises the equally light sides—light because he is not dragging the whole tent with him every time he moves—and clips them into place by the simple operation of pressing the harness snaps against the rings. The slight flap of a few inches protruding at each side provides a rain shed. One end of each side ties off to an automobile wheel. The other runs to the tie-off point of the top, which in turn hooks up to a key stake. And there you are. The entrance slit in one side is kept closed by the simple operation of a harness clip and a ring. A few wooden stakes set between the steel ones provide against sagging. That's all. Difficult, isn't it?

So it goes, all through the list, the equipment of the person who camps comfortably and sensibly. In this connection, there is no such thing as absolute comfort in camping within the reach of anyone who cannot afford to have following him a retinue of vehicles and attendants. By absolute comfort, I mean that it is not possible for one to reproduce in the open the conveniences of home; it is this effort that leads to interminable overloading and lugging along of useless, nonsensical things, which often lead not only to more discomfort but to decided inconveniences and trouble as well.

As an example, a camping friend, who happens to be a magazine editor, and myself have a little song we learned from a hobo, which we bawl forth to the assembled mountains whenever we start on a certain section of road in Colorado. It hasn't much harmony, but there's a certain degree of logic, and we sing it with all our heart and soul, especially if there are a few black-bottomed clouds loading around the serrated tops of Old Rabbit Ear Pass, fifty miles in the distance. It goes:

Oh, there's hills an' holes an' 'dobe,
An' there's sage thet isn't green;
An' th' weather west o' Kremmlin'
Is th' worst I ever seen!

The reason being that out there, in the fifty-mile stretch lying between Kremmling and the natural granite of Rabbit Ear Pass, is an expanse of hard-surfaced speedway when the sun has shone, and the most hellish wallow hole of troubles, ruts and disappointments that I ever hope to bump into when the skies open—the trouble being that the skies have a habit of opening pretty often.

The road is a hold-over from the old stage days. It is 'dobe soil for thirty miles, and if you don't happen to know what 'dobe is, allow it to be said that it is a gray, soapy, slimy, greasy, slippery, treacherous concoction of Hades which becomes such in five minutes of rain, and against which chains are efficacious only because they are less dangerous than the bare tire. More, when one hits 'dobe, he puts on four chains if he is a wise motorist, not two. The front wheels have a delightfully uncertain quality of deciding to move off the road and seek a new highway for themselves, usually on a pitch of about 10 per cent, when the mountain decides to dip off into nothingness for a hundred feet or so. The bad feature being that once the front wheels get this into their heads, the hind wheels become imbued with the same idea, chains or no chains.

Why She Quit on Him

So, west of Kremmling there's 'dobe, and it must remain so until a real road, now under construction, is completed, which will be soon, thank goodness! Last summer, hub-deep in the slippery stuff, grinding along in low with a feeling of unutterable speed with every shift to second, hugging the ruts on the hillside on every rise and dip, easing across the culverts while wriggling, wormlike sensations ran up and down my spine, I had fought away about ten miles—suddenly to stop. A sedan of a highly popular make had all the road in front of me and it was standing still. That is, it was getting up all the power it possessed, roaring furiously for a moment, spurting for a few inches, and then dying in disgust.

This continued for a quarter of an hour, until the engine boiled. Then we went into consultation. I glanced upward to a large bundlesome something on top, covered by a sewed-together affair of gunny sacking. A wan-faced tourist, bent dejectedly over the wheel, faced me in utter defeat.

"She's just quit on me," he announced. "I don't know what's the matter. She never did anything like this before."

Strange, but automobiles never do anything "like this"—until they do it. I glanced at the road ahead. There is a deceptive something about the mountains that often gives to a steep grade an appearance of levelness, or at least of only a slight rise. It did not look like a heavy pull; besides, my grade gauge, a bit of mountain-driving equipment devised upon the same principle as a carpenter's level, showed only 4 per cent. Therefore grade was not the cause. When the engine cooled he idled it—compression and combustion seemed perfect. But it wouldn't pull the hill.

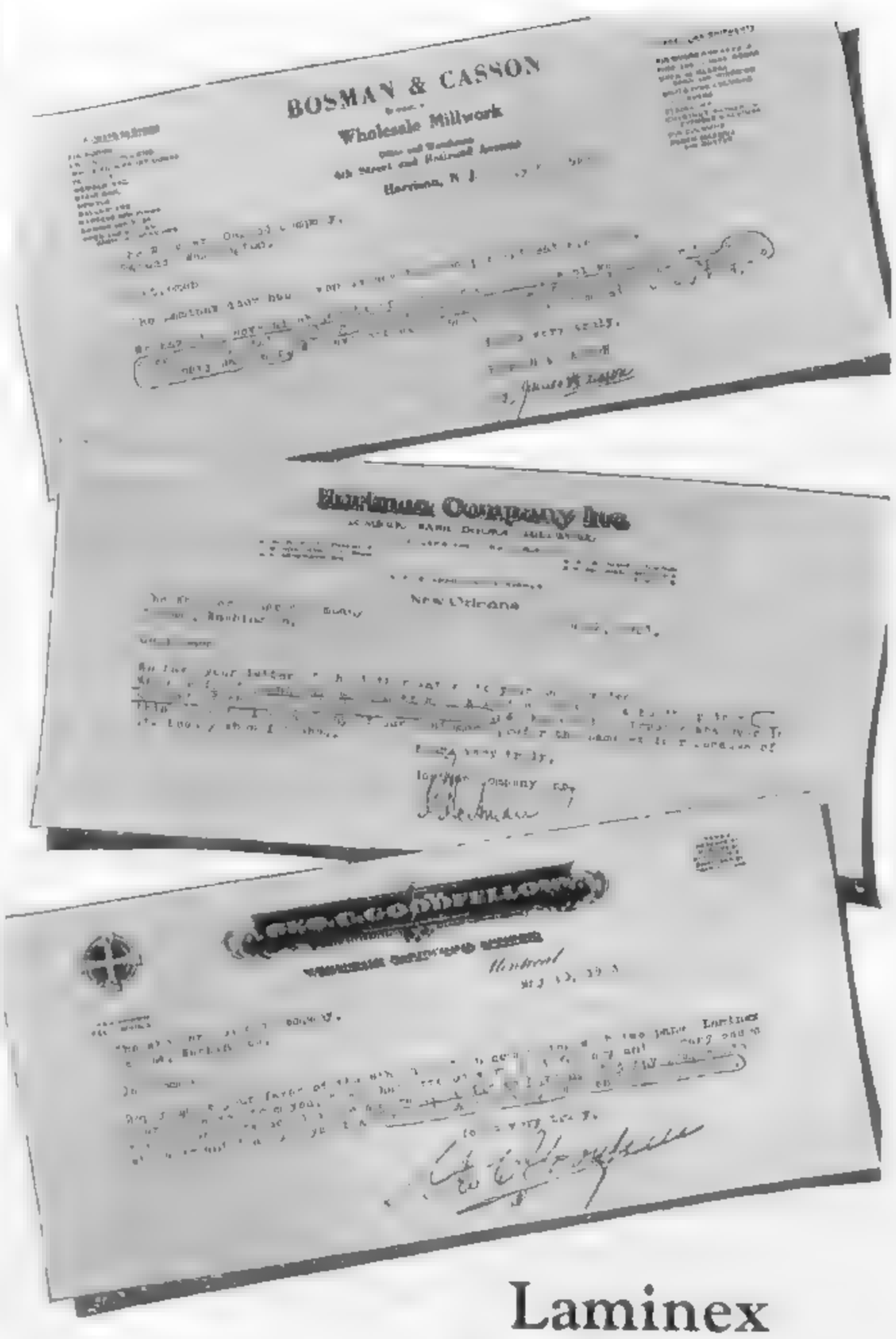
I queried his load. It was bad enough, but not too bad. The mystery deepened. Then I noticed that the rear springs were flattened, the fenders resting hard upon the tires and jerking wildly at every attempted spurt of the machine. But the springs weren't broken. Again I looked upward.

"What's that on top?" I asked.

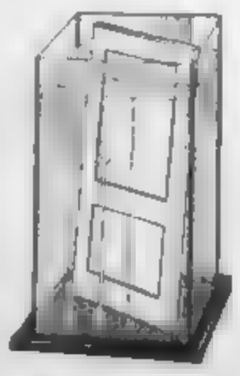
The man waved a hand.

"Nothing—just a mattress. It don't weigh over thirty pounds."

"Waterproof covering?"



Laminex stands up in all climates



WATER TEST: 24 hours soaking of Laminex doors showed complete absence of warping. All parts remained rigid and strong. Tests made in Forest Products Laboratories, School of Forestry, University of Washington.

Note these letters from well-known door distributors. In each locality, the climate is unusually hard on doors. Laminex doors are built to withstand climatic changes.

Laminex is a process of door construction which overcomes the expansion and contraction of *tracheids* or wood cells, that are the cause of shrinking, swelling and warping.

Scientific tests of Laminex doors were made by Prof. B. L. Grondal in the Forest Products Laboratories, University of Washington. Laminex doors were soaked in water for 24 hours; subjected to a heat of 185° Fahr. for 24 hours. *Not a Laminex door warped!*

You can obtain Laminex doors in standard designs, of Douglas Fir, with vertical grain stiles and rails—also all-flat grain. Every Laminex door is trade-marked and bears our gold label replacement guarantee.

Write for valuable booklet, "The Door is Important." Special monograph for architects and contractors sent upon request

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington
"The Lumber Capital of America"

Sales Offices: Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane

WOOD

Manufacturers of "Wood" Douglas Fir Doors and Fir Sash

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

"Well, no. Just that gunny sacking."

The mystery was over. It required four of us to drag that thing off the top of the car; and when at last, a sloshing weight, it rolled to the ground, the poor old automobile seemed literally to jump upward on its springs. It had been raining all day, and all day that mattress had been soaking up water until the unlucky camper might as well have been carrying a hogshead or so of the weighty fluid. It had been the final straw, providing a burden in excess of the engine power. The machine whizzed along almost gayly after that. Returning two weeks later, that mattress still lay by the side of the road, a tribute to the love of comfort.

So it goes. Travel light. That's the professional camper's motto, and it is not an impossible one. Examine the usual line of cooking utensils and you'll find enough burdensome junk to equip a small-sized kitchen; heavy skillet or frying pan, almost as heavy granite ware—the usual idea of fitting out for a camping trip is to use things that have been discarded around the house. That is the wrong idea.

An automobile is just so much power, no more. The open country is as yet, and will remain so for a good many years, a place of great or small difficulties. The mountains have been robbed of a good many of their grades, but 10 per cent affairs still remain in plenty. Therefore the man who desires to enjoy his camping trip will watch weight in every minute of his preparation. More, if he is wise, and if he gives a little thought to the matter of equipment beforehand, he will not sacrifice one iota of comfort. Nor will he go deep into expense. On the contrary, the indications are that he will benefit in both ways.

Costly Economy

I carry everything from a stove to a dishpan; to say nothing of a broiler for steaks, six of everything for eating, frying pan, stewpan, coffeepot and what not. It cost, if I remember correctly, for the whole thing about eight dollars. It packs in a space about ten by fourteen inches and weighs less than twelve pounds. It took a bit of shopping to find it, but it was found. Which brings up another angle of camping equipment—so much of it is sold on its looks, or because the salesman who tells you of its marvelous benefits hasn't been out of the city for fourteen years and doesn't know what he is talking about.

This, in its natural sequence, brings us to the matter of provisions. The man who lugged along eight loaves of bread which were sure to go stale was no exception. That, in truth, is the thing that happens most of all—overloading with food, particularly canned goods. It's the old idea of saving money.

The first time I ever took a mountain trip I was to be gone for two weeks. Two weeks of camping naturally meant two weeks of provisions. Naturally, things would be a bit higher when we got out of the city, and I intended to save money. I just must save money. So I bought everything I thought I would use, loaded up a box with baked ham, filled another box with bread, and got canned goods in proportion to how much I felt sure all of us would eat. Events didn't turn out exactly the way that I figured them. On the third day the bunch got tired of beans. That meant nine of a dozen cans of Boston baked came home with us. The same was true of potted ham, potted beef, corn, tomatoes and what not. About the third day out we discovered that we liked on the road about what we liked at home, and that when fresh vegetables beckoned to us from the country-store window we bought them, also, that ham as a steady was not nearly so good as a steak now and then. The result was that instead of saving money I found that I had wasted it. The ham became moldy. The bread dried out. Half the heavy provisioning of butter turned rancid, and the paper labels of the cans came off from jolting around in the car, with the result that when I tried to explain my economy by saying the returned concoctions could be used up around the house, it meant an eternal gamble as to whether we'd have canned pears for dessert, or succotash.

Averaging One's Joys

So I follow the wiser system now—that of the man who buys as he goes along, never carrying more than a two days' supply. The traveler who gets comfort out of camping-motoring is one who averages his joys. He knows he isn't going to be so comfortable as he is at home, and he seeks a percentage. To this end he does several things.

In the first place, he doesn't rush his journey. The usual way of going camping is to give a two weeks' imitation of catching a train—drive like the wind all day, fighting like mad to hold to a certain mileage, with the result that the passing country streams by in an unnoticed haze instead of an enjoyable panorama, and the slightest interruption causes a fit of distemper and a lingering sense of disappointment. The wise camper doesn't do that. He sets himself a slow schedule, so that he can take his time, stop where he pleases, buy his supplies and leisurely set up and take down his camp.

Nor does he make himself uncomfortable all day for the sake of a few minutes or hours of comfort in the camping place. It is nothing in the hills to see outfits traveling the whole day in tiring, cramped positions, their feet sticking out of the sides of the cars or jammed up under their chins, their whole frames a target for every bump in the road, simply because the place where their feet should be is filled seat high with folding wooden party chairs to rest upon when, at dusk, they reach camp and are too tired to take the blamed things out of the machine.

Likewise, he looks out for his comfort by looking out for the comfort of his machine. Automobiles, it seems, were made for passenger driving, not for trucking purposes. Simply because a car contains the same powered engine that is used in a one-ton truck does not mean that the passenger car has the same weight-carrying ability as the other vehicle. There are differences—in gears, for instance, and brakes and springs and what not. But that is all too often forgotten.

He'll realize also that a camping trip is a bit of a community trip and that individualism isn't a thing to be terribly desired. To that end, he won't carry a suitcase for every member of his party, hooked to the top of the car, the fenders or anywhere else the things can be attached. He'll go to an army store, where they sell such things cheaply, figuring that the weight and discomfort he saves will more than make up for a slight expense, and he'll buy one or a pair of what was known in the army as officers' clothing rolls.

They're capacious things, those clothing rolls. Into one of them, each taking a section for the individuality of it, several persons can pack everything they'll need on a camping trip—without lost space. After this is done the thing of all things that will mark him as a wise and experienced camper is for him to watch his loading, distribute his weight and give a thought to the other fellows.

Road Courtesy in the Mountains

Out in the mountain country we have a habit of identifying the person who comes from the wide roads of the flat country without even looking at his license plate. If his tent, for instance, is loaded on the driver's side "where he can watch it" and held in place only by a weak parcel holder that allows it to swing six or eight inches beyond the running board, or if that running board contains a box that juts forth, or if a collection of suitcases, tied to the top supports, swings carelessly into the center of the road, it's a ten-to-one bet that he came from "back there." And if he happans to be uncivil about the rules of the road, we're sure of it.

Not that the tourist is uncivil knowingly. He isn't. A tourist is a human being, and a man from the mountains, traveling in the low country, is just as much of a tourist as a man from the low country traveling in the mountains. The thing is that the tourist, as he comes to us, doesn't know the country.

Road courtesy is a fetish with persons accustomed to the mountains. Not that they are so terribly polite or because they are superbeings, but simply because it is dangerous not to be courteous. In the level countries, when a person is shoved off the road by some discourteous driver, it generally means little or nothing in the way of consequences. But if you should happen to be shoved off the precipitous Trough Road in Western Colorado you'd travel about 2300 feet before you stopped falling!

More Danger, Fewer Accidents

Mountain roads are not easy things to build—often they must be blasted from the granite. Therefore they are not any wider than necessary. Hence, when a driver comes galumphing along with a protrusion from the inner running board, it means a regauging of passing space and perhaps a mistake in that allowance. So the mountain driver puts anything that may project on the outer running board where it will not interfere with the other fellow.

Likewise, he observes the rules of the road. When someone honks behind him he doesn't swing into the middle rut and hold the road. He gives up unprotestingly. When he is coming down a steep incline on a narrow road he stops at the first turnout to the man coming up, not because he is a model of graciousness, but because he knows it is dangerous for an upbound car to pull out, stop, hold itself against a steep incline and start again, thus fighting against gravity, the killing of the engine and other trivialities that may kill everybody in the machine. When he needs chains he puts on chains, no matter if he thinks he can make the road without them. If his machine should happen to sidewipe about the time he was passing the other fellow, he might have to call a derrick to get that other fellow out of the bottom of the cañon.

In other words, the mountaineer, as a rule, does a little thinking beforehand, with the strange result that in spite of the fact that there is danger every minute in the negotiation of Rocky Mountain roads, there is a less percentage of fatalities upon them than there is upon the apparently less risky roads of the lower country. In my country, for instance, far fewer persons are injured on Berthoud Pass, where the road over the continental divide runs up and up and up for twelve or fourteen miles and then down and down and down for a like distance, than there are upon the nicely paved stretch of comparatively level concrete between Denver and Golden—because there's less foolishness.

And as there is less foolishness in driving, so is there less foolishness when one prepares to sleep out for a while. After all, it is only a matter of preparation. Observe the ordinary man when he is afflicted with the camping bug and you'll notice that he spends weeks in mapping his route, deciding where he will go, how many miles he will make and what it will cost to the gallon. He wears a blank stare and talks only of spare tires and bluebooks. He knows exactly where he's going and how he's going to get there. Is there any reason why he should not give a like amount of thought to his equipment?

A Camp Lunch in Yosemite National Park

A FAR REACHING IMPROVEMENT IN WOOD AND METAL FINISHES

VISCOLAC

The transparent finish, without color, for use on furniture and other wooden articles where a natural finish of superior durability is desired. More than thirty furniture manufacturers are now using VISCOLAC.

DUCO FINISH ADDS LIFE AND SAVES MONEY

Successfully used in twenty-one different industries today and equally adaptable to at least seventy others

The latest and one of the greatest du Pont achievements in the field of chemical pioneering is the development of an entirely new type of finish for wood or metal products. Duco Finish, which represents years of patient research and thousands of costly experiments, has now definitely proved its great utility and economy in 21 different industries.

Enthusiastic manufacturers in the automobile, metal working, furniture and other industries, report that Duco is giving to their products a degree of lasting beauty and utility hitherto unknown in commercial practice. All agree that Duco is an epoch-making contribution to the finishing art, and sets a new standard in beauty and durability.

Duco Finish has succeeded, because it is produced on an entirely new chemical principle. It is built on a pyroxylin base, employing an entirely new process. The result is a surface of new denseness, hardness and smooth adhesiveness that *retains* its original color tones. A surface, likewise, that resists scratches and abrasions, the action of the elements, grease, grit, boiling water, sudden temperature changes, and holds its original deep, rich lustre indefinitely. Service tests show that the satin-like lustre of Duco actually *improves with age!*

Great Boon to Manufacturers

Think what this means in the finishing industries! A finish that is practically permanent from a commercial standpoint. On furniture and other wood products, a stable finish of great beauty that will not crack, craze, chip or print. On metal products, such as automobiles and accessories, a finish that neither sun, rain, snow, ice, grease, nor even alkali dust can injure!

It means production economy, too. Duco dries so quickly that its use materially speeds up production and saves storage space and investment in finished products. In some instances, Duco has cut finishing time by 75%.

Duco cannot be hand brushed, but is easily applied by compressed air spraying equipment or mechanical dipping. No baking is required.

Colors and Black of Equal Durability

Duco is now available in black and many beautiful colors, equally durable and non-fading.

We invite all manufacturers of products requiring an economical finish of lasting beauty to investigate Duco. Our chemical engineers have estimated that Duco is adaptable to at least 90 separate wood and metal finishing industries.

If you are interested in improving your products and your finishing system, our Technical Laboratories are at your disposal and our representatives are available for a limited number of demonstrations.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
Chemical Products Division
Parlin, N. J.

The makers of **OAKLAND** *cars now advertise that every 1924* **OAKLAND** *is Duco-finished. In addition, the following manufacturers are prepared to finish their cars with Duco on request:* **CADILLAC, CLEVELAND, FRANKLIN, LEXINGTON, MARMON, MOON.** *A dozen more are arranging to do so as a result of conclusive service tests.*

DUCO

for general office use

Remington Standard 12

The New Quiet 12 is the crowning triumph of that great Remington factory at Ilion where the first practical typewriter saw the light of day fifty years ago.

In all of these fifty years, no other new model of a writing machine has ever won such instant popularity. In thousands of offices battery after battery of New Model 12's has followed the trial machine—so decisive are its many superiorities.

Its "natural touch," which makes operation surpassingly easy, its operating simplicity, and the consistent beauty of its work are a revelation to both owner and operator.

With all of its advantages, the New Model 12 costs no more than the ordinary typewriter, a fact which makes it the *incomparable* machine for general office work.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York—*Branches Everywhere*

for personal writing

Remington Portable

The Remington Portable is the recognized leader—in sales and popularity—among writing machines designed for personal use.

The reasons for Remington Portable fame and leadership are convincing and obvious.

It is the most complete portable typewriter with the one and only standard keyboard, exactly like the big machines.

It is the most compact—for it fits in a case only four inches high.

It is the most convenient—for it carries its table on its back. Can be used anywhere—on your lap, if you wish.

The Remington Portable is strong and sturdy—like all Remingtons. It is simple, easy to learn, and easy to operate. And the work it does is beautiful—always.

You will buy one, if you take the advice of any user.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York
Sold by over 5000 dealers and Remington Branch Offices everywhere

Remington

for all bookkeeping

Remington Accounting Machines

The range of Remington Accounting Machines is universal. It covers billing, statement writing, ledger posting, accounting, and statistical work of every description, and these machines are in general and successful use by banks, railroads, insurance companies, government offices and commercial houses of every kind.

The Remington Accounting Machine is unrivaled as a time saver, for it combines every operation in one. Extending of individual balances, accumulating of total entries, checking and proving, are all done in the simple act of writing.

It has automatic proofs which insure complete accuracy at every step of the work. It is surprisingly simple and easy to operate.

Time and use have abundantly proved that the Remington is the speediest, the most economical, the most practical, the most satisfactory of bookkeeping and accounting machines.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York—*Branches Everywhere*

where silence is desired

Remington Noiseless

The Remington-Noiseless (formerly The Noiseless Typewriter), the latest addition to the great Remington line, is in every respect worthy of its new and greater name.

It is rightly called "Your Silent Partner," for it has achieved that precious silence so essential in many business offices.

In New York City alone—in prominent banking houses and corporation offices—over 20,000 of these machines are now in service, and their number is increasing daily.

The Remington-Noiseless can *now* be obtained anywhere in the United States and Canada. It is distributed by Remington branches—equipped to give expert and universal service. Present Noiseless owners are invited to use these new facilities.

A product of
REMINGTON-NOISELESS TYPEWRITER CORP.

Sold by
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York
Branches and dealers everywhere

Typewriters

NAIRN Linoleum

Brighten your kitchen with a floor like this!

THREE meals a day, 366 days this year; the ordering, the cooking and then the monotonous round of dishes. What a difference bright, cheerful surroundings make to you—and your maid. And how simple it is to make household tasks pleasanter and easier.

Select from the wide range of beautiful Nairn Inlaid Linoleum patterns the one that appeals most to your good taste. Floor your kitchen with it—the pantry and breakfast nook, too. Pretty cretonnes 'round your windows will harmonize or contrast gaily with the floor—and you will be proud of your kitchen, and happy in it.

You'll like Nairn Inlaid for its practical advantages, as well. It is sanitary, without cracks or crevices to hold dirt—and does not show spots. The occasional use of a damp mop keeps the surface clean and the colors bright. The patterns go all the way through to the burlap back; and this means that Nairn Inlaid Linoleum will retain its new appearance throughout many years of useful life.

If you would like our interesting free booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty," write for it today. It shows patterns and interiors in full colors.

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY
150 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N. J.
W. & J. Sloane, *Wholesale:* Sole Selling Agents, New York, San Francisco

Universal Inlaid Pattern No. 52/95

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns [illegible]

Duro Tile and Marbled Inlaid—the [illegible] more brilliant [illegible] effects

Marbled [illegible] effect

Granite and Marble Inlaid—[illegible]

Battleship Linoleum—[illegible] lights of Battleship Linoleum in six colors

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet [illegible] flooring

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in hand some rug designs

Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 23)

can be dignified by this term, with the elusiveness of oil. His principal job, and it is well worth repeating, is to capitalize the achievement of the actual producers. One of the Fort Worth companies whose officers are now in jail sold $10,000,000 in stock on a lease that covered 125 unproductive acres which had cost precisely $600. Yet this area was held up to the suckers as being "capable of reproducing Ranger and Burkburnett."

The second fact is that in all large fields the really valuable properties fall almost immediately into the hands of the big companies, which have no interest in stock promotion and whose sole objective is the production of oil. One of the most conspicuous examples is the Powell field of Texas, which is all big acreage, which means that there are comparatively few leases, each covering a large area. The stock of these companies is outside the range of the pikers who buy fifty-cent and dollar shares.

This leads to a statement not without value and significance for the oil-stock purchaser. There are three kinds of oil companies. One is organized to make money out of stock, another is to sell oil, the third is to do both. If you are going to buy oil shares, be sure to inquire if your company is principally concerned with stock or with oil. If stock is the incentive you will be wise to keep your hands off.

Ballyhoo Selling Methods

To resume the chronology of speculation, after Spindletop came the Kansas oil-stock brain storm, which took toll of a considerable part of the country. While it happens to be one of the greatest of oil-producing states, Oklahoma, curiously enough, had no emotional speculation period at the dawn of its oil day or since. The development in the main has been sane and orderly. This explains why Tulsa has enjoyed such a steady development. It is a conspicuous example of what a legitimate oil expansion can do for a community.

The peak of oil-stock speculation was reached in Northern Texas following the bringing in of the Ranger and Burkburnett fields. It led to what was perhaps the greatest oil swindle in the history of the business. Fort Worth became the capital of a promotion program that extended to every state, and even beyond the confines of the United States. There will be more about this later on. I refer to it here, as it fits into the consecutive narrative. Almost coincident with the North Texas orgy was the era that centered about the Smackover field in Arkansas, where the "guaranteed gusher" was added to the lures held out.

The most recent excitement followed the discovery of three bonanza fields in the Los Angeles basin—Huntington Beach, Signal Hill and Santa Fé Springs—which put California temporarily into the sisterhood of frenzied oil commonwealths, with Los Angeles as the capital of the offensive. Though the losses here did not begin to approach those occasioned by the Northern Texas orgy, the setting, as well as the procedure, was probably the most original and picturesque of all similar companies.

Although there is much ground to cover in this article, a paragraph about those California happenings is necessary. It was a high-pressure proposition—a sort of direct promoter-to-victim scheme. The managers avoided using the mails to the extent employed in Northern Texas, although the newspaper advertising campaign was a marvel of persuasive fluency. In the actual solicitation evangelistic methods, which at times approached Southern camp-meeting tactics, proved highly successful.

Prospective buyers were mobilized in the heart of Los Angeles and given free automobile rides in rubberneck wagons to the oil fields, where there was a free cold lunch. The cold lunch preceded the cold deal that was almost invariably handed out. There were impassioned lectures by hired spielers, some of them preachers who had left their pulpits to get the $500 a week that was given for this service. These sales in the open were admirably stage-managed, for there was often a dramatic moment when a driller in oil-spattered overalls appeared on the platform and whispered to the speaker that oil was in sight. Other exhibits were geologists who spoke a language that no one in the audience understood. Finally the impresario himself made his appearance, putting the final kick into the appeal. As elsewhere, most of the promotion properties were outside the proved area—that is, the place where oil was actually being produced.

It was in the Los Angeles field that the unit system of attracting money to petroleum ventures practically had its birth. Instead of buying a straight share—promotion oil stocks are anything but straight—the speculator obtains a unit in a property. It is something like a security with no par value. If oil is discovered the holder of the unit gets a sum fixed by the promoters. The price of these units varies, as is the case with the share.

This seems to be as good a place as any to dispose of another detail in connection with oil-stock selling. In the old days a share was the usual evidence of ownership in a petroleum company. With the bringing in of new fields came various innovations. The unit system which I have just described is only one. Then there is the syndicate plan, in which the general public has no chance to be fleeced, but which enlists a small hand-picked group.

The Merger Plan

When you analyze human nature with particular reference to money—and it is the acid test—you find that when entry into an enterprise, however doubtful or speculative, is sold as a special favor, or is made difficult, the victim falls with extraordinary ease. He even struggles to get the chance to lose his wad. Hence the use of the phrase "limited opportunity" in so much oil-stock literature.

In some of the syndicate schemes the promoters lease a large piece of land and divide it into small sections for development. If oil is found on one of these plots the underwriters get a share of the proceeds. Then they discover that all the adjacent blocks are kept for the exclusive use of the insiders. If the well happens to be on the edge of the original space developed it is almost certain that the adjoining ones are oil-bearing. In these the associates rarely get a look-in.

The merger plan, which reached the last—or rather worst—degree of exploitation under the promoters who gathered at Fort Worth, consists of the consolidation of many fake companies for the purpose of loading and reloading the victims with stocks. The fresh bait is the fact that a new deal has been made which, according to the

A Fire at San Pedro, California, Which Consumed 500,000 Barrels of Oil

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

Equally at Home in Dormitory or Club!

Pajamas of ... quality in ... and fabrics ... $2.25 to $18
Nightshirts equally fine $1.50 to $5
(Sizes for boys, ...)

Dormitory Special," semi-belted

Children's Sleepers
... Ages, 1 to 10. $1 to $3

WHEREVER well-groomed young men foregather, there you will probably find "The Week-end," "The Dormitory" and other "specials" in the famous

Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Pajamas

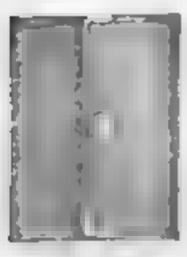
The young chap, lounging so at ease above, is supremely conscious of comfort—yes—and of snappy appearance as well. Smartly cut, beautifully tailored, "The Week-end Special" just suits his modern ideas. Its novel side-ties, its button-and-loop at ankle, are features which distinguish Glover garments. Generously roomy in its cut-to-fit perfection, each Brighton-Carlsbad style supplies the answer to some particular sleepingwear need or desire.

Ask to see these pajamas today at your favorite store! If they can't supply you, send us $5.25 for a trial suit of the "Week-end Special" or $4.00 for the "Dormitory Special." Sizes A, B, C, D. Other talked-of Glover "Special Pajamas" are "The Bachelor's Pal," "The Traveler's" and "The Thrift." *Guaranteed to Satisfy!*

Write for "The Nightie Book"—FREE

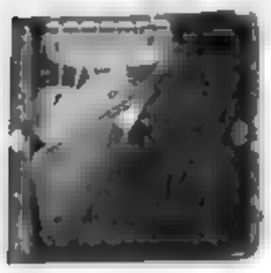
H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 5: Dubuque, Iowa

Just see how quick and easy
—your fingers find those most-used keys



No. 36-8

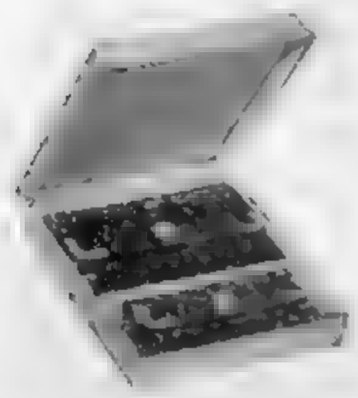
ENGLISH *pigskin fold-over flap, leather lined; 14 K solid gold button and corners; eight 14 K gold-plated hooks; satin lined gift box, $6.75; others from $1.50 to $10*



KEYTAINERS WITH HANDY POCKET

THE safe and convenient way to carry auto license, registration, insurance, identification or club cards — in all sizes, leathers and styles.

Illustration shows No. 040-6, pin seal, $9.75.



MATCHED PAIRS IN BOXES

MATCHED in leather and fittings; the 2-hook with vest-pocket-klip for most used keys; 4, 6 or 8-hook for the other keys carried but not used so often.

The set shown is $13.25, alligator calf, No. 037-6, $7. No. 037-K, $6.25

A NEW member of the vest pocket family has arrived! That vacant space alongside your fountain pen and pencil just seems to have been waiting for this newest Keytainer.

It brings welcome relief from the bother of digging down into your trousers pocket, many times per day, for the few keys most in demand—your auto keys especially. That fumbling and fussing is *ended*.

Now you can carry on the two hooks of this vest-pocket Keytainer the two to four most used keys. Equipped with safety klip—small and compact in size—it slips into vest pocket as naturally and securely as your fountain pen. Quick to get at, easy to use!

The other keys not needed so often can be stowed away in a larger Keytainer in your trousers pocket.

Women welcome it, too

THIS small Keytainer clips snugly to the pocket of hand bag. Anchored above handkerchief, vanity case and the other *etceteras*, it won't play hide-and-seek in distant corners. And it won't flip out with your handkerchief.

Keytainers of all sizes are a protection to the linings of pockets and hand bags. The bulky key-ring, leaving exposed the sharp points of the keys, is a thing of the past. The patented swivel hooks of Buxton Keytainers turn freely all ways—locking and unlocking is quick and easy.

Gifts that can really be used

FOR wedding ushers, for graduation and birthday presents, no gift is more acceptable than a *pair* of Keytainers. Everyone has use for two Keytainers; the 2-hook-with-klip for the most used keys, the 4, 6 or 8-hook sizes for the other keys. The 2-hook model can be had without klip if desired, and with or without identification pocket.

Jewelers, department, leather goods and stationery stores, haberdashers, hardware stores and druggists have Keytainers in plain styles for less than a dollar to De Luxe models in rich leather and fine gold up to $11.

Write for the book of Buxton Keytainers.

DEALERS: *Write for information on special introductory assortments.*

BUXTON, INC., Dept. S, Springfield, Mass.
MARBRIDGE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

In Canada: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg; Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto.

BUXTON KEY-TAINER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

gilded promises held out, will not only salvage the money lost in the old companies but afford a "grand opportunity" to emerge with a big profit. This performance is usually carried out under a so-called trust agreement which gives the manipulator immunity from corporate liability. You will presently see in detail how the scheme works out.

Whether it is the share, the unit or the merger proposition, one thing is certain. By any other name the game of organized oil-stock graft remains the same menace to the people's money.

It is, of course, impossible to deal concretely with every epoch of American oil-stock madness. Since the North Central Texas excitement, which centered at Fort Worth, was the most notable of all the frenzies, and furthermore because it led to the conviction of the largest group of promoters yet brought to judgment, I will employ it as the principal illustration.

I have already said that nearly every big oil strike leads to a stock-promotion campaign. It followed that when the Ranger and Burkburnett fields were opened up, Fort Worth, which was of easy access to both, became the rallying point geographically for the sharpers. Being a community of considerable size, it afforded every facility, so far as banks and office space were concerned, for the organization of a huge stock-selling movement. It was soon the capital of the most widely extended oil swindle yet known.

The movement did not get under full swing until 1919, when Burkburnett struck its stride. Here, as at Ranger, the big companies and many honest individuals were producing oil, and the areas had become part of a larger American petroleum expansion. But in oil, as in everything else, there is always abuse. Although their leases were invariably many miles from the actual producing centers, the unscrupulous promoters used pictures of the going wells in their literature and advertisements so ingeniously that the stock buyers thought they were acquiring interests in real production. This is the usual procedure.

A Nation-Wide Campaign

Being so near to Ranger and Burkburnett it was inevitable that Fort Worth should seethe with enthusiasm over oil. Even before the mobilization of promoters got under way, practically every other citizen was interested in some way in oil. Bootblacks, truck drivers, chauffeurs, cooks and housemaids put their savings into interests in leases. When the avalanche of stock offerings began they were easy prey because they were already infected with the oil germ. If the stock flotations had been confined to Fort Worth the number of victims would have been comparatively small; but this, unhappily, was not the case. The whole country was drawn into the web.

To Fort Worth there came the horde of promoters who caught this high tide of oil emotion at the flood. They had a selling point in the fact that Ranger and Burkburnett had made good. The news of the two strikes had been heralded throughout the country. John Jones, whether in Maine, Oregon, Florida or New Mexico, knew from his newspaper that North Central Texas was the new oil realm, and he fell for any solicitation, however exaggerated, that was linked with it.

Chief among these capitalizers of credulity who set up shop at Fort Worth was Dr F A Cook He arrived from Wyoming, where his fortunes had fallen to a low ebb. It was prophetic of his fate—and I speak out of a one-time professional contact with him—that his speech was oily and his manner persuasive. Through his "conquests" of Mt. McKinley and the North Pole, which, as most people are aware, had been repudiated, he was an international figure.

Doctor Cook's Activities

In this world of ours the sensation of one day is usually forgotten the next. Hence when Cook launched his stock-selling schemes, most people still knew him as an individual who once held the spotlight, and there were even some who believed he had been persecuted. Nearly every circular advertising a Cook scheme carried with it an impassioned defense of the man himself. In the haste for easy money the average person is not discriminating. The net result was that what Cook promised was accepted as gospel by tens of thousands of persons.

Cook's first undertaking at Fort Worth was the Texas Eagle Oil Company, which operated hypothetically in the Desdemona field. After a precarious existence, during which he was able to live for a year on the proceeds of stock sales, the company went on the rocks. Cook found himself up against it, a state of affairs, with which he was familiar. The characteristic feature of this initial Cook venture was that although he sold $1,500,000 in stock throughout the country, he had nothing to show for it.

Cook's sole remaining asset, aside from his nerve and plausibility, was the list of victims in the Texas Eagle Oil Company. He is said to have sold this to the Revere Oil Company for $6000. The Revere crowd merged 110 decrepit promotion companies into one master unit, and before its promoters landed in jail had taken in $35,000,000 in sums ranging from $2 to $1000. Their scheme will serve to explain the merger game.

The Revere annexation of Cook's stock list was merely one of many similar purchases. The idea behind this, as well as all the other mergers, was to get as many names as possible. Once his or her name was procured—and there were as many women as men involved in the gamble,

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Henry Zweifel, the U. S. District Attorney at Fort Worth, Who Sent the Oil Sharks to Jail

The temporary cleaning you are giving your teeth cannot stop decay

This tooth paste helps the natural cleansing processes of the mouth

THE most thorough brushing you can give your teeth has little effect on the mouth acids—the greatest cause of decay.

The only protection against these acids is the natural cleansing action of the salivary glands. The alkaline fluids from these glands neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

With healthy, normal mouth glands teeth are automatically protected.

But the mouth glands today have slowed down. They need exercise, and our soft cooked foods which require little or no chewing do not give it to them.

You will keep your teeth cleaner and safer by using a tooth paste that gently stimulates the mouth glands than by trying to brush away these constantly forming acids.

This tooth paste increases the protective fluids of the mouth

Pebeco has a stimulating effect on the salivary glands—it makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Sound white teeth are important to your appearance and they directly affect your health. Pebeco polishes your teeth thoroughly and stimulates the natural cleansing process to keep your teeth safe.

That clean, tingling feeling of a healthy, revitalized mouth

Pebeco leaves your mouth in a healthy, tingling condition—invigorated—revitalized. Its tonic effect extends to your gums—your palate—even to your tonsils, some physicians say.

This is the sane, natural way to protect your teeth. Clean your teeth so that they stay clean—protected constantly from the acids of decay.

Women are learning from men that Pebeco gives lasting cleanliness

Men have found that Pebeco Tooth Paste gives them a new feeling of lasting cleanliness.

Now thousands of women, too, are turning to Pebeco as the tooth paste that makes their teeth *really permanently clean*.

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco and start now to get your mouth into a healthy, clean condition.

Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada.

Free Offer

Send coupon today for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-10,
635 Greenwich Street
New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 152)

some of them Gold Star Mothers who mortgaged their pensions—the victim received a letter which usually contained this sentence: "We have been fortunate enough to include your company in our monster merger. We will save you from the losses you have already sustained by this consolidation of assets." Of course the assets were largely junk and hot air.

The Revere procedure was to levy a 25 per cent assessment on the stockholders who came into the new deal and then make an additional assessment of 25 per cent "for contingent expenses." Most of this new money was velvet, because the first assessment more than made up the comparatively trifling price paid for the stock lists. As I have already intimated, the majority of mergers such as the Revere were made under a form of common-law trust agreement which curiously enough, had its origin in Massachusetts and contained many safety-first clauses. Here is a specimen:

No trustee shall be personally liable on any accounts, claims or demands, or for any torts arising out of the conduct of the business or incident thereto of this trust estate to anyone whomsoever, it being expressly agreed and understood that all persons whosoever shall look to the property and assets of the trust estate for the satisfaction of their claims and demands, whether contractual or otherwise, and not to the trustees personally. If the trustees shall be required to pay any sum of money on account of any act of theirs made in good faith in the performance of their duties as trustees, they shall be indemnified therefor out of the said trust estate, and their claim for indemnity shall take precedence and priority over any other claims against said trust fund save and except lien creditors.

Invariably, under these agreements, all the assets were conveyed in trust to three persons, who were always the promoters themselves. You have seen how they were immune to any financial claim. Thus they were enabled to go the limit so far as extravagant claims were concerned. One of the usual steps in the merger game was to declare a salted dividend paid out of principal, which provided an irresistible bait for the old victims to buy stock in the new combine. They fell over themselves doing so.

The Revere stockbrokers and solicitors, and there were many in various parts of the country, were given books of blank stock certificates which they could fill out at will at any old price. Although the stock was quoted in the advertisements at $1.50 a share, it was marked down in house-to-house campaigns for as little as eleven cents. The Revere "properties" comprised a small group of rusty tanks and shacks. In cunningly doctored photographs they appeared with the background of a forest of wells. As a matter of fact, in most of the mergers, as well as in the single promotion companies, the assets were mainly postage stamps, typewriters and sucker lists.

The Promoter's Rake-Off

Having briefly explained the merger proposition, we can resume the story of the rise and fall of Doctor Cook. The sale of his list of Texas Eagle stockholders not only gave him a stake but an idea. He said to himself, "If others can work this merger game, so can I."

He therefore organized the Petroleum Producers Association under a declaration of trust that not only gave him the usual corporate immunity but declared that, "in consideration of the services of F. A. Cook, the founder of this organization, and as a further and continued consideration for his services as founder of this trust estate, it is mutually agreed that he shall receive in lieu of all other compensation one-eighth of all gross funds received from every source." You will observe that his take-out was on the gross, which means that he got a crack at everything that came in.

The actual assets of the Petroleum Producers Association at the outset, and the equity upon which the trust agreement was based, was 120 acres of land in La Salle County, Texas, which was not only non-oil-bearing but which had been purchased for $600. This represented all the cash put into the business, except for the office expenses, literature and advertising. One reason why the merger promoters were able to fleece so many suckers was that, as Cook's trust agreement read, "other valuable properties have been examined and negotiated for . . . and other assets will be acquired later on." In other words all development was in the future—so much so that it never materialized. But the suckers fell for the promises.

With the Petroleum Producers Association, Cook, who made himself president of the outfit, launched what was perhaps the most pretentious stock-selling campaign ever waged. At the full flush of his business he employed eighty-five stenographers and occupied two whole floors in a large office building. From them issued a steady stream of literature that was reminiscent of the most florid circus advertising.

He had little difficulty in persuading the stockholders in the various merged companies to come in. Most of them, already defunct, had a so-called trustee for the victims. This trustee immediately became a Cook tool and wrote to the stockholders in this wise:

"If we do not enter the Petroleum Producers Association or some other combination of this kind, it will be necessary to launch a new campaign to finance the purchase of new properties and the drilling of some wells. Since this is a very difficult task at present, I strongly recommend the merger as above outlined." On the strength of this "advice" thousands were willing to throw more good money after bad.

The chief of Cook's literary department was glib of tongue and pen. He had previously been indicted for fraudulent use of the mails in an oil promotion at Dallas, but was clever enough to wiggle out. The fact that he had escaped from the meshes of the law not only gave him prestige of a certain kind but heartened all the other promoters to renewed effort. Though it is anticipating results, let me say here that ultimately he got his, because he is now serving an eight-year sentence at Leavenworth. The association with Cook proved to be his undoing.

Sob Stuff as Selling Talk

Altogether Cook merged 413 companies. Of these, exactly thirteen had the first semblance of assets, and these assets consisted principally of dry holes. It is not surprising that Cook should have been able to harness 413 companies, because at that time 2700 corporations or syndicates of one kind or another were corraling money out of oil stocks in Texas. All but 600 had their offices in Fort Worth. Most of the remainder did business from Houston.

Cook was a wizard at letter writing. With him, as with all other oil sharks, the personal appeal was a strong point in selling. Endless communications were addressed "From your President" to "Dear Stockholder." Although it is a sad commentary on human nature, "Dear Stockholder" fell for the bunk.

I have before me as I write a series of follow-up letters signed by Cook to one of his woman victims in Birmingham, Alabama. They are all originals and were given to me by Henry Zweifel, the United States district attorney at Forth Worth, who successfully prosecuted the oil grafters. They formed one of the exhibits in the case against Cook. Because they are typical, and may also possibly serve as a warning for the future, I shall reproduce some extracts from them.

Apparently this particular woman in Birmingham had invested in one of the merged companies prior to its annexation by Cook, was unable to pay the 25 per cent assessment levied because of her straitened circumstances, and had written in to say so. Her case was ideal material for Cook to work on. He wrote her a three-page personal letter urging her to "make every sacrifice" to "salvage her investment." He dilated upon the possibilities for the future, saying: "I desire to direct your particular attention to the fact that we have more than 100 producing oil wells, have several more under process of drilling, all of which are confined to exclusively proved territories. Our success can be measured in a very large way and our next dividend will be the largest that has ever been paid out of the city of Fort Worth." The truth was that he did not have a single producing well, and the dividend to which he refers was a salted one, paid out of principal.

In this letter Cook made reference to his Arctic experiences in a piece of sentimental drool that is a classic of its kind. It is so amusing that I am reproducing it in full, as follows:

After wandering away, carrying a venturesome thought, but made up of good will to all men, as far as the Arctic on the cold, bleak hills around the North Pole, back to the wind swept seas, and into the noisome pestilence of the tropics, I learned a lesson that all men and women were made up of humanity. Appreciating that our sojourn in this world is but of a short duration, and from this world we glide into another, I have become fully appreciative of real good folks. In my declining years, my desire is to bring about, or cause to bring, happiness, pleasure, luxuries and the things they love best. The bitter experiences and the cold knocks you have endured, as well as the confidence you have exhibited, brings upon my shoulders the responsibility of securing real results for you, and with your coöperation, I will.

On the strength of this, and like thousands of her sister dupes, the woman made still another sacrifice, as is shown by a letter from Cook acknowledging the receipt of three dollars to be applied as first payment on a subscription for 100 shares in the Petroleum Producers Association. Not satisfied with having wrung this pitiful sum, Cook sent a follow-up communication reading like this:

I want to deeply thank you for your coöperation, and may God bless you and yours. I shall strive to my utmost to send you a record-breaker dividend before long.

The association has the assets. Measures will be taken to cause you no regret in taking the position you have. An opportunity of magnitude will pass you by, perhaps never to return, if you fail to increase your holdings. A coupon is enclosed with advice to get your dollars to work where they will yield a return.

This last letter is characteristic in every sense, because Cook, like all his ilk, was constantly invoking God's name in his undertakings. It shows also that no sum was too small to be extorted. Everything that came in, from a postage stamp up, was grist to the graft mill. The concrete case I have described could be duplicated ten thousand times.

Despicable as was the Cook campaign, it was matched—even surpassed in some respects—by the operations of the General Lee Development Interests, as they were known. Here you have a capitalization of good name on the one hand and of gullibility on the other. The master minds of this enterprise were Charles Sherwin and Harry Schwartz. They turned up in Fort Worth with a joint ambition to clean up in oil in the easiest and most effective manner. They saw Cook getting away with the goods, so they thought they would go him one better.

Texas is still strong in Confederate sentiment. There are people there who still think that the Civil War has not been finished, and, like the boy in the well-known Southern story, believe that "damned Yankee" is one word.

Sherwin and Schwartz knew that the name Lee was one to conjure with in the South, so they decided to hitch their promotion wagon to it. In Fort Worth they discovered an unassuming old man named Robert A. Lee, who had formerly been employed as janitor in the State House at Boise at fifty dollars a month. At the moment janitorships were scarce and he was living with relatives. He claimed a distant relationship with Robert E. Lee, the famous Southern soldier.

Capitalizing the Lee Reputation

This was all that Sherwin and Schwartz needed. They rescued the old man from obscurity and made him the central figure of the General Lee Development Interests. Immediately they dubbed him "General" Robert A. Lee. He had no direct interest in the company, but lent his name at precisely the same wage that he had received as janitor.

If you take a look at the literature of the General Lee Development Interests you will immediately assume—as thousands of of victims did—that Lee was not only the favorite relative of the great Confederate chieftain but that he had also devoted his life to geological research. He was referred to as the Miracle Man of Geology. I doubt if he had ever seen an oil well until his name was drafted for stock-selling purposes.

The most incriminating feature of this Lee campaign was the incessant abuse of the great Lee traditions. Nothing was too sacred to be perverted.

One of the choicest samples of the Sherwin-Schwartz dope was a booklet entitled The Honor of the Lees. In it the whole kindling story of the Lees, from Light Horse Harry of Revolutionary fame down to Robert E. and Fitzhugh Lee, was told. The infamy of the procedure was that the deeds of these illustrious men were tied up with the Fort Worth Lee stool pigeon in a stock-selling game. As an argument to buy stock in the General Lee Development Interests, this paragraph was used in The Honor of the Lees:

The Lees have kept the faith. The Lees have remained steadfast to the same high purpose which has marked their lives from the very birth of this nation. It has never been said of a Lee that he violated a confidence or broke a faith. The honor of the Lees has remained untarnished through the centuries. A name to inspire and thrill; a name to denote all that is high-minded and good in life; a name that has yet to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any man or woman.

Every appeal to stockholders from the General Lee Interests was signed by Robert A. Lee—often with the prefix "Gen."—and contained a reference to "my illustrious ancestor General Robert E. Lee." Incredible as it may seem, many, in the South especially, believed that the man who signed these communications was the famous soldier himself. This was because Robert A. Lee said in one of his circulars, "I would rather lead you and a thousand others to financial independence than to have won Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville."

When Sherwin, Schwartz and Lee were brought to trial one of the victims related how, after purchasing twenty dollars' worth of stock in the company—the par value was one dollar—she received a letter from "General" Lee thanking her for her confidence in him and asking her to buy more stock. She also told how in one letter "General" Lee had said that his motto was Do Unto Others First. The experience of the company proved that its motto really was Do Others First.

The Day of Reckoning

Another letter to the same woman inclosed a signed photograph of the "general," who said it was sent in a "true spirit of friendship." I refer to these Lee letters because one of the most effective agencies in any fraudulent-stock campaign is what advertising experts call the direct personal appeal. As the Cook exhibit showed, they seem to pull the harder when they drip with sob stuff.

The General Lee Interests cleaned up more than $250,000 in actual cash before the bubble burst. Sherwin and Schwartz got ten years each, with $15,000 fines for good measure. "General" Robert A. Lee was given two years in prison and fined $6000. The trio will have ample opportunity for the study of American history without interruption.

From the merger scheme and the type of imposition represented by the capitalization of the Lee name, we now pass to a different brand of seduction labeled "the guaranteed dividend." The most notorious perpetrator was the Bucher Smackover Trust, organized and developed by H. S. Bucher. It presents some new kinks in the promotion process.

Where the Doctor Cooks bore down heavily on what had been accomplished by legitimate producers in the North Texas field, Bucher cunningly employed the Smackover area in Arkansas, although his hot-air machine functioned at Fort Worth. Various gushers had been brought in at Smackover; so Bucher, to whom the truth offered no handicap whatever, began to guarantee gushers for his victims. In addition, his literature also guaranteed a 700 per cent cash dividend.

For exploitation purposes this dividend was divided into four installments of 150 per cent, with an "extra "of 100 per cent. At the outset of his undertaking, and when he had only a few stockholders, Bucher declared and paid an actual 150 per cent dividend, which amounted to very little. It was the usual salted payment out of principal. As always happens in such cases, it proved to be the bait that lured thousands into the scheme. This followed, because in all his advertising matter Bucher stated: "On February first, when my trust was but a few weeks old, I declared and paid 150 per cent cash dividend to the brave little army of investors who rallied around me in the pioneer days of my enterprise."

What the eternal stock victim, whether in oil or otherwise, never comprehends is the misuse of the word "investor." An investment is an undertaking in which you put out your money to work in an honest enterprise that actually produces something commercial. Investment is the exact opposite of speculation, but few stop to make this distinction.

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A Steer is not all steak!

What of the Neck, the Shanks, the Belly (Plate) and the Inedible Portions?

THIS is in answer to one of the questions most frequently asked concerning the packing business.

Let us consider the facts in detail. A good live steer, weighing say 1,000 pounds, consists of about 350 pounds of hoofs, hide, hair and other inedible parts. These are valuable as by-products; but, taken all together, they bring less than the cost of an equal amount of live steer.

About 500 pounds are so-called "cheaper cuts"—chuck, round, plate, brisket, shank and other edible parts such as liver, heart, tongue, etc. Some of these, of course, sell for more than others. Still as an *entire group*, they, too, bring less at wholesale than the cost of 500 pounds of live steer.

That leaves 150 pounds of "choice cut"—loin steaks and rib roasts. Not a very great part of a 1,000-pound steer! If this third group did not sell for considerably above the cost per pound of the steer, the steer would not pay for itself.

Remember, too, that your retail dealer, when he buys a whole side of beef, gets the plate, shank, neck, etc., as well as steaks and roasts. Since the former are usually difficult to sell, he must charge more than the average cost for the latter.

The packer—and likewise the retailer—would really prefer to sell choice cuts at less and "cheaper cuts" (since they are just as nutritious) at a little more—thus evening up. But the only practical way to price various cuts is according to the relative values placed upon them by the public—that is, as expressed through public preference and demand.

Maybe there is a question about the packing business on which you would like information. Won't you tell us what it is? Armour and Company wants its business well understood. That is the purpose of the series of advertisements of which this is No. 3.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Driving
Comfort
by Night

the

"*Triple-Curve*"

PREMIER VIZOR

"The Non-Breakable Transparent Vizor"

Safety Driving means Driving Comfort. The continued strain on eyes and nerves caused when driving against the glare of sun by day or bright lights by night takes the pleasure out of motoring, quite apart from the danger of a serious accident.

With a PREMIER Vizor of tinted Pyralin on your car, Glare is subdued to a soft restful glow. Moreover, the distinctive beauty of the exclusive "Triple-Curve" PREMIER makes it a pleasing addition to the equipment of your car.

Processed Pyralin is an entirely new development for transparent vizors and has been specially prepared by E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., Inc., to resist the most severe climatic conditions.

PREMIER Vizors are stocked by the best dealers and garages everywhere, but if you cannot obtain one promptly we will ship express prepaid upon receipt of remittance and your dealer's name. Name color desired—your choice of Green, Blue or Amber.

Accept No Substitutes

The PREMIER is the only *Triple-Curve* Vizor—an exclusive feature. You can distinguish it easily by its shape. Positively will not warp, wrinkle, or sag Be sure you get the genuine Look for the name PREMIER.

GRIGSBY ⁄⁄ GRUNOW ⁄⁄ HINDS ⁄⁄ CO

Driving Comfort by Day

Each Vizor is complete, ready to attach to either open or closed cars.

We have exclusive rights to the use of genuine

DU PONT PROCESSED PYRALIN

for automobile vizors.

STANDARD MODEL

40 inches wide, aluminum frame, black and nickel trim, fits 80% of all cars, including—Buick-4, Chandler, Chevrolet, Dodge, Dort, Durant, Essex, Ford, Haynes, Jewett, Jordan, Lafayette, Maxwell, Moon 6-40, Nash, Overland, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Paige, Reo, Rickenbacker, Stearns, Star, Studebaker, Stutz, Velie, Wills Ste. Claire, Willys-Knight, etc. . . .

$7.50

MOGUL MODEL DE LUXE

44 inches wide, aluminum frame, all nickel trim, for cars having extra wide windshields, including—Buick-6 (1924), Cadillac, Cole, Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile, Marmon, Packard, Peerless, etc. . . . . .

$10.00

Note: Either Model supplied in all black frame if preferred.

4540 ARMITAGE AVE, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Valeteria that shaped your *new* suit is now available to keep it shapely

The collar is *shaped* by a *collar* press.
The shoulders are *shaped* by a *shoulder* press.
Chest and front are *shaped* by *coat forming* presses.
Trousers (or skirt) are *shaped* by a trousers (or skirt) press.
Special pressers smooth and shape each detail of your apparel, just as was done when your clothes were made.

REMEMBER when first you stepped into that new suit? It fitted as if it were part of you. The collar conformed correctly and comfortably to the neck; there was a graceful contour to the coat; a pleasingly smooth set to the shoulders; the trousers had just the proper hang.

Your suit had style not only because it was pressed, but because it was *shaped*—and that is the new idea which now comes to you in Valeteria. Valeteria is an improved service which *shapes* your clothes while it presses them.

Yet Valeteria really is not new. If you were to step into any of the famous institutions where quality clothes are made, you would find Valeterias on the job—the important point to you is that now you can have this service for your clothes daily. The specialized presses available formerly only to the maker of clothes, now have been made into a simple, compact unit, and under the name of Valeteria is at your service right there in your own neighborhood.

When you send your suit to a Valeteria it is given the same sort of pressing it received when it was made. The collar is pressed and shaped on a collar press; the shoulders on a shoulder press; the coat on forming presses (two of them); the trousers on a trousers press (or in the case of skirts, on a skirt press)—the entire suit molded as the tailor or manufacturer molded it; its fit and form restored; possessed once more of that trig smartness which is the essence of style.

Nor is this service limited to suits. Coats, overcoats, suits, skirts—you can send them all. As for the cost, it is only a trifle more than the ordinary. Actually, the real cost is less, since clothes keep their shape longer and so require less frequent pressing.

But be your own judge—a suit sent today to the Valeteria in your block will vindicate your good judgment. You will know the proper place by the name Valeteria on the window. Or if there is no Valeteria in your neighborhood as yet, phone your local dry cleaner and he will see that you are served. Also, write for the booklet entitled "Restoring Style to Clothes." Address the United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A man of whom you should know more

In your town is a man who can renew your apparel—your dry cleaner. When you send your suit, coat, or skirt for Valeteria service, ask also that your clothes be dry-cleaned—it will add alike to their life and looks. You'll find, too, that your dry cleaner has other services that will help you conserve your clothes and your household furnishings. Cultivate his acquaintance. Put in a call for him today.

Look for the shop with this sign—

Valeteria

THE BETTER WAY OF PRESSING THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES
GIVEN BY HOFFMAN PRESSES

© 1924—United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation

(Continued from Page 154)

With the second dividend of 150 per cent Bucher inaugurated a scheme for separating people from their assets as cunning as it was malicious. Instead of sending the checks to the stockholders by mail he distributed them among unscrupulous brokers and agents. The agents took the checks in person to the stockholders with this statement:

"Here is your Smackover Trust dividend check, but it is folly for you to accept it. Mr. Bucher"—here again you have the personal element—"has been generous enough to allot you 1000 shares"—or whatever amount was agreed upon—"in his new capitalization. Of course, if you don't want it you must sign a waiver giving the stock to someone else who is eager to have it."

The inevitable thing happened. By making the new stock allotment a "special favor," and further by giving it the atmosphere of a legal transaction through the waiver, the stockholder not only applied his dividend to the new deal but often dug up more money. If the dividend check did not cover the new subscription, and it seldom did, the solicitor said, "If you have no ready cash you can give us securities."

The result was that thousands of people handed over Liberty Bonds and other really good holdings in exchange—and, as they believed, in trust—for worthless pieces of lithographed paper. In doing so the victim had to sign a document which turned out to be a bill authorizing the Bucher crowd to sell the securities received. Thus the Smackover Trust not only saved all the second dividend money but, using it as a come-on, harvested much more.

The New School of Trickery

Bucher's publicity was a marvel of appeal. Like Cook, he was a champion letter writer, employing the words and phrases that always hit the bull's-eye. His mythical wells were all named Success. As the stock operations widened, these were designated by numbers, such as Success No. 1, and so on. He created a scheme of so-called "Beneficial Interests" which sold at one dollar each and were supposed to represent a special share of the profits.

Bucher also put over another misrepresentation. Part of his literature consisted of phony newspapers which were nothing more or less than promotion programs. They were filled with articles which told of the marvelous production of Smackover Trust properties. Interspersed were occasional news items about the general oil situation. The public which received the sheets believed that they were legitimate oil journals. The use of these papers eventually got Bucher in bad, because the postal authorities were able to land him on account of them. His fate was like that of all the rest. The enterprise collapsed and Bucher himself was sentenced to a year and a day in prison, and was fined $5000.

I could continue this list of companies almost indefinitely. The feature of the Forth Worth offensive was that it created a new school of trickery and deception. It was a wild, hectic era and the whole community was infected. At lunchtime shopgirls discussed their oil-stock purchases just as they talked about engagements with men. They were merely symbols of the hundreds of thousands throughout the land who were doing likewise. Money poured in so fast on the promoters that they made wagers among themselves on the daily returns. Heads and purses were alike inflated. But Nemesis was at hand. The finish came, and in this wise:

In the United States district attorney's office on the ground floor of the old red post-office building in Fort Worth sat a brawny man with curly black hair, searching eyes and a fighting face. His name was Henry Zweifel and he was a two-fisted go-getter. Fate had evidently marked him for the task that was now to be his.

Born on a farm in Hood County, Texas, he had earned his first real money as boiler maker in the oil fields. In this capacity he ranged all the way from Beaumont to Kansas. Out in the open, Zweifel learned the oil business literally from under the ground up. He was not the type to be content to remain a worker with his hands, so he became interested in politics and Roosevelt appointed him postmaster at Granbury. Always ambitious, he studied law at night at Granbury College and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-eight. Most of his clients were oil men, and his knowledge of the game was increased through the litigation end. In 1921 he was appointed United States district attorney for the Northern District of Texas, which embraces one-third of the state and is the largest of its kind in the whole country.

When Zweifel assumed his Federal post at Fort Worth the oil-stock campaign was well under way. He knew that it was vile, but no complaints came to him for the immemorial reason that the victim of speculation seldom admits his losses. However, he began to study the situation. It was not until the summer of 1923 that he asked the Attorney General at Washington for permission to prosecute what had become the biggest oil swindle ever known. He called specific attention to the merger proposition, which was landing most of the cash. He further asked for special assistance. Washington told him to go as far as he liked and half a dozen Department of Justice agents were sent down to his aid

Zweifel's first step was to get so-called fraud orders, which prevented the promotion companies from receiving their mail. It meant that all letters addressed, for example, to the Petroleum Producers Association were sent to his office instead. Out of the mail of this company alone he salvaged $177,000 in a single week. In three weeks $359,000 was taken out of the mail of the Revere crowd. During the first six weeks of the operation of the fraud orders a total of $750,000 was saved for the credulous people who had sent it to Fort Worth. This was not a patch, however, on the larger loss, because the Fort Worth oil gang bagged not less than $250,000,000. This is the estimate of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which assisted effectively in the campaign against stock sharks both in California and in Texas.

Zweifel's task was far from easy. To begin with, the oil crooks had plenty of money and fought him at every turn. Secondly, at the start sentiment generally in Fort Worth was against him. A certain section among the business men feared that the prosecutions would hurt the boom that had come to the community with the stock-promotion campaign. It is only fair to say that once the housecleaning began, the United States district attorney got 100 per cent coöperation from the citizens. Today Fort Worth is purged of the powers that preyed and has begun a fresh era of expansion.

Judge Killets' Pointed Remarks

The fraud orders marked the beginning of the end. Zweifel assembled his evidence before the Federal grand jury, and one by one the men who had made rapacity a fine art were indicted. On November 21, 1923, the 104 defendants got theirs. I have already indicated the degree of punishment meted out to some of them.

The central figure on that day of days was Doctor Cook. In sentencing him to fourteen years and nine months in prison, and fining him $12,000, Judge John M. Killets delivered what was probably the most terrific indictment ever administered to a man in an American court room. My great regret is that space limitation prevents its reproduction in full. The opening blast will serve to indicate the character of the arraignment. The judge said: "Cook, this is one of the times when your peculiar and persuasive hypnotic personality fails you. You have at last got to the point where you cannot bunko anybody. First we had Ananias. Then we had Machiavelli. The twentieth century produced Frederick A. Cook."

Two Indians in the New Mexico Desert

The carnival of convictions at Fort Worth was duplicated on a smaller scale at Houston. The chief figure was Cox, the same individual who had been Cook's handy literary man. In Houston he helped to promote the Bluebird Oil Corporation, a merger. Maeterlinck conceived the bluebird as the symbol of happiness. With Cox and his confederates it spelled loss for thousands of misguided speculators, and likewise retribution for the miscreants who traded on the original significance.

I was in Houston when Cox was sentenced to five years in prison and to pay a fine of $15,000. George E. Peddy, the special United States attorney designated to prosecute the oil-fraud cases there, told me an amusing story about him. Just before Cox was arraigned for sentence his attorney asked if it were possible to send him to Leavenworth instead of Atlanta. When asked the reason why, the judge received this reply:

"Cox is afraid to go to Atlanta because he sold one of the wardens there a block of fake stock."

He was sent to Leavenworth.

The Meanest Man in the World

Cox, by the way, is unique among his kind. Just as he administered the double-cross to so many stock victims, so did he receive a double dose of justice. In addition to the sentence and the fine imposed at Dallas, he also got eight years and a fine of $8000 for his work with Cook at Fort Worth. The sentences are to run concurrently. Hence he will have only eight years to serve.

One of Cox's associates, Butler Perryman, who also was fined and imprisoned, created what are said to be the two masterpieces of promotion literature. In these Perryman reversed the usual order, because he arraigned the stock sharks for swindling the public. One of these classics was entitled The Meanest Man in the World and contained this paragraph:

> The man who would take your money to develop a big idea—his idea—and then put that money in his pocket, or a large portion of it, instead of using it for the development of the proposition in which you were buying stock, is my idea of the meanest man in the world.

The other and more damning document which lured thousands to financial ruin was entitled Do Not Risk the Loss of Your Home. Buy it First. Ostensibly it argued that every person should save up and purchase his own home. In reality it made the point that ordinary saving was too slow a process and that oil stock offered the opportunity to get the nest egg quickly. These two circulars rose like avengers at Perryman's trial and contributed largely to his undoing.

In every tragedy there is usually some element of humor. So it was with the Houston stock-promotion cases. One of the defendants was Henry H. Hoffman, who conducted an elaborate stock-selling scheme through the mail. In exploiting his first company he advertised a drilling campaign so incessantly that to save his face he had to put down a well. To his great surprise he got oil. He was unable to realize on it himself because he had disposed of every share. The strike served its purpose with him because he based every succeeding promotion on it. Hoffman got two years in prison and was fined $5000.

In this succession of Texas episodes you have one of the all-too-many complete cycles embodied within the larger span of human weakness. For years the unscrupulous stock promoter has taken his toll regardless of the laws and the morals he infringed. The public continues to be duped despite the constant warnings held out. The final query therefore is, does anybody ever really learn from experience when it comes to chasing the rainbow of easy wealth?

Apparently not. The best that the chronicler of events can do is to keep plugging away, trusting that eventually the instinct of thrift and reason will prevail to safeguard the people's savings.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with American oil. The next will be devoted to the future of petroleum.

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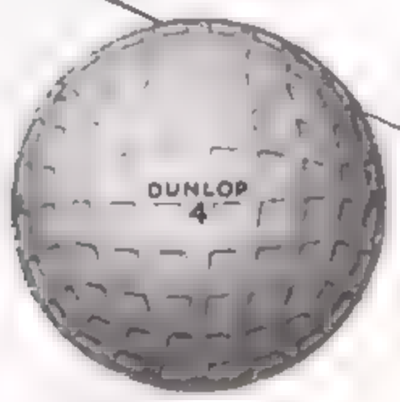

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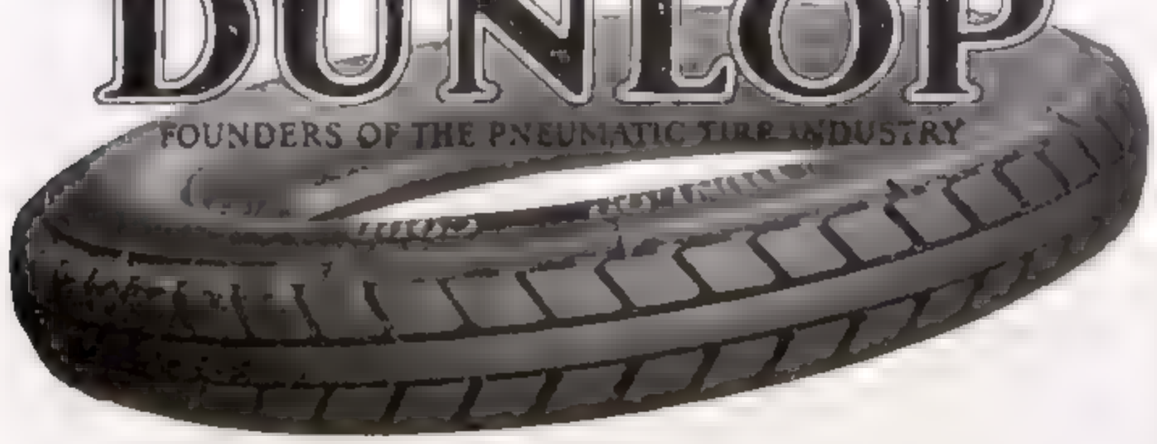

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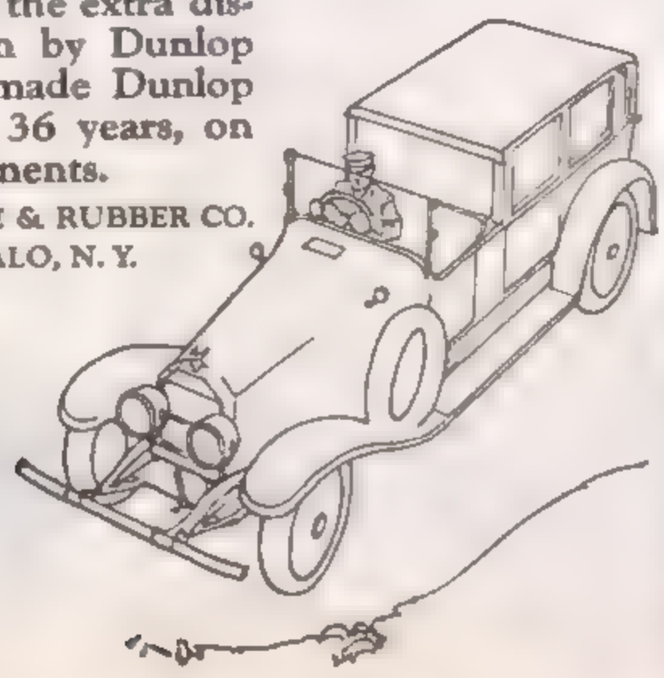

PRESENT DAY GERMANY

(Continued from Page 11)

of the Nordic race. Energetic and warlike by nature, Nordics never fight so fiercely as when fighting each other. The fall of Rome heralded a perfect welter of inter-Nordic wars. Overrunning Western Europe, not as a united people but as independent tribes, the Teutonic invaders fought endlessly over the spoils, slaughtering one another wholesale and thus reducing their numbers as against the subject Alpine and Mediterranean populations, who took almost no part in the fighting and therefore increased in numerical strength.

Finally one of these Germanic tribes, the Franks, gained the ascendancy, and under a great leader, Charlemagne, temporarily united most of Western and Central Europe beneath his sway. Reviving the imperial tradition, he assumed the title of Roman Emperor and called his state the Roman Empire. Charlemagne's experiment is one of the most fascinating of historical might-have-beens. If it had succeeded, a great new civilization might have arisen, Nordic in character and anticipating modern civilization by nearly 1000 years. The materials for a new civilization were there. The Nordic masters of Europe were no longer the rude barbarians who had overrun the decayed Roman Empire. They had shown their intelligence and capacity by the rapidity with which they had assimilated the remnants of classic civilization and were creatively adapting it to their own temperaments and times. If peace and political stability could have been maintained the germs of culture which were beginning to sprout would probably have soon come to brilliant bloom.

And, as already remarked, the new civilization would have been essentially Nordic in character. Despite its Latin trappings, Nordic blood and the Nordic spirit were the driving forces in Charlemagne's empire. This fact is too often misunderstood. The term "Roman" has a southern ring, while the name "Charlemagne" suggests a Latin-French personality. As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the truth. "Charlemagne" is merely Old French for "Charles the Great." And Charles the Great was a Teutonic Nordic to the very marrow of his bones. This mighty monarch, with his blue eyes and long golden beard, spoke Old German and held his court at Aachen—Aix-la-Chapelle—a city of Western Germany. His empire was a thoroughly Nordic creation.

Early Germanic Stock

Charlemagne's experiment, however, was not destined to endure. His successors did not inherit his greatness and his empire rapidly fell to pieces, plunging Europe into the gloomy welter of the Dark Ages. The Teutonic Nordics not only continued to weaken one another by fratricidal wars but became divided by such differences in language and culture that they lost practically all sense of racial solidarity. Hitherto the Nordic conquerors of Western Europe had retained a certain kindred feeling. Fiercely though they quarreled, they had yet felt themselves nearer to one another than to their Latin subjects; and they had been proud of their Teutonic customs, speech and free ideals. Now, however, the Nordics of Western Europe, diminished in numbers and alienated from their eastern kinsmen by constant wars, adopted the language and culture of their subjects and thus became Latinized.

Such was the germ of the modern French, Spanish and Italian nationalities. This, however, not only made henceforth impossible the creation of a great Pan-Nordic state and civilization like that foreshadowed in Charlemagne's empire but also hastened the decline of the Nordic element in Western Europe by breaking down Nordic race consciousness and thus increasing intermarriage with the subject Alpine and Mediterranean elements.

Meanwhile the Nordics of Central Europe retained their language and racial consciousness, and began to build up a separate political organization which was the foreshadowing of German nationality. This nucleus of later Germany was almost purely Nordic in race, but its political frontiers differed widely from the borders of either the ancient Germania or modern Germany. The Germania of Roman times had included all of Central Europe north of the Rhine and the Danube, and had stretched eastward through what is now Poland to Western Russia. The fall of Rome, however, had caused a great change in the situation. The Germanic tribes which had been piling up for centuries against the Roman frontiers along the Rhine and Danube burst over Europe like a dammed-up flood set free. But this had left the Germanic homeland half depopulated, and into the half-empty territories came new people—the Slavs. The Slavs were racially of Alpine stock. Their homeland was in Southeastern Europe, centering about the Carpathian Mountains. The westward migrations of the Teutonic Nordics gave the Slavs their opportunity, and they rapidly overran the whole eastern portion of ancient Germany.

These Slavs were very different folk from the Nordic Teutons. Almost pure Alpines in blood, they displayed typical Alpine race qualities. For example, their occupation of Eastern Germany was not so much a conquest as an infiltration. Much less warlike than the Teutons, they entered Germany not as large organized tribes but as loose hordes, settling here and there upon the lands which had been abandoned by the Teutonic tribes that had migrated into the Roman Empire. What gave the Slavs success was their vast numbers. There seems to have been comparatively little fighting between the two races. Like a slowly rising tide, the Slavs simply engulfed the remnants of the Teutonic inhabitants.

Shifting Frontiers

The racial result was, however, none the less decisive, because Eastern Germany was transformed from a solidly Nordic into an almost solidly Alpine land. And for a long period this process went steadily on. In time the Slav tide flowed so far westward that it reached the line of the River Elbe. In other words, of the ancient Germania, only the extreme western portion lying between the Rivers Elbe and Rhine remained Nordic in blood. This was the situation when Charlemagne united the Teutonic Nordics and founded his short-lived empire about the year 800 A.D.

When Charlemagne's empire broke up and the Nordic elements of Western Europe became Latinized, the remaining Nordics, who had retained their old language and racial consciousness, began, as already remarked, to form a separate state of their own. Although they retained only that part of their German homeland which lay between the Rhine and the Elbe, they had become possessed of much former Roman soil. A broad band of territory west of the Rhine—including not only Germany's present Rhine Provinces but also most of Belgium and much of Northern France—had been so thoroughly overrun at the fall of the Roman Empire that the old Latinized population had disappeared, replaced by the Teutonic invaders. Therefore the inhabitants of these regions did not become Latinized like their kinsmen farther west, but kept their Germanic speech and united politically with their eastern brethren.

Such was the political grouping which was the nucleus of German nationality. Its frontiers were obviously very different from those of modern Germany, since it included much of what is now France, Belgium and Holland, while on the other hand it did not include Germany's present eastern provinces. It is precisely these wide shifts of frontiers at different periods that have caused so many of Germany's troubles.

However, this nucleus of modern Germany made a good start. Rapidly growing in power, it turned its attention chiefly eastward toward the lost homelands. A mighty movement of conquest and colonization began, known in German history as the *Drang nach Osten*—the march to the East. Falling upon the barbarous and ill-organized Slav tribes, the Germans rapidly conquered them and soon brought most of what is now known as Eastern Germany and Austria under their sway.

Politically and culturally, these conquests were permanent. Racially, however, they were far from complete. The Slavs submitted to their German conquerors, who settled down as masters. The racial situation was thus much like that in Western Europe after the fall of Rome. The Teutonic Nordics everywhere formed the ruling aristocracy. Also the free peasants and the townsfolk were mostly Nordic in blood.

As for the Slavs, reduced to serfdom, they adopted the German language and in time came to think of themselves as Germans. But change of speech did not change their blood. Racially they remained what they had always been—Alpines.

Thus Eastern Germany became what it still is—a land of mixed racial stocks. At first, however, these stocks remained physically distinct. There was little intermarriage, the Teutonic Nordics looking down on the Alpine Slavs as an inferior race. Therefore, although Germany came to include many Alpine elements within its borders, the German spirit and culture long remained purely that of the ruling Nordic stock.

So rapidly did this early Germany progress that it presently became the most powerful state in Europe. Indeed, it soon revived the memory of Charlemagne's empire. Invading Italy, then in a condition of turbulent weakness, the German monarch had himself crowned at Rome, proclaiming his combined realms the Holy Roman Empire.

This, however, was a fatal mistake. The annexation of Italy proved to be medieval Germany's undoing. Rapidly though Germany had grown, it still lacked political cohesion. If the early German monarchs had devoted their energies to that task Germany might have become a unified nation which would have been the most powerful state in Europe and the center of European civilization. Instead of this, the German rulers wasted their strength on imperial dreams and costly foreign adventures.

Italy in particular was a never-ending drain. Continually rebelling against German rule, it had to be continually reconquered. In these expeditions the power of Germany was consumed. Time after time a German monarch would lead a glittering host across the Alps, fight his way to Rome, and there be crowned emperor. But to do this he usually had to bankrupt his treasury, while of the splendid knights and stalwart men at arms who followed his standard the majority would find Italian graves through battle or disease, comparatively few ever returning to their German homes. Meanwhile, back in Germany, ambitious nobles would be undermining the royal authority and building up their local power.

As time passed, Germany fell into disunion and disorder. Instead of growing together, it fell apart. Outlying regions like Holland and Switzerland gradually ceased to feel themselves German and finally split off as independent states. The main body of Germany sank into a loose confederation troubled by endless domestic quarrels. Once more, as in Charlemagne's day, the Teutonic Nordics had lost their chance of political power and security.

Thirty Dark Years

However, despite its political shortcomings, medieval Germany produced a brilliant civilization. In numberless noble castles and fine cities chivalrous knights and fair ladies, poets, thinkers, artists and craftsmen combined to make a society of peculiar variety and charm. Medieval Germany was, indeed, rich in the fruits of the Nordic spirit. For it was the Nordic spirit which pulsed through this virile civilization. Germany was still mainly Nordic in blood, and this blood was mainly of high quality.

Then came the darkest time in Germany's history—the Thirty Years' War—1618 to 1648. This frightful catastrophe dealt Germany a blow from which she has never recovered. The Thirty Years' War was the climax of centuries of political disunion envenomed by religious fanaticism. It quickly developed into a horrible butchery in which the Germans slaughtered one another wholesale. For thirty long years the flower of the German race was sacrificed. As the war went on, neighboring nations took a hand in the grim game and fought out their quarrels on German soil.

When the war at last ended, Germany was completely ruined. Her civilization had been trampled into the mud and blood of her battlefields, while her racial stock was hideously mutilated. Germany had lost nearly two-thirds of her entire population. In some regions the loss of life was almost unbelievable. In Würtemberg, for example, more than nine-tenths of the population had perished, while the city of Berlin contained but three hundred residents. And far more serious than the loss in numbers was the loss in quality. Perhaps never in the world's history has so much superior human stock been destroyed in so short a time.

In those thirty years the German stock had been changed almost beyond recognition. Gone were nearly all those fine strains which had been Old Germany's strength and glory. This was particularly true of Germany's gentle blood. The type that we call the gentleman had been numerous in medieval Germany. After the Thirty Years' War it was almost extinct in Germany. The tactlessness and lack of innate courtesy characteristic of so many modern Germans seems mainly due to this scarcity of gentle blood. When the Thirty Years' War was over about all that was left alive in Germany was a brutalized soldiery and the toughest of the peasantry. It was this hard, coarse-grained remnant that sired modern Germany. The fact that so much intelligence and ability should nevertheless have been passed on to succeeding generations proves the soundness of Old Germany's human stock.

Besides a general lowering of quality, the Thirty Years' War produced marked changes in Germany's racial make-up. The outstanding fact was a sweeping replacement of the Nordic by the Alpine element. In this, as in other wars, the fighting Nordics were the worst sufferers. Also, the postwar period continued this process of racial displacement. The Thirty Years' War was followed by a generation of squalid poverty. In these wretched conditions the Alpines, more stolid and coarser fibered than the Nordics, and with lower living standards, had a better chance of survival. The upshot was that when Germany emerged into better times she was racially much changed.

Changes in Germany

Instead of being predominantly Nordic, as she had been hitherto, Germany had become mainly Alpine in blood. And the race lines which were then laid down are substantially those which exist today. The Nordic elements of Southern and Eastern Germany had been largely destroyed, the peasantry being practically pure Alpines, while such Nordic blood as did remain was confined chiefly to the upper classes. Only in Northern Germany, particularly in the northwest—where the Slav tide had never penetrated—did the population remain essentially Nordic in type.

Another important point that should be noted is that it was during this period that there took place the extensive racial intermixture which characterizes modern Germany. Before the Thirty Years' War there seems to have been comparatively little marriage between Germany's racial stocks. The Alpines were mostly serfs bound to the soil, while the Nordics of all classes—nobles, burghers and free peasants alike—appear to have possessed a strong racial consciousness and pride of ancestry. Society in Old Germany was decidedly aristocratic, and intermarriage between classes was therefore relatively infrequent.

The Thirty Years' War, however, shattered the old social fabric and greatly mixed the population. In time, to be sure, society re-formed, largely along racial lines, the superior intelligence and energy of Nordic blood rising naturally into the upper and middle social classes. But the old clearness of race lines was blurred. Even the upper classes now contained much Alpine blood, while the general population, especially in Central Germany, became the decidedly mixed stock which it so evidently is today.

This general Alpinization of German blood produced corresponding changes in German ideals and institutions. The spirit of Old Germany had been a Nordic spirit. Its strong individualism and energetic originality in thought and action were like those of other Nordic lands such as England and the Scandinavian nations. After the Thirty Years' War however, the German spirit became largely Alpine in character. The mass nature of German public opinion, its reliance upon authority and its submissiveness to strong, masterful minorities, are all typically Alpine traits.

The Thirty Years' War is thus the key to a correct understanding of modern Germany. It is also the key which locks an iron door between modern Germany and its medieval past. Those two Germanys are profoundly different in character—and unfortunately Old Germany was by far the superior. Modern Germany was born in the Thirty Years' War; its destiny was irrevocably determined in the fatal year 1618, more than three centuries ago, when

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Why are many farms along the Pacific Coast and in the Northwest electrified but many more in other parts unelectrified? Local conditions furnish the answer.

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Population plus use makes electrification possible. There must be existent and potential possibilities for electrical growth. As we know more about farm uses for electricity we shall have more farm electrical devices.

Electrical engineers alone cannot solve this problem. Agricultural engineers alone cannot solve it. There must be a thorough, co-operative study. Such a study is now being made by a National Committee of experts. They have organized state groups of farmers to whom electricity is experimentally supplied. These farmers, guided by their state agricultural colleges and by farm-paper editors, keep accurate production costs and compare them with those of the past.

This work is fast revealing so many new, profitable ways of utilizing electricity that thousands of farms will be electrified sooner than farmers realize. Farms already electrified will make even greater use of electric power; others will install electric labor-saving devices in the manner that actual tests have proved to be profitable.

The National Committee in charge of the work is composed of economists and engineers representing the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Departments of Agriculture, the Interior and Commerce, the Power Farming Association of America, the American Society of Agricultural Engineers and the National Electric Light Association.

A booklet has been published by the Committee. It will be sent on request free of charge. Read it and pass it on to your neighbor. Write for it either to Dr. E. A. White, American Farm Bureau Federation, 58 E. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., or to the National Electric Light Association, at 29 West 39th Street, New York City.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

Old Germany committed suicide. Thenceforth Germany's position in Europe was immensely weakened, while her future in the world at large was gravely compromised. For two centuries Germany remained a mere geographical expression, racked by internal disunion and preyed upon by ambitious neighbors. Not until the year 1871 did Germany attain political unity and gain a position of power and security comparable to that which she had enjoyed hundreds of years before.

The German Empire founded in 1871 was largely the work of a commanding personality—Bismarck. Bismarck is a much misunderstood figure. Though often denounced as a brutal militarist, Bismarck was in reality a great statesman, with keen vision and a firm grasp on realities. He knew that Germany needed above all things to consolidate her new-won unity. Realizing as he did the latent dangers of Germany's position, with no natural frontiers to east or west to guard against possible attack from France and Russia, he felt that Germany should be well armed; but he did not believe that Germany should engage in ambitious foreign policies. So long as he remained at the helm of the ship of state, German foreign policy aimed chiefly at the maintenance of the then existing European political situation.

Patriotic Exuberance

Bismarck was forced from power by the young Emperor William II in the year 1890, and it is then that imperial Germany began its policy of expansion which culminated in the Great War. However, we must be careful to understand the facts of the case if we are to get a clear idea of what actually occurred. The idea that in 1890 Germany deliberately began plotting the conquest of the world, with Kaiser Wilhelm the arch villain of the plot—as is still widely believed—is an absurdity of war hysteria and propaganda. The truth of the matter is that Kaiser Wilhelm was a rather flighty person, well meaning, but torn between romantic dreams of German greatness and common-sense warnings against the dangers which an expansive foreign policy might involve. Unfortunately, he kept the warnings well hidden, but voiced his romantic dreams in flamboyant speeches, which inflamed German ambitions and alarmed Germany's neighbors.

German public opinion was by this time getting into a mood which needed curbing rather than spurring. The chief reasons for this state of mind were intense patriotic exuberance and increasing economic prosperity. The attainment of political unity after centuries of disunion and weakness, and the sudden rise to a leading position in Europe, made Germans glow with pride and exultation. Patriotic optimism stressed the bright spots in Germany's past. The glories of Old Germany were acclaimed while darker days were forgotten.

All this was natural and might not have been harmful if Germany's leaders had kept their feet on the ground. Unhappily, Germany's rapid rise to power and prosperity swept most of Germany's spokesmen into the prevailing tide of boundless optimism. Germany's economic development in particular was truly extraordinary. In the forty-three years which elapsed between the founding of the German Empire and the outbreak of the Great War, Germany underwent a prodigious economic transformation, changing from a mainly agricultural country to one of the leading industrial nations of the world. This implied a vast increase in wealth and population. In 1870 there were about forty million Germans; in 1914 there were nearly seventy million.

And this in turn produced a natural trend toward an expansive foreign policy. Germany, having become a great power, aspired to a place in the sun proportionate to her new greatness. Unluckily for herself, Germany found her path blocked by grave difficulties. The hard fact was that Germany had come late into the game of empire. While she had lain disunited and impotent, other peoples had molded the course of world history. Europe had crystallized into nations just as patriotically self-conscious as Germany herself, and some of these nations had staked out most of the desirable spots in other parts of the world as colonial domains, which they were determined to retain. Germany was thus faced by a firmly established world situation, and it should have been clear to her that any attempt to alter this general situation would inevitably alarm all the satisfied powers and draw them together in mutual sympathy against the common disturber.

If, then, Germany was resolved to undertake an expansive foreign policy, her best course would have been to limit her ambitions to certain definite aims, concentrate on these and try to avoid rousing the fears of all not directly concerned. Germany's obvious line of expansion was through Central Europe and the Balkans to the Near East. Here she could count on a powerful ally—Austria, a country controlled by kindred German elements. Such a policy would, of course, imply the possibility of war with Russia, backed by France, who had never forgotten her defeat by Germany in 1870 and had allied herself with Russia to obtain protection and possible revenge. However, in such a war Germany might hope to be victorious provided France and Russia were not joined by England. And though England would, of course, not relish a German domination of Central Europe, she might stay neutral if Germany did not threaten her more vital interests—particularly her command of the sea. To placate England should therefore have been Germany's constant endeavor.

Instead, Germany launched into an aggressive naval and colonial policy which alarmed England and drove her into the arms of France and Russia. Europe became an arena of rival ambitions and clashing foreign policies which culminated in the Great War—and Germany's undoing. Handicapped from the start by too many foes, Germany made fresh enemies by her desperate war measures, and finally went down in defeat and ruin. *Weltmacht oder Niedergang*—World Power or Downfall—had been Germany's furious battle cry as she dashed herself upon her enemies' iron ring. And the answer was—downfall!

This grim tragedy is too vast for petty causes. To lay Germany's blunders solely at the door of a handful of reckless militarists headed by the Kaiser—as is so often done—is nothing short of an absurdity. Germany's foreign policy could never have been carried on unless it had been approved or acquiesced in by the bulk of German public opinion. And prewar Germany's state of mind displayed a fanatical pride and self-confidence which had lost all sense of reality and proportion. Believing themselves to be far and away the greatest people on earth, the Germans had come to think that almost anything lay within their power of accomplishment. They were thus in a mood to take big risks.

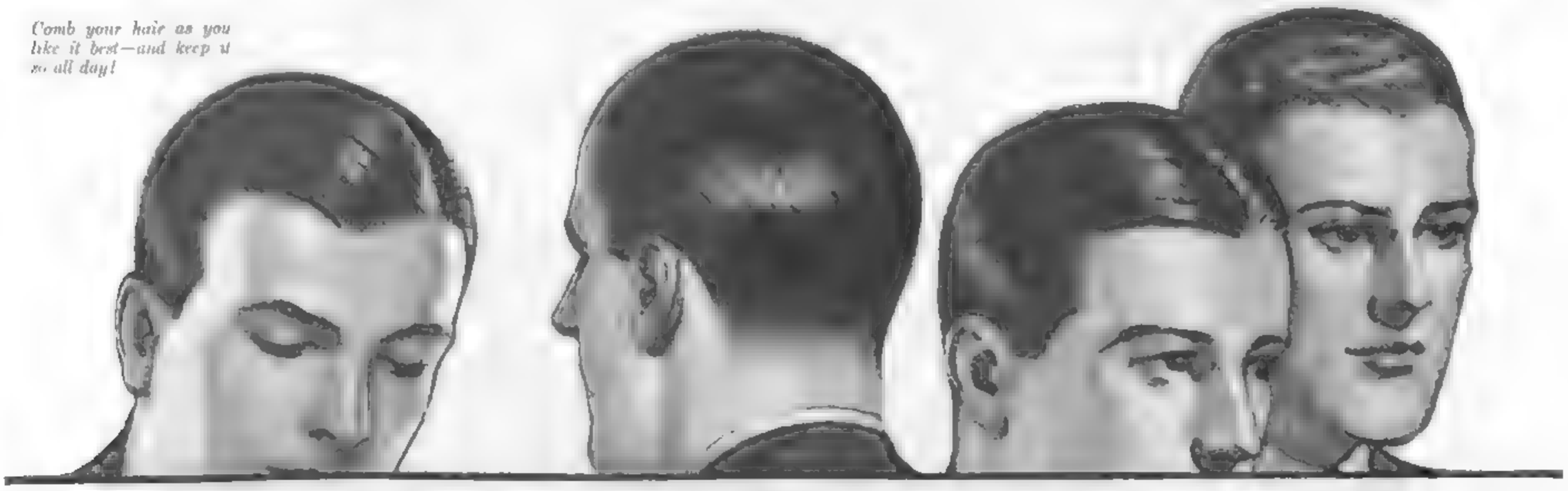
Pan-Germanic Myths

That mood was induced not merely by their present power and prosperity but perhaps even more by a misreading of history and a perversion of racial truth. Gazing backward into the past, the Germans saw visions of that Old Germany which had been the leader of Europe, and soon came to identify the Holy Roman Empire with the modern German. They did not stop to consider how times had changed, how other nations had developed, and how they themselves might differ from the Germans of former days. Here is where a genuine understanding of racial realities might have helped to clear their eyes, for it was during the closing years of the nineteenth century that knowledge of racial matters became definite and the importance of biology began to be appreciated.

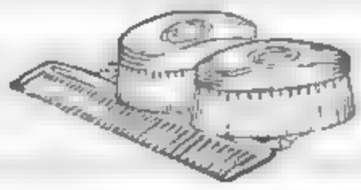
Unhappily, this new science was, in Germany, quickly perverted into a weapon of jingo propaganda. A powerful group of Pan-Germans, national imperialists, headed by popular writers, seized upon biology and prostituted it to their own ends. The Pan-Germans made the following assertions: That modern Germany is the seat of the tall, blond race which has been the moving spirit of Western civilization; that this modern Germany is racially almost purely Nordic; and that Nordics outside the German nationalistic group are either unconscious or renegade Teutons who should be brought into the German fold. To anyone who has good eyesight and a fair sense of humor, let alone any knowledge of history and racial realities, a single glance at the average modern German is enough to show the absurdity of these assertions. Humor has, however, never been an Alpine characteristic; so the Germans swallowed this propaganda wholesale and came to think of themselves more and more as a *Herrenvolk*—a master race.

The truth is, of course, that the Pan-Germans were thinking in terms of national

(Continued on Page 165)



How are Young Men WEARING THEIR HAIR?



Everywhere—from office to seashore—you notice a change in the looks of men's hair today. It is not that men follow any one particular style—they still comb their hair pretty much as they choose. It is due rather to the fact that they are now able as never before to keep their hair the way they like it all day.

MEN have struggled for years to keep their hair *right*—looking as neat and well cared-for as their clothes or linen.

But water evaporated quickly—and it dried up the natural oils, leaving the hair brittle and "dead." Old-fashioned pomades made hair greasy and matted.

And so the most conspicuous part of a man's looks was generally the least attractive!

Today it's different. You can now make your hair lie right in the morning when you brush it, and *keep* it right throughout the day.

The new product—Stacomb—is responsible. Just a touch of it when you brush your hair in the morning keeps your hair in place all day long.

However fluffy your bobbed hair may be, Stacomb will keep it in place.

Men have found in Stacomb what they have always sought—an easy, natural way to keep the hair looking always as trim as their favorite barber leaves it.

The morning hair-brushing that lasts all day

Today young men realize as never before the importance of giving attention to the hair. Unless the hair is kept right, no man can be well-dressed. And unless he is well-dressed, he can never have full confidence in himself.

No matter how you wear your hair—straight back, pompadour, or parted—Stacomb will keep it that way all through the day, just as your hairbrush left it. Even just after a shampoo, Stacomb keeps it in perfect order.

Women find Stacomb excellent to control stray hairs, to make the curl stay in, and to keep bobbed hair in place.

Stacomb is a light, velvety, invisible cream—not sticky or gummy. Try it today. In jars and tubes. At all drug and department stores.

Stacomb

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MAKES THE HAIR STAY COMBED

Free Offer:

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-85
113 W. 18th St., New York City

Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name_____

Address_____

Practically 50% of all Motor Cars are HAYES WHEEL Equipped

Chart Showing Hayes Wheel Production from the Beginning of the Company through 1923

HAYES WHEELS—*standard equipment on approximately 50% of all the motor cars in America,* or one out of every two cars produced. What a sweeping and conclusive tribute to an institution; its resources; its methods; its policies; its product.

What unalterable conviction this statement carries, especially in the light of facts which show the forward-looking progress which has kept the institution in stride with motor car progress and production since the very inception of the industry.

Just a short span of years has seen the Hayes Wheel Company develop from one small plant. From that first modest beginning a mighty institution has been reared.

—And all the while Hayes has experienced an increasing demand which has been a true acknowledgment of the entire confidence of manufacturer and motorist.

Graphically, the chart above shows the consistent progress of Hayes wheel production. Between the lines keen business heads analyze and recognize persistent effort and untiring energy in the doing of one thing remarkably well and continually better.

First came the development of the wood wheel with the steel felloe, which Hayes was one of the first to introduce. Next in succession came the Attached-Lug-Rim which gave motorists and manufacturers new time- and money-saving advantages. Then came Hayes Wheels *standardized* in various types, all instantly interchangeable, all demountable-at-the-rim. The wheel problem at last has been simplified for everyone.

There is a certain sign by which to know Hayes Wheels—it is the Attached-Lug. Look for the Attached Lug and find the name *Hayes* on it to be sure of the genuine. Always request Hayes wheel equipment on your car.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers,* Jackson, Michigan

Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. Johns, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merritton, Ont. Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 162)

imperialism instead of race, and that they were using pseudo-racial arguments as camouflage for essentially political ends. Instead of being almost purely Nordic, modern Germany is predominantly Alpine in race. Probably not more than two-fifths of all the blood in Germany is Nordic, while unmixed Nordic blood is limited to the extreme northern and northwestern parts of the country. It has been estimated that of the seventy million inhabitants of the German Empire in the year 1914, only nine million were purely Nordic in type.

Indeed, one of the chief results of the late war has been a still further diminution of Germany's Nordic blood. The past decade has witnessed a drain on German vitality second only to that suffered in the Thirty Years' War. During the four war years more than two million German soldiers were killed and at least a million civilians died from wartime causes—especially starvation. Also, the great drop in the birth rate during the war period prevented fully three million five hundred thousand Germans from being born. Statistics for the postwar period indicate further heavy vital losses. The birth rate, though recovering, is lower than before the war, the death rate—particularly the infant death rate—is higher, while disease is much more common. And all signs point to the fact that it is the Nordic portion of Germany's population that is suffering the heaviest losses.

The late war, like other wars, took a disproportionate toll of Nordic life, while postwar economic and social conditions are less favorable to the Nordic than to the Alpine elements. The social classes hardest hit by the present deplorable financial situation are precisely those that contain the most Nordic blood. Everywhere it is upper and middle classes—particularly the professional and intellectual classes—that are ruined, half starved and unable to raise families. On the other hand, the racially mixed working classes of the cities and towns are, generally speaking, in less dire straits, while the mainly Alpine peasantry is relatively prosperous, well fed and raising plenty of children.

In fact, the same process is going on in Germany today that went on during and after the Thirty Years' War—a decline of the Nordic as compared to the Alpine stock, and an elimination of the more intellectual and cultured elements of both races in favor of those with tougher fiber and lower living standards, able to survive under hard and squalid conditions of life. These changes in the character of Germany's population are of far greater and more lasting significance than financial matters, like the mark and reparations, which engross most of the world's attention. I well remember a rather grim chat with a German industrialist when I was in Germany last year. We were discussing Germany's economic and social troubles.

"You know," said he, "I'm fundamentally an optimist. Things are pretty black, but in the long run they'll come better, because our people can stand anything. We Germans can take a lot of punishment; we're just too tough to kill. A process of ruthless selection is now going on—a brutal struggle in which the fittest to the new conditions will survive. There may be less culture, but there'll be more guts. The French are making a big miscalculation. They hope to break us; instead, they're getting us in trim. If they want to make us Germans a supremely tough people they're going about it in just the right way."

He was a large, thickset man, with big teeth and a hard-boiled laugh. As I watched him I thought that he was a very good type of the new Germany that he had in mind.

Whatever may be the final outcome, Germany's immediate prospects are troubled and uncertain. The Versailles Treaty imposed upon Germany conditions more drastic than any before laid upon a beaten nation in modern times. By the terms of the Versailles Treaty, Germany lost outright fully one-tenth of her prewar area and population—a loss of more than twenty-seven thousand square miles of territory and more than seven million people. This involved the loss of much of her mineral wealth, especially iron and coal—the sinews of her industrial life. Besides, Germany lost all her colonies and many other things, like shipping and wealth invested abroad. She was also assessed a tremendous war indemnity. Lastly, she had to submit to a prolonged military occupation of much of her remaining territory by her late enemies and to general measures of supervision and control which restrict her sovereignty. In fact, Germany cannot today be considered an independent nation.

This situation all Germans bitterly resent. Disarmed as they now are, and surrounded by well-armed and watchful neighbors, few Germans believe that defiance of the Versailles settlement is now possible. Nevertheless, they consider the present situation intolerable, and they are determined sooner or later to recover full independence and a revision of the Versailles settlement in one way or another.

This determination will probably survive even fresh misfortunes. Whatever their shortcomings, the Germans are not decadent. On the contrary, they are an unusually tough combination of Alpine and Nordic stocks, both racial elements having been rigorously selected by long periods of ill fortune. Present-day Germany may lack much of the high-spirited individuality and initiative that old-time Nordic Germany displayed, but in return she has the Alpine's dogged tenacity and willingness to obey the commands of ruling minorities. That was the secret of imperial Germany's disciplined power before and during the late war. The chances are that a similar régime in Germany will ultimately arise.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE BRITISH BRAND OF SOCIALISM

(Continued from Page 33)

a degree which made him a serf. He dare not displease the squire's wife, even in such a matter as the girl he should marry, or he might find himself without shelter, without work, without food. Economically, his position is still bad; but just note what the socializing tendency of English legislation has already done for him.

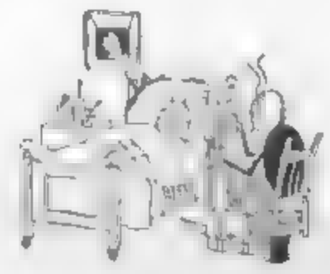
The Rent Acts have given him a certain security of occupation of the cottage in which he lives. He cannot be turned out if he has nowhere to go; his rent cannot be raised. If he falls sick, the National Insurance Act provides an allowance of fifteen shillings a week for a period of six months, and during that time free, qualified medical attendance. If he is disabled, he gets half that sum as long as the disablement continues, though it be for years. When his wife is laid up through the arrival of the baby, she gets a lump sum of from two to four pounds.

If there should come a period of unemployment, he can draw, under the unemployment schemes, maintenance to the extent of fifteen shillings a week for himself, five shillings for his wife and a shilling a week for each child at school. Incidentally, his children have free compulsory education, often free meals in case of need; the opportunity of scholarships entitling holders to a three, five or seven years' course at a secondary school—in some cases supplemented by monetary grants.

If the worker should be injured at his work, the Employers' Liability Act secures for him, automatically, a compensation which formerly could not, in fact, be secured at all. If he dies from any cause whatsoever, his widow has now her widow's pension.

And finally, when old age comes and he is no longer fit to work, there is perhaps the biggest of the boons embodied in these social measures—the old-age pension. In the good old days most of the workers of Britain had just one prospect for their declining years—the poorhouse. A common wage in agricultural England for a farm laborer was eight shillings—something less than two dollars—a week. On this he often had to bring up a family of six or seven children. How much, even in fifty or sixty years of incessant toil, could he hope to save?

Now the state has come to his aid in helping to organize his provisions against sickness and old age, and he has a pension



Why wait for bugs and flies to eat a Poison?

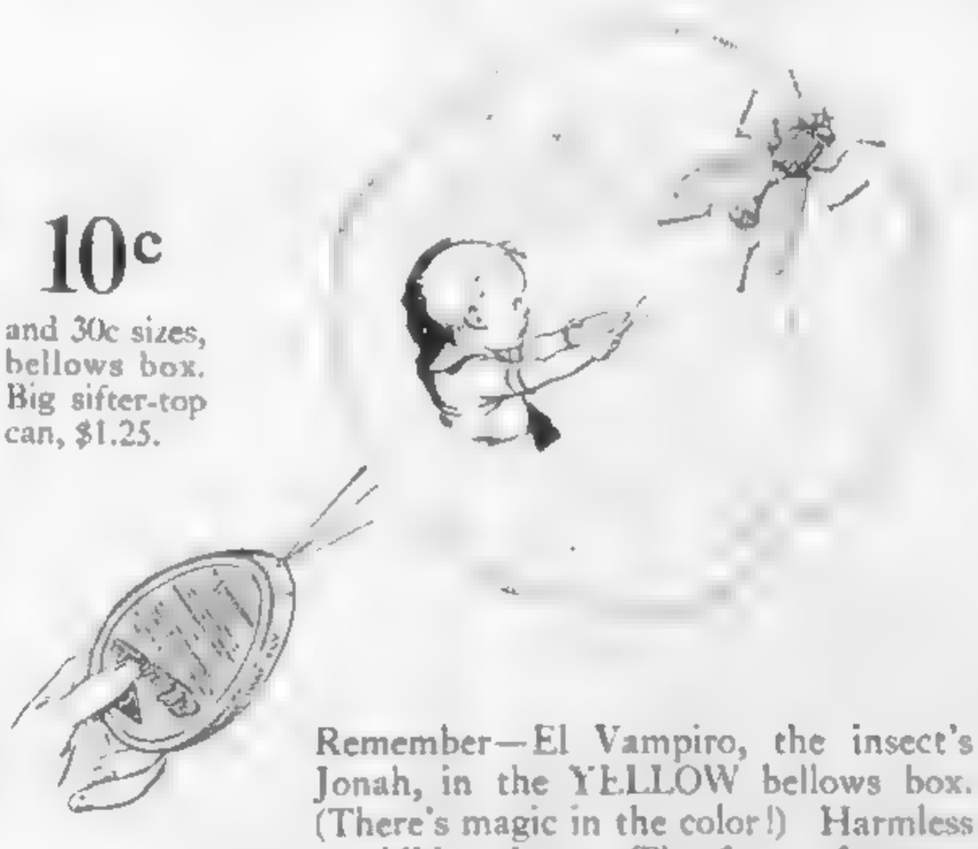
Just let them breathe—and make their wills!

Fifty hungry bugs here and there in a room—and some poisonous messy powder or liquid! How long will it take them all to find it, eat and die? No telling—babe or pet may get there first. But there IS a way that doesn't depend on chance or an insect's appetite.

Breathing as he does through a score of pores, tiny doors, a bug just takes one whiff of El Vampiro—and dies! A puff or two into the air brings the flag to half-mast over every fly in the room. A few puffs into crevices and around beds, and an army of pests will promptly shake hands with their ancestry.

10c

and 30c sizes, bellows box. Big sifter-top can, $1.25.



Remember—El Vampiro, the insect's Jonah, in the YELLOW bellows box. (There's magic in the color!) Harmless to child and pet. The first safe exterminator in a bellows box. At the nearest store.

Kills flies, bedbugs, fleas, roaches, moths, mosquitoes, ants, plant and animal lice

El Vampiro

REG. IN THE U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"the dying breath of flies and bugs"

Liquid-El Vampiro

If you prefer a liquid spray for flies, there's Liquid El Vampiro—as potent as the powder. No danger, no mess, but a quick death to every fly—mosquitoes, too

ALLAIRE, WOODWARD & CO.—*World's Largest Drug Millers*—PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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Seth Thomas CHIME No. 96

Two-toned mahogany case. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals. 3-train self-adjusting Westminster Chime movement, chiming on five perfectly tuned rods. 9½ inches high. $65.

Your finest pieces acquire New Beauty

By CHAMBERLIN DODDS—*Distinguished New York Decorator*

THROUGH inheritance or purchase you possess some uncommonly fine pieces of furniture. Perhaps a graceful desk, a quaint highboy or lowboy, or a well-wrought bookcase.

It is more than likely that one added touch will bring out the fine points of your prized piece. In nearly every instance, an appropriate clock placed atop it will give needed contrast and life.

No ordinary clock will serve the purpose, of course. But in New England there is a group of craftsmen whose pride it is to create beautiful clocks. In design and cabinet work and mechanism, their handiwork is perfection.

For more than a hundred years Seth Thomas Clocks have combined beauty and utility. Today we decorators appreciate more fully than ever before the inimitable touch bestowed by these Seth Thomas masterpieces.

The present mode decrees at least one clock in every room. Sometimes a wall-bracket for the Seth Thomas relieves the severity of an inert wall. And no other mantel decoration can compare with a graceful tambour clock.

Whatever the size of the room you are decorating, whatever its dominant theme, you can safely make a Seth Thomas the key-note of its mood.

The inspiration of Seth Thomas designs comes from many sources—Georgian, Elizabethan, Colonial and French—each one a delight to the decorator's eye. Women of taste are welcoming the vogue of clocks, and making full use of their decorative possibilities.

• • •

WEDDING PRESENTS

The bride will cherish a Seth Thomas for its beauty and utility. Because it will add so much to her new home, she will always be grateful to the donor. Prices range from $5 to $145.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

Seth Thomas AVON (below)

Highest grade mahogany case in contrasting wood. Melodious tone. Ten inches high. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals, $30. Mahogany bracket, $4.

Seth Thomas VERNON (above)

A dainty clock for the desk or boudoir. 5½ inches square. Fine wood frame with fine inlay. Burnished gold dial and case [illegible] $ 2 30

Seth Thomas TAMBOUR No. 19 (above)

A graceful tambour design in finest mahogany. Octagonal gold dial. Strikes the hour and [illegible] $ 5

PRICES IN THE FAR WEST AND CANADA SOMEWHAT HIGHER THAN THOSE QUOTED

which, small as it is, makes all the difference between a decent human sense of independence and a soul-destroying dependence upon charity. This body of insurance legislation means not merely a series of small material benefits, but a change in the moral status of the villager. No longer is he a helpless serf, dependent upon the good will of the squire or squire's lady. The squire's lady will tell you now with some sadness that the nice old villager who touched his lock, and whose children curtsied, has disappeared. This is not quite true. There are still villagers who pull their locks and village children who curtsy. But when they do so, it is likely to be because the squire has won their regard on his merits, not because the villagers must be servile or starve.

In the industrial towns up north the changes have been of a somewhat different kind, but not less noteworthy. The industrial worker has all these social benefits already enumerated—a sickness allowance, medical attendance, a sanatorium if he has tuberculosis, unemployment pay if he is out of work, free education for his children, meals for them at school if they need it, security in his house, a pension when he is past work, a pension for his widow if he should die, compensation if he should be injured. But he has in addition other things which enter into his life and to which a different attitude on the part of the government has contributed. His cooperative societies, by means of which he is his own shopkeeper and which constitute his means of putting a bit by for a rainy day, have proved very successful and have become immensely rich and powerful. There is a network of them in the north country. The retail societies form, in their turn, wholesale societies, owning banks, factories, flour mills, fleets of cargo steamers, farms, tea gardens in India and Ceylon, ranches in Canada. The industrial worker, through his political organization, is able to repel any attack made upon them by legislation. Through that same political organization he is able to strengthen his friendly societies and develop the factory legislation designed to humanize his working conditions.

Grandmotherly Coddling

It will be said that much of the social legislation outlined here is not the work of the Socialists and was being developed before they came to power. That is why in a previous article I tried to emphasize the fact that it is impossible to make a hard-and-fast division of principle between the socialist and the individualist or capitalist state; that any capitalist state situated as Britain is situated, a country that lives by highly organized industry, must sanction large elements of socialism if it is to carry on at all, and any Socialist state must acquiesce in a thousand forms of private property and private enterprise. The distinction is one of degree; but the degree is all-important. And the degree will be decreased and the rate of progress enormously accelerated by the fact that the Labor Party has held office. The development of the social legislation just described has synchronized with the growth of the political influence of the Labor Party and the trade unions out of which that party arose; and the demonstration that labor can govern will cause this kind of legislation to be extended all along the line.

When the Labor Party became a separate party in the House of Commons some years before the war, both the older parties immediately felt the need of a constructive social program. That need will be felt even more acutely now that the latent political power of the workers has been so strikingly brought home. Everyone in England at all informed on political matters is perfectly aware of this.

Two questions are likely to arise in the mind of the American reader. Is not all this coddling—the state provision of sickness allowance, maternity benefits, unemployment pay, widows' pensions, old-age pensions and the rest—undermining the sturdy British self-reliance of the worker, making him thriftless, feckless, dependent, improvident? Can a people be subjected for long to such grandmotherly treatment as this without losing certain of its sturdier virtues?

And secondly, can industry survive a situation in which the trade unions as a political organization—for that is what the British Labor Party pretty nearly amounts to—have captured the lawmaking power? It is bad enough from the employers' point of view, the American may say, to have to face the power already possessed by labor unions, as he knows them. But surely to have to deal with unions which are also the government of the country, whose officials constitute a majority of the cabinet—surely this would end by throttling all industry that depends upon high efficiency and low production costs!

Undoubtedly these are two dangers. Let us see their extent and real nature.

Take first the danger of the pauperization of the workers. What we have to remember is the condition of the British worker before this era of social legislation. A man compelled to bring up a family of children on two dollars a week is already a pauper; dependent, lacking all freedom, living from hand to mouth, too desperately put to it to find bread for tomorrow to be able to give thought to ten or twenty years hence. This as a normal state puts thrift, or the formation of the habit of thrift, out of the question. And the lower ranks of the British manual workers, drawn originally from surroundings which a wage of two or three dollars a week implies, are among the most thriftless in the world.

Industrial Insurance

Now what most of the legislation above described has aimed at is to assist the worker to organize that insurance which, unaided, he would in most cases be unable to manage. We do not realize sufficiently that what the worker receives in sickness allowance and unemployment pay is drawn from a fund built up in large part by his own contribution. The common habit of speaking of the unemployment pay as the dole has given rise to the idea that it is all paid by the state out of taxes. This is a complete misapprehension. Only one-quarter is provided by the state; three-quarters are provided by the workers and the employers through insurance stamps and deductions from wages. And incidentally the development of the form of collective insurance embodied in the various insurance acts of recent years furnishes an interesting example of a case where almost inevitably the socialized method is destined to supersede that of purely private enterprise.

It is clear that a workman ought to make provision, by insurance, against interruption of his earning capacity by sickness or accident, or against its stoppage by death. But note the best that private insurance companies were able to do in the case of policies maintained by small premiums which had to be collected in pennies each week by individual collectors going to the homes of the policyholders. The cost of this kind of industrial insurance was so high in administration that the workers were paying four and even five times as much as they got back in benefits. Certain industrial insurance companies have made enormous profits largely out of lapsed policies—the fact that a workingman, after having paid his weekly premium for a year or two, strikes a period of unemployment, allows the policy to lapse, so that the premiums he has already paid become the property of the company.

The cost of commissions, collection and management in this class of insurance business has sometimes amounted to 80 per cent of the premiums paid. Even so, the position of the insured worker was a helpless one in the case of a dispute. A woman who has just lost her husband and needs a few dollars with which to bury him and carry on, cannot bring an action in the courts for payment of the ten pounds she believes due to her. Costs would eat it all up in any case, even if she could stand the delay. She just takes what the company cares to offer. Even the better class of insurance business—that in which the employer covered his liability for compensation to an injured workman—showed an extraordinarily high cost of administration. A parliamentary committee, appointed to investigate the matter, reported that "during the last five or six years the employers have had to pay one hundred pounds in premiums for every forty-eight pounds paid out in benefits to insured workmen." In 1921, for every one hundred pounds received by the insurance companies in respect of employers' liability, thirty-six pounds was allocated to payment of compensation and sixty-four pounds to other purposes. If this is the cost of administration when the insurance is done by the employer dealing in considerable sums, one

(Continued on Page 168)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

The Next 75 Years

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY. We are seventy-five this month.

Our seventy-sixth year we begin with gratitude —gratitude for the good will that has been given to us.

Manufacturing plants we have—finished and unfinished stocks we have — working capital we have — a loyal organization we have—all such as you would expect to find in the greatest business of its kind in the world.

But our largest asset—our most valued possession is good will.

Good will cannot be measured. It can only be acknowledged.

This acknowledgment we make gratefully to all who believe as we believe that "good buildings deserve good hardware": to the public which has bought our products—to those architects, contractors, hardware dealers and carpenters who know Corbin hardware, use it and speak well of it.

THE next seventy-five years promise great things. This nation is a nation of builders. It is a lover of fine architecture. Beauty in all things is sought increasingly. Things that endure are valued more and more at their true worth. This nation—founded to endure—its permanence proved—is committed to all things that reflect an admirable national life, now and to come. The world is watching us.

In the next seventy-five years P. & F. Corbin sees its humble part to play. It is this—to keep pace with the nation and its aspirations—to contribute all that lies in its power to the beauty, serviceability, comfort and endurance of the public buildings we occupy and the private homes we live in.

To this contribution we pledge ourselves.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

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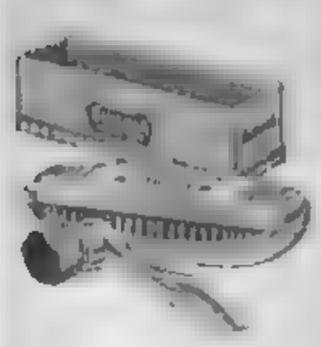
BLACK SHINOLA

SHINOLA
SHOE POLISHES

The handy key opens but Black Tan White Ox blood and Brown



SHINOLA Home Set Genuine bristle dauber cleans the shoes and applies the polish The big lamb s wool polisher brings the shine with a few strokes

BIXBY'S
SHOE POLISHES

A Success of Years

Everybody is pleased with Bixby's JET - OIL Shoe Polishes. They clean, dye and shine

Easiest to use Good for shoes For Black Brown White and Ox blood shoes

2-in-1
SHOE POLISHES

Everybody knows the quality Black White Tan Brown and Ox blood

2-in-1 Shining Kit

A big fine quality brush and dauber of South American horse hair with polishing cloth complete in durable box

At home
At business
In society
Traveling
At school—
Wherever
you are—

"look at your shoes!"

There is a famous theatrical producer who says:

"The first thing I demand is unshined shoes to give a slovenly effect to an actor's personal appearance. The effect of the finest clothes can be completely offset by unkempt shoes. Look about you in real life and see how true that is!"

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If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

(Continued from Page 166)

can imagine what costs must be when premiums have to be collected weekly in pennies by visits to the workers' homes.

Here then was a universal social need which private enterprise met only very incompletely and at extravagant cost. The National Insurance Act of 1911 made a step toward what might be called the automatic collection of premiums in a scheme of sickness insurance which was compulsory and nearly universal. The premiums were collected by means of stamps placed on a card by the employer, who made deductions for the purpose from the workman's wages and himself added a contribution.

At the time of its introduction the scheme aroused an amount and kind of rampageous opposition which, looking back on it now, seems laughable. Popular newspapers entered on a tearing and raging campaign against the whole scheme. They organized bodies of protest among householders. It was the fact of the employer having to stick a stamp onto a card, around which most of the indignation seems to have centered. Women employing servants were invited to form themselves into a league bound by a solemn oath Never, Never to Lick Insurance Stamps. Letters were printed in the papers prophesying that cancer of the tongue would all but wipe out the respectable classes if this pernicious piece of legislation became law. We were told that the workman would rise in revolt against a weekly deduction from his wage, against the degradation of having to carry a card around with him. The doctors at one stage added their opposition and held riotous meetings of protest.

The Unemployment Fund

The act was put into effect and today, although four-fifths of the working population come under its operation, it is accepted as the most natural thing in the world. To the original scheme of compulsory insurance against sickness, by contribution from the worker and employer, has now been added compulsory insurance against unemployment. The workers of the country are today submitting without protest to a weekly deduction of about thirty cents—at normal exchange rates—from their wages on behalf of the various schemes of insurance.

It is the contributory element in the scheme which is so important. It raises money which could hardly be raised otherwise; it saves political parties from the temptation to compete in easy promises of higher doles, and may answer the at present unanswered question of who is to benefit under these various schemes, particularly old-age pensions. Old-age pensions are not at present contributory. If the contributory element is maintained and extended the answer will naturally be, those entitled to the benefits will be those who contribute to the cost.

The fact that it has been possible to maintain such considerable contributions, as have been made from wages, to these various insurance funds at a time of unprecedented depression opens up alluring possibilities. Never in our history has unemployment been so bad as during this last year or two. The calls consequently upon the unemployment fund have been altogether abnormal, and one would suppose that of all these state enterprises, this is the one that would now be making the heaviest loss. As a matter of fact, during 1923—a year of abnormal and desperate unemployment—it actually made a profit, as has recently been shown by Sir William Beveridge of the London School of Economics. He points out that the government has managed, without audible protest, to screw the contributions up to a point at which they more than cover the expenditure in a year with an average unemployment percentage of nearly 12. At the beginning of 1923 the unemployment fund was in debt to the Treasury to the extent of £16,000,000. By March the debt had risen to £17,000,000. Since then it has been reduced to £13,000,000; that is to say, in the last nine months of the year the fund made a profit of £4,000,000.

This, adds Sir William, is an extraordinary and rather encouraging state of affairs. It is quite unnecessary that an unemployment insurance fund should make a profit during a crisis of severe unemployment. Its finance ought to be based on making a profit in good years to meet losses in bad years; if it makes a profit in bad years as well, its premiums are too high for its benefits.

That, of course, is the case with us. As trade recovers and unemployment falls, the income of the unemployment fund, on the basis of the present contributions, will rise slightly—for contributions are not paid in unemployment; it should pass £50,000,000 and might reach £52,000,000. The expenditure on the other hand will fall heavily; if we get back to 6 per cent of unemployment over good and bad years together, expenditure will come down to £23,000,000, or near it; there should be an annual surplus of £25,000,000 to £30,000,000.

Such a situation may enable us to put old-age pensions and widows' pensions also upon a contributory basis—which at present they are not—and so solve the most difficult question to be answered in connection with old-age pensions—the question, Who is to get them? At present there is a means limit. If a workingman has saved up a little money for his old age, has a little bit of property or an endowment policy, he gets no pension, or a reduced one. It is a direct discouragement of thrift, involving vexatious inquiries and every kind of anomaly and injustice.

Yet if old-age pensions are to go to everybody, not only is the Exchequer burdened with a big load—universal pensions of ten shillings a week at seventy years of age would cost the British Exchequer about fifty million sterling a year—and many would get them who have no need of them. But if pensions were put on a contributory basis, like sickness and unemployment, the problem is solved—those who are entitled to pensions are those who, as in the case of sickness and unemployment, make the contributions toward the cost. And that is likely to come.

These insurance schemes, like most English institutions, have grown up in a rather haphazard way. But their administration does not involve, as might be supposed, a vast bureaucratic machinery. They have in large part been grafted onto existing organizations, both of employers and workers. Where a trade union or a friendly society has already provided insurance to its members, it has been authorized to take over the administration of the acts. Compulsory insurance against accidents is administered not by the government, but by the employers or by the insurance companies.

Government Insurance Schemes

Here is a summary of the various schemes now actually at work:

Insurance against industrial accidents in the form of workmen's compensation is noncontributory for the workman, the whole cost being met by employers, acting through the insurance companies. The benefit varies with the wages earned, but—except now for fatal accidents—not with the number of dependents. Practically the whole employed population is covered, but no one who is not employed.

Insurance against old age, in the form of old-age pensions at seventy, is also noncontributory for the workman, but is paid for and is administered directly by the state through the post-office and local-pensions committees. The benefit is independent of the recipient's previous earnings and the number of his dependents, but varies according to his present means and may be reduced to nothing.

Insurance against sickness is contributory, being paid for jointly by employers, workmen and the state. Its outstanding characteristics are, on the side of income, the collection of contributions by insurance stamps and deductions from wages, and, on the side of expenditure, administration by approved societies, independent but strictly controlled. Both contributions and benefits are at flat rates, independent of the number of dependents and of the wages earned, subject to a limited differentiation of contribution where the wage is very low. The persons insured are broadly the same as those covered by workmen's compensation, but include a certain number of persons working on their own account, not for employers, and exclude persons above a certain income limit.

Insurance against unemployment is contributory in the same way as health insurance, but employs a different set of cards and stamps, and bases the state contribution on a different principle. It is administered directly by the state through the employment exchanges. The benefit varies with the number of dependents. The scope is narrower than that of accident and health insurance through the omission of agriculture and domestic service.

The four systems involve at the present time an annual expenditure on benefits and administration of about £110,000,000.

I have gone at some detail into all this business because it gives a picture of the way in which one side of English socialism is helping to transform English life. The other side, of which I have spoken, the coördination of the great public utilities and productive services of the country in some way, is a problem immeasurably more difficult. That also is being met in the piecemeal fashion of English politics.

In its days of opposition, the Labor Party talked a great deal of nationalization, which even its supporters often took to mean the transfer of the administration of railroads, mines, and so on, to the state. But the unification of these public services will not come about in that way. What will come first, what indeed is now taking place in the case of the railways, is unification under that modified form of private ownership which I have already described. The state said, in effect, to the railroad companies: "You must unify and standardize your services, cut out wasteful duplication." The beginning has been by districts. Under the Railroad Act of 1921 the country was divided into regions. When the consolidation has taken place in this regional fashion, it will be easier to bring about some sort of consolidation on a national plan. Provision has been made for a better representation of the workmen in all those questions which touch the actual conditions of labor. Some similar method will precede the nationalization of mines, as already indicated. National consolidation will come by steps.

The Passing of Private Control

In the case of banking, a most vital extension of public control—over credit and currency, in the interest of price stabilization—will come with very little administrative change. In this, as in most of the other cases, the existing managers and directors will continue to run the businesses. They may have to work in somewhat closer coöperation with the government and with one another. But a closer coördination of a given industry within itself is something which American industry, less conservative than ours, less hampered by old-established rights and privileges which sometimes stand as an obstacle to change, has already achieved without state compulsion.

In the case of agriculture, the present government is proceeding along the same lines; not compulsory, but encouraging closer association and cooperation between farmers. It is furnishing loans to farmers' coöperative societies at low rates of interest for the establishment of coöperative creameries and bacon factories, buying and selling organizations, and is attempting by such means to induce them to do what the farmers of Denmark, for instance, have already done.

Again, there is no question here of establishing offhand vast state bureaucracies. The extension of cooperation will be achieved by the utmost development of the self-government of each agricultural coöperative society. The farmers will still be managing their own affairs, but managing them along the lines which the changed conditions of a country like this now call for.

This is the way, then, that socialism is being brought about in Britain. In the case of railroads, we get at first a regional amalgamation of separate companies, as far as their working is concerned. The trade unions in that change secure a somewhat enlarged representation in the management. In the case of the mines, we shall probably also get at first unification under private ownership, to be followed by a combination of the proposals put forward by Mr. Justice Sankey and the Miners' Federation: State ownership, with decentralized administration, in which the management of the industry in each coal field will rest in the hands of committees of practical men with local knowledge and experience and on which both consumer and worker will have representation.

In the case of banking, the Treasury will take a larger part in determining the general credit policy with a view to a more conscious control of price movements and the prevention of a cyclical depression. These measures toward price control may be supplemented by the reestablishment of some of the various government monopolies for the purchase of certain foodstuffs and raw materials, so that long-term contracts and guaranteed prices may be offered to farmers and producers.

The progress toward these socialized conditions will not be a steady one. Often there will be great muddle and the attempt to make things better will sometimes make them worse. Sometimes a Labor government will be far less able to carry through a socializing policy than will a capitalist administration.

Take this instance of a managed currency and price stabilization: In 1919 the working class was naturally up in arms about high prices, and Labor politicians almost universally promised to undertake to bring prices down, chiefly, it would seem, by hanging profiteers to lamp-posts. They should have promised nothing of the sort. Any considerable reduction in prices meant a policy of deflation. That, indeed, was the policy pursued. Prices did come down. Trade depression, in part at least as the result, followed and 1,500,000 workers went out of employment. It would have been, in terms of practical politics, an impossible policy for Labor leaders to explain to elderly working women, struggling with the weekly budget, that the bringing down of prices at that juncture was a bad economic policy.

Let us be frank about it. The working-class woman who had just acquired a vote would not have known what the Labor leader was talking about if he had begun to discuss inflation, deflation, the bank rate, currencies, exchanges, money. She could not follow these things. Her husband, for the most part, could not follow them. He cannot or will not—I speak always of the majority, and not of the minority that interest themselves in these matters—trouble to work out the relation of the interests of his own union to that of other unions. If a few thousand locomotive drivers want an extra two shillings, they take the ground that the job of their officials is to get it; and if by striking at a given time and in given circumstances they jeopardize the interest of 300,000 other railroad men, that is no concern of locomotive men.

This rivalry between unions, the repeated failure, time after time, to get common action for common aims, is a notorious defect of the Labor movement. The failure to secure not only unity of action but unity of policy among labor unions is likely to make the political career of Labor a very checkered one.

Every Union for Itself

For the political Labor Party has its financial foundations in the trade unions. It is by contributions from the trade unions that the party is kept going. At elections, the candidate who is a member of a trade union, still better an official, has his expenses—still very considerable in British elections—defrayed. A candidate who is not a trade unionist, a professional, or intellectual, is always hard put to it to find funds wherewith to make his electoral fight. It means that an enormous premium is placed upon the election of trade-union men who look at politics from an almost purely trade-union—that is, a sectional—point of view.

The parliamentary Labor Party is made up to an undue degree of men who are experts in one particular matter—the wages and working conditions in some one given industry—but who frankly have little competence in those large general problems—foreign affairs, tariff policy, monetary policy, education, public health—which make up what we call politics.

It is true that certain leaders of the party—Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Sydney Webb, Noel Buxton, Charles Trevelyan, Arthur Ponsonby, Pethick Lawrence, Atlee, Tawney, Cole and others—are not of this type. But in times of crisis—particularly in the matter of strikes, which are likely to prove the undoing of the present government—these men find themselves, in fact, helpless. When the government was only a few weeks old; when, as the result of a generation of hard fighting, Labor at last had a political chance—at that particular moment a relatively tiny number of railway men, in direct opposition to the decision of railway workers as a whole, insisted on jeopardizing Labor's tremendous political opportunity by tying up the whole railroad system of the country. So little had appeals to the general interest of labor weighed either with this particular group or their officials. And this, it is to be feared, was characteristic.

The fact is that the immense majority of the rank and file of the trade unionists still put the immediate interest of their particular union, its wage scale and working

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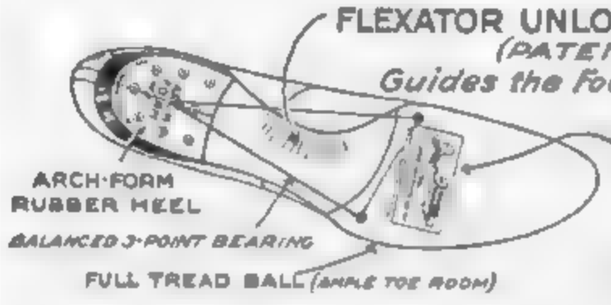

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conditions, above any wider political consideration. That is the outstanding weakness of the Labor Party and is likely very seriously to check its political progress.

It really brings us to two fundamental points in politics. The first is the failure of our education to equip any of us, trade unionists or not, adequately for our rôle as citizens, for the task of what might be called the social judgment. We have to decide complicated things about free trade or protection, the money system, treaties of peace, Leagues of Nations, and heaven knows what. And these are not the kind of questions which the kind of education we receive really fits us to answer.

We have compulsory universal education, it is true. In that education we assume that every child in the country should have a knowledge of certain commonplaces. Note the standard of judgment. Every child in England knows that Henry VIII had six wives. Every child is taught by rote certain things about parts of speech, certain geographical facts, the names and heights of mountains, the lengths of rivers. But no child in our national schools is taught the most elementary facts about the thing with which he will be concerned every day of his life—the money in his pocket.

The trade-union member is not worse in this respect than the members of any of the other social orders in Britain. But his misapprehension about such things is more important because he is more numerous and has a little less of leisure wherewith to correct the first hasty judgment, the result, it may be, of physical fatigue, hunger, unemployment, uncertainty. That judgment will not be corrected by adding to his education misinformation about the Latin or Greek tongue or the numbers of wives which the Egyptian as well as the English kings had. Even mere knowledge and instruction, as apart from education, must deal with things in the order of their vital need; and our education has got that order extraordinarily mixed.

It will be part of the task of British socialism to revise this standard of educational values and set out definitely to train the young mind for its task of social judgment. But even so, that mind is likely to be woefully inadequate to that task.

The ability and competence which most ordinary folk can show in such functions as selling cigarettes or hairpins or movie tickets is astonishing. They give years of toil to the proper learning of the job. But the way they shall cast their vote—govern their fellow citizens, that is—is something which can be done, they feel, without preparation. It is settled mainly on the strength of impressions received from hurriedly read newspaper headlines, catchy slogans shouted at election times.

Vocational Representation

We still, in fact, assume that political stupidity in the mass does not matter. Unfortunately, it does, because the business of governing one another grows increasingly more complex and difficult and can no longer be settled on a basis of just simple right or wrong, by instinct, by intuition. One must know.

When England sent the old fox-hunting squire to Parliament, he was fairly well equipped to deal with the England in which he lived, the England made up of villages just such as his, with its problems of the land, of tithes, of the peasant, the price of wheat, the game laws. But our present England is no longer mainly that. It is an England of an intricate and elaborate industrial and financial organization, of transport and money problems, banking and company laws, tariffs and insurance acts.

How can the mere method of selecting in geographical constituencies one man to represent the will of the people of that constituency answer? To begin with, there is no one will, but a set of often mutually exclusive wills. The railroad workers want more wages; the public wants lower rates. The parliamentary candidate cheerfully promises both, of course knowing well that one excludes the other. He represents A's views on, say, prohibition, but fails entirely to represent his view on religious instruction in schools. And if he represents B on religious instruction in schools, he misrepresents him on prohibition.

Socialism has, of course, its paper schemes for dealing with these difficulties. There is a school of British Socialists who have elaborated learnedly what they call functional representation. A man shall be represented in the state not merely as a citizen, but in respect of his occupation, the function which he fulfills as a carpenter, cotton weaver, railroad man, dentist or teacher. Are we likely to see anything done along the lines of such constitutional changes?

Something possibly, but always in the haphazard English way. The House of Lords, which probably seems to most Americans just a quaint out-of-date feudal survival, is from one point of view a very modern assembly, in that it does embody in embryonic form this element of functional representation. Law is represented by the law lords, organized religion by the bench of bishops, and big business in the case of most of the remainder. These groups stand not for geographical areas but for interests, occupations—functions.

Labor action is likely to develop this principle, though in ways very different from those of the older parties. Reform of the House of Lords will not, however, be put in the forefront of the Socialist program, for the reason that a reformed House of Lords would, in fact, be a more powerful House of Lords, with greater capacity for hanging up legislation. Sooner or later, of course, the hereditary element will be abolished.

Why Plumbers Should be Lords

Meantime the government is using the Second Chamber as a method for giving a place in the legislature to any man of eminent capacity who represents a function rather than a district. Men like the Rt. Hon. J. R. Thomas, for instance, may ultimately find their way there. He has for many years been a leader of the railway workers of Britain. He sits nominally for Derby. What he really sits for is the National Union of Railway Men. Why not put him side by side permanently with the big railway directors in the Second Chamber?

Robert Cecil used to sit in the House of Commons for a part of Hertfordshire. What he really represented was the body of Englishmen who happened to attach a special importance to the League. But they certainly did not all live in Hertfordshire, his nominal constituency. By making him a viscount, and so a member of the House of Lords, he was given a place in the legislature by virtue of his function.

Workmen, ex-plumbers, ex-plasterers, to be made lords in this old, exclusive, aristocratic England?

Even so. For these workmen, with their doubtful h's, have already been given great court positions where they are brought into very direct and personal contact with the king. Why not, then, members of the Lords? These men are already part of the governing order in England.

We get there, perhaps, the secret of such success as England may have had in this business of government. Things were going very awry in England three or four years ago. There was bitter discontent, a succession of strikes, falling production, a great deal of talk of the class war and a revolutionary atmosphere generally. In the view of the revolutionary-minded, the government was the enemy; it represented the master class. If, when the miners or railway men struck, the workers were without food or fuel, of course it was the fault of the class government. Now, if Labor had been kept out of politics, it is quite clear that this cleavage would have widened. What happened we know. On the first suitable occasion the old order said, in effect, to the leaders of the revolution:

"Very well, you take over the government and run the show. If these people don't get their coal and bread, it is you they'll go for."

That turned these "Bolsheviks" into orderly, conservative and rather timid statesmen immediately.

The old country-house government of England—the rule of the oligarchy of country gentlemen who made of politics the great game of their lives—has come to an end. But they have managed somehow to bequeath to others something of their virtues—even of their aristocratic virtues. And the best way, after all, to abolish an aristocracy is to make it possible for everybody to be an aristocrat. That is the American way too.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Angell. The views of Mr Angell should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of those whose sympathies are with the present Labor Government.

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TRANSPORTATION ONLY

(Continued from Page 17)

"I know. I he'ped pay fo' a lot of them Prince Albert coats he wears. Florian—tha's the on'y man ever skun me out of money an' got away with it. Ain't it queer him an' that woman should of took up with each other?"

"Took up, is right. An' t'night they is gwine with each other down to the big dance at The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall."

"Together with each other?"

"Yep. Is you gwine be there?"

"Is I? Good breff what you wastes! With them two pussons traipsin' roun' together somethin' is boun' to bust—Lucifer Pottle, the biggest liar in creation; an' Rosemary Gunning, the meanest woman. Put two folks like them together an' Nature takes its course—tha's what I says. Each one is the hahdest luck I could wish on t'other."

Florian's forecast was correct; Lucifer was there in full and immaculate evening dress—a portly and pompous figure of smug complacency. He bestowed upon Epic a disdainful stare; toward Mr. Peters, Lucifer entertained the contempt which a man has toward a victim of the past. Epic had been surprisingly easy pickings for Lucifer, and Lucifer fancied that Epic had forgotten.

And, too, the ravishing presence of the supercilious Rosemary imparted to Lucifer an intensive spotlight glare. There was no mistaking that Rosemary's gown had come direct from Fifth Avenue—or, at least, Sixth. It was frankly décolleté and astoundingly multicolored. She wore in her hair a large and glittering comb, and she carried a lorgnette which had been surreptitiously borrowed from her mistress.

It was patent that Birmingham had no intention whatsoever of taking Rosemary to its bosom; but despite its dislike, it was interested. Rosemary was intolerant and superior; she let it be clearly understood that she was demeaning herself by participating in such plebeian festivities. And as she discerned Epic Peters moving grinningly in her direction her nose tilted ceilingward.

Epic, with Florian at his side, bowed low.

"'Evenin', Miss Gunning. I craves to ask how you is gittin' on with yo' job of nussin' that baby?"

Someone snickered, and Rosemary's face flushed. "Sir!"

Epic turned toward the crowd. "I win!" he announced. "I bet Florian Slappey th'ee dollars she was gwine say 'Suh!' to me did I converse at her."

Miss Gunning turned to her companion, trying futilely to conceal the fire of anger which flamed from her eyes.

"Kindly escort me away from this vicinity, Mr. Pottle. I have no desire to maintain dialogue with this person."

"Gal—what you utters is mutual," ejaculated Mr. Peters. "An' also we c'n include that po' piece of tripe which is with you, an' call it unanimous."

The pompous Mr. Pottle started forward threateningly, but an eager glint in the eyes of the Pullman porter restrained his ripple of desire for physical clash.

The balance of the evening was spent by Miss Gunning in heightening her unpopularity; nor did she exercise caution in selecting those whom she snubbed. She made rabid enemies of such powers as Mrs. Dr. Lustisha Atcherson, Mrs. Lawyer Evans Chew and, worst of all, the acid-tongued Sis Callie Flukers. Only Lucifer Pottle clung to her, and once or twice Florian Slappey insisted upon dancing with her; and on these occasions he winked broadly at Epic Peters as he trotted by. Florian was very much in his element here and it was plain that Rosemary was not averse to him. She did not suspect that Florian was squiring her for the delectation of the crowd; that he was joining in the laugh at her instead of with her.

The following day Mr. Epic Peters had a visitor.

At sight of Lucifer Pottle he instinctively reached for a weapon, but the ingratiating smile of that flabby gentleman restrained him.

"I comes on a peaceful mission, Mistuh Peters," soothed Lucifer. "I craves a favor."

"Fum me?"

"Yes."

"Man! Nerve is the one thing you ain't got nothin' else but."

"This is ve'y wital, Mistuh Peters, ve'y. It's about Miss Gunning."

It was on the tip of Epic's tongue to consign Mr. Pottle to eternal damnation, but something stayed the words. "Well," he invited, "shoot!"

Mr. Pottle shot. It appeared that Miss Gunning had informed Mr. Pottle that she was by way of being a superstar of the New York cabarets. She claimed that she had been one of the leading luminaries in a Broadway supper club and that she had been forced from the profession of singing and dancing and into the profession of nursing a baby by an unreasonable manager. Miss Gunning believed that a combination cabaret and roadhouse—of unquestioned respectability—would pay in Birmingham, and Mr. Pottle was inclined to agree with her; in fact he was seriously considering entering into the proposition on a partnership basis, and he desired that Mr. Peters ascertain on his next trip to New York whether Rosemary was permitting her imagination and desires to run away with her respect for the verities.

Epic listened patiently, suppressing his emotions with visible effort. He finally promised to do as Lucifer requested; then in hot haste he sought Florian Slappey.

"Florian!" he cried. "Somethin' is up!"

"Which?"

"Rosemary an' Lucifer is aimin' to go into business together, an' I has a hunch that does they do so Mistuh Epic Peters is gwine got a chance fo' revenge on all two of them."

"'Splain to me, boy; an' 'splain tho'ough."

"It's thisaway, Florian. Fum what Lucifer tol' me he thinks two things—an' the on'y thing which is wronger than the fust is the second. He thinks Rosemary is a cabaret queen an' he thinks she is full of cash money. An' of course you know what Rosemary thinks about a liar like Lucifer."

"Yeh," grinned Mr. Slappey. "She thinks he has got 'bout fo'-five thousan' dollars or somethin'. Honest, Epic, could I lie like that man I'd buy me the Fust National Bank."

"You tell 'em. Now heah's the how of things, Florian. I has got to leave again tomorrow night on a trip to New Yawk. You meet me down to the station when I returns back, and meanwhile you keep them eyes peeled an' lemme know how is things transpirin'. Then I'll make up my mind what I found out in the Nawth."

The following night at the witching hour of twelve the Piedmont Limited of the Southern Railway pulled out of the Terminal Station, New York bound. The through Pullman contained the dull-brown visage of a very happy porter, a porter who was traveling with a hunch that all was about to become right with the world and that he was preparing to kill several birds with a single fillip of his slingshot.

As a matter of fact there was in the situation an element of injustice which even Florian Slappey did not know. This lay in the fact that for many years Epic Peters had entertained the fond belief that just such a wayside inn as Lucifer Pottle now proposed to build would be an enormous success. Birmingham's Darktown was surfeited with cash which it was ready and willing to spend; it possessed many automobiles ranging from flivvers to big powerful scintillant sedans; and Epic regarded it as a hog-tied cinch that financial success would bless any venture such as that now under consideration.

As a matter of fact at the outset of the disastrous deal with Lucifer Pottle about a year before, when Epic still had faith in the inconstant Lucifer and they were planning great things together, Epic had mentioned this pet project, and Lucifer thought it over and pronounced it good. In fact he was all for embarking upon it then and there, but Epic wisely withheld the needful financial assistance until the deal then under way should have been put through. At the conclusion of that transaction Mr. Peters had no further craving to continue as Lucifer's business associate. He was poorer by hundreds and wiser by thousands. Wherefore, since he was father to the idea which Mr. Pottle now proposed to put into operation, Epic believed that he was ethically justified in taking any and all steps necessary to the complete discomfiture of his despised enemy and the acid and splendent lady from New York.

The journey from Birmingham to New York seemed interminable to the eager Hop Sure. He fancied that the Piedmont had never traveled so slowly, nor the scenery been so uninteresting. For once the thrumming of car wheels and the moments of relaxation against upholstered cushions palled upon the Cimmerian brow of Mr. Peters; for once he was more interested in reaching New York than he was in counting the tips which jingled in a steady and satisfying stream into his capacious pockets.

Eventually they reached the Pennsylvania Terminal, but Epic did not immediately repair to the porters' hotel for a day of slumber. Instead he invaded the sacred precincts of the Rialto, and from there drifted uptown to the region of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. He sleuthed eagerly all day and when he reported for duty that night he was weary and heavy-eyed.

But his heart was lilting, for he knew beyond all doubt that Rosemary Gunning had either never been in a cabaret performance in her life or else that she had been a mere chorus girl.

The Limited departed New York in the middle of a black and stormy night. All through the following day Epic waited, and when, the day after, they came within sight of the smoke and flame which marked the ring of huge industrial plants surrounding Birmingham, he worked eagerly against the moment when he could check off duty at the Pullman office and receive the report of his friend Florian.

The report was worth receiving. It seemed that Florian had been very much on the job.

"In the fust place," proclaimed Mr. Slappey gleefully, "Rosemary ain't got no job no mo'."

"G'wan!"

"Fact."

"How come?"

"She stahted gittin' uppity an' stayin' out late, runnin' round ev'ywhere with Lucifer Pottle, an' fust thing you know Ella Dungee, which cooks at the house where Rosemary's white lady is visitin' at, tol' me that the white lady was gittin' sorer an' sorer an' was just about fixin' to fire Rosemary. So las' night Rosemary was up 'most all night dancin', an' she didn't git to wuk this mawnin'. I hears 'bout it an' I sent Jessie Scruggs out to just happen by an' ast if they didn't need a good nuss gal with ref'ences. An' Jessie has got Rosemary's job."

Epic solemnly shook hands with his tried-and-true friend. "Boy! Action is yo' middle name an' you is twins."

"What did you fin' out in New Yawk?"

"Just this: Rosemary ain't no cabaret puffomer an' all what she says 'bout bein' same ain't true."

"Good." Florian was as enthusiastic as Epic. "Because she has got Lucifer Pottle believin' that she is, an' they is just about fixin' to open up a inn out on the Mon'gomery Highway."

"Where their money is comin' fum?"

Mr. Slappey chuckled. "Each fum t'other."

"Meanin' which?"

"Lucifer thinks she has got it, an' she thinks he is rollin' in wealth. An' all two bofe of 'em has been down consultin' with Lawyer Evans Chew 'bout how is they to go 'bout incorporatin' up."

"Lawyer Chew! Well, eat my dinner!" The elongated figure of the veteran porter fairly wriggled with glee. "Things keeps on gittin' better an' better. Heah's where Mistuh Peters goes down an' hol's a conwersation with Lawyer Chew."

He found Birmingham's dusky legal light ensconced behind a pair of expansive horn-rimmed goggles. Epic Peters came straight to the point.

"Lawyer Chew," he said, and knew that the attorney did not miss the eager light in his eyes or the undercurrent of hidden meaning, "I has got a li'l' money saved up which I aims to inwest. As my attorney I instruc's you to keep yo' eye open fo' good opporchunities. I has got an idea that the most thing I craves to inwest in would be a good roadhouse, located, say, on the Mon'gomery Highway."

The eyes of the two men met and held; each understood the other. The lawyer was keenly interested.

"Roadhouse, eh? You is pretickeler about such?"

"Absotively. Specially a roadhouse which aims to have a lady hostess when it stahts up. You reckon you might heah of any such?"

"Yeh," confided the lawyer, "I reckon I might."

"I b'lieve that does you do so, the one you heahs of might need a li'l' capital to soht of back 'em up. An' if it could be arranged so as I could adwance 'em that money to put with what they inwests, an' yet be purfec'ly safe—well, I has always had a theery that there was good money to be made in a swell cullud roadhouse aroun' Bummin'ham."

The attorney promised to keep his eyes open, and immediately as the door closed behind his client the legal lips expanded to a genial grin and he emitted a throaty chuckle.

"Dawg-gone ol' Epic Peters' hide! That boy shuah ain't no dumber than a fox. I always knowed he had good sense fum the day he come to me to be his lawyer."

He dispatched his office boy with a note, and in response thereto Miss Rosemary Gunning appeared in his private office some twenty minutes later.

"As I un'erstan' things, Miss Gunning," proclaimed the lawyer, "you aims to go half an' half with Mistuh Lucifer Pottle in this roadhouse business. Am I correc'?"

"I assume that you are, Mr. Chew."

"You figure that the thing will cost about a thousand dollars in cash to git goin'?"

"That's what Mr. Pottle estimates."

"An' all the cash money what you has got is two hund'ed dollars?"

"At the present moment," she retorted, "I am faced by a financial stringency which is excessively embarrassing, and——"

"Has you ever mentioned them stringency to Mistuh Pottle?"

"No. Certainly not. That is why I seek a loan."

"Security?" he suggested softly.

She hesitated. "Seems to me that any good lawyer can figure ways and means——"

"I can." His voice became crisp and incisive. "We can organize your roadhouse and incorporate. We must have a minimum capital stock of two thousan' dollars an' a cash capital of one thousan'. I have a client who has got a li'l' money which he craves to put out on any deal I adwises him, but of course as he is my client I aims to protect him tho'ough an' complete. Now if it suits you I reckon I c'n incorporate this thing, put in yo' two hund'ed dollars cash money an' borrow fo' you the other th'ee hund'ed dollars fum offen my client. As security you will have to execute unto him a collateral note in the sum of th'ee hundred dollars, an' also leave with me yo' entire thousan' dollars' wuth of stock with their cash value of five hund'ed dollars—leave them with me in escrow indorsed in blank, so that does you default on any payment to my client, he gits all of yo' stock, absotively an' in fee, his heirs an' assigns forever."

Rosemary nodded slowly. "My comprehension of the status is, Mr. Chew, that if I meet this indebtedness of three hundred dollars to your client, I owe him only the interest, and if I fail he gets all of my stock in the company. Is that correct?"

"Imminently so, Miss Gunning. I wish it clearly understood, also an' furthermo', beyond preadventure of gainsayment, that should you default in said payment not on'y you loses yo' interest but also that it includes how much money you inwests in the enterprise. Is that clear an' salisfactory?"

"Yes, sir, it is. I am risking a mere two hundred dollars, and I feel that that must be safe if Mr. Pottle is content to invest five hundred dollars in his half interest."

"Yes, ma'am—you shuah uttered a mouthful that time. Anything Lucifer Pottle inwests five hund'ed dollars in must be gilt-edge."

She rose, but at the door she hesitated. "Mr. Pottle is a rich man, isn't he?" she asked.

Chew's eyes narrowed speculatively. "I don't care to disclose my client's secrets, Miss Gunning. S'posin' you ask some representative cullud citizen—like Florian Slappey, for instance."

She asked Florian, and did not suspect the Delphic nature of his reply.

"Was I as rich as Lucifer Pottle," said Florian promptly, "I wouldn't even be scared of goin' into bankruptcy."

Meanwhile Mr. Pottle himself was in conference with Epic Peters. Mr. Peters was apparently reluctant to pass on his information.

"I asks you, Mistuh Peters," pleaded Lucifer, "what did you 'scover 'bout Miss Gunning up in New Yawk?"

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W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

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J. R. Head, of Kansas, lives in a small town of 631 people. He has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

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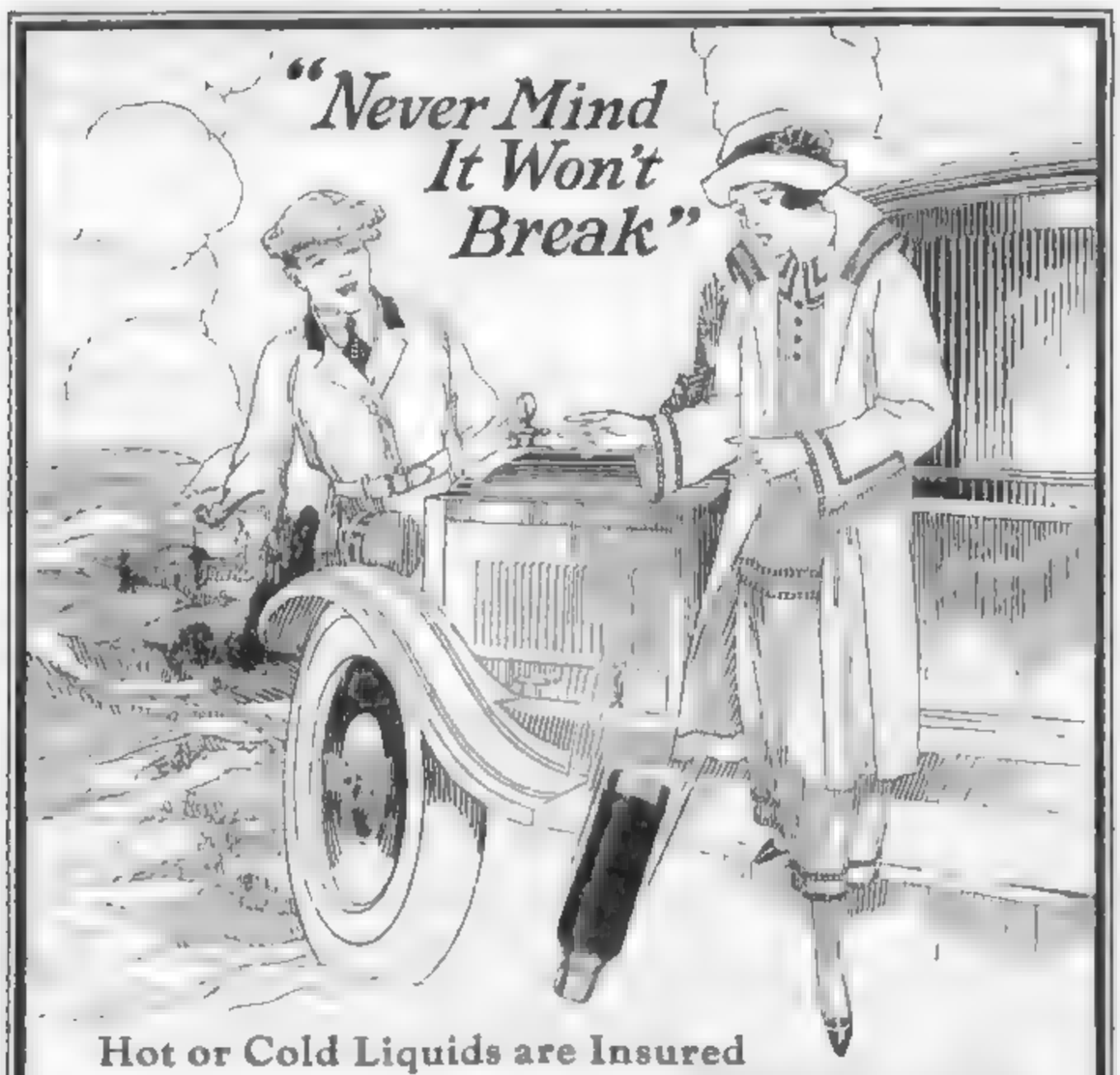

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Epic scowled. "I ain't cravin' to he'p you out in no business."

"But, Epic ——"

"Well, if you must know—it seems like all what Rosemary has been tellin' you is pretty near the truth. Fum what I gathers, the on'y reason she ain't starrin' in the Follies is because her skin looks too sunburned. I think you is dawg-mean to go open a roadhouse, but if you has just got to have a lady entertainer I reckon Rosemary is her."

"An'"—gently—"what did you 'scover 'bout her financial rating?"

"Tha's fo' me to know."

"She says she is rich."

Epic considered. "Well, fum what I hearn, I woul'n't say she was rich ezac'ly, but also I woul'n't say that she was needin' to borry no cash did she need an automobile or somethin'."

That was sufficient for Lucifer. He departed, whistling. He believed that which he wished to believe. A half hour later he, too, received a summons from Lawyer Evans Chew, and that dignitary outlined to Mr. Pottle the identical proposition which had already been accepted by Rosemary. Lucifer was all for cutting down his financial risk to a meager one hundred dollars, but Lawyer Chew refused, on behalf of his unknown client. He claimed that he would not consent to the loan unless the thousand dollars' worth of stock to be put up as security was backed by at least two hundred dollars in cash. Eventually Lucifer agreed; frankly, he would have agreed to anything at the moment, because he fancied that this was the golden opportunity for which he had been searching for many years.

Thereafter things worked smoothly. Rosemary and Lucifer each put up two hundred dollars—each believing that the other had invested five hundred; each indorsed his stock certificates in blank as collateral for the loans from Lawyer Chew's unknown client. And Epic Peters and Florian Slappey held a celebration between trips of the Pullman porter.

The world seemed a very livable place to Mr. Peters these days. The call of the rails was strong within him, but he had been portering now for eight years, saving assiduously, and craving the establishment of a business to which he could turn when his profession seemed too arduous. Here, then, was his chance. He knew that Rosemary and Lucifer were planning to repay their loans by dipping into the profits of their business, and he knew that for some time there would be no profits. Mr. Slappey had been intrusted with that delicate mission on the promise of eventually being put in charge of the new enterprise. The word was to be passed around that some encouragement was to be given Rosemary and her partner—some, but not too much. Later, perhaps, things would be different. And should the enterprise show unexpected vitality, Epic had merely invested six hundred dollars which would be returned to him with adequate interest. If the thing did not show a profit from the beginning, he would come into complete possession of a thousand-dollar enterprise upon which all the exploitation work had been done, and at a risk to him of a mere six hundred dollars.

He made three runs to New York while the place was getting under way. The sun shone brightly and fortune smiled upon him, travel was heavy and tips were lavish, he labored efficiently and genially and won the eternal gratitude of the passengers who were lucky enough to travel upon his car. He took his place again upon the porters' honor roll. Between trips Lawyer Chew and Florian Slappey acquainted him with developments.

The Broadway Tavern was in operation; a big house just off the Montgomery Highway had been leased at a modest rental and made into a restaurant. The big first floor had been robbed of its walls and converted into a dance hall surrounded by tables, and Florian reported that society was genuinely enthusiastic about the proposition and would have flocked there immediately had it not been for the grapevine telegraph which enlisted their aid in the mysterious plan to discomfit the unpopular proprietors.

And so it was that although the proposition was even more sound than Epic had believed, it did not receive sufficient support to return a worthwhile profit. They managed to pay expenses from the outset—and there was no doubting the fact that Rosemary would have made an excellent hostess had she been of a more sociable and tolerant nature. But the first six weeks of operation disclosed several things, one of which was reported to Epic by the enthusiastic Florian on the occasion of his return from a particularly successful journey to New York.

"Epic," grinned Mr. Slappey, "them two folks is takin' each fum t'other."

"Says which?"

"They is holdin' out mutual."

"What you mean, Florian?"

"Just this: I has got a friend of mine wukkin' out there as head waiter, an' he reports to me regalar. He says that in spite of all I can do the Broadway is makin' a clear profit of 'bout fifty dollars a week. But he says also that Rosemary is gittin' away with 'bout half of that, an' Lucifer is gittin' the other half."

"H'm!" Epic frowned. "What is they doin' with the extra money?"

"Doggin' roun'. Livin' high. Y'see, Epic, Lucifer thinks Rosemary has got a heap of money, an' so he is puttin' on floss makin' her think that he has also. An' the same thing wuks t'other way about. Each one is kiddin' the other an' bofe is bein' goated by each. Git me?"

"I gits. So they is makin' a profit of fifty dollars 'bove all their sal'ries an' all? Reckon that woul'n't be such a bad investment. Is you shuah, Florian, that they ain't savin' up that money to pay me what they owes?"

"Nossuh. They shuah ain't. Not on'y that, but they owes money elsewhere an' they is spendin' plenty. An' I is positive they is worried. I don't hahdly know what they is gwine do."

"Well," decided Epic, "Ise gwine fin' out."

An interview with Lawyer Chew proved highly satisfactory. Chew informed Mr. Peters that he was the victim of frequent visits by each client; that they were seeking extensions of their collateral notes.

"They say," informed the lawyer, "that the place is makin' money an' if you can extend them a li'l' bit they can pay the money fully an' in toto as an' when due provided you arranges fo' it to come due later than it does. I promised to ask my client about same."

"Man! You has done ast me an' got yo' answer. The on'iest thing I would exten' to either of them pussons is a couple of good swif' kicks, an' I woul'n't do that without a receipt. Listen—does you reckon Ise gwine git that Broadway place fo' my ve'y own?"

The attorney's eyes narrowed speculatively behind the horn-rimmed glasses. "I cain't devolve no secrets which I has got fum my clients of the secon' part, but I should say that yo' debt was tho'oughly secured an' that I don't see no prospec' of their raisin' the nessery fun's to pay same."

Epic departed, rubbing the palms of his hands together. He rambled down Eighteenth Street, oblivious of the weariness which had been begotten of a tedious thirty-six-hour run down from New York. His eye was caught by the figure of a woman emerging from a narrow doorway just off Eighteenth Street.

Epic paused; a qualm of uncertainty visited him.

"Well, what does I know 'bout that?" he inquired of himself. "Wonder what is Rosemary Gunning doin' in Semore Mashby's office?"

He knew well enough what she was doing there; Semore was by way of being a wealthy man, and his affluence had been acquired by reason of his ability to make eighty per cent grow where the laws of Alabama permitted only eight. Epic did not like Semore, but, for that matter, no one did; he was little and dried and shriveled of body and soul, and there were few to say a good word for him. Epic swung up the narrow stairway leading to the musty, dusty offices; at least the enmity between himself and Semore had never flamed openly.

He found Mr. Mashby dry-smoking a dilapidated cigar. The little money lender eyed his caller interestedly; Epic Peters was a man of consequence in Birmingham at such times as he was not out portering for the Pullman Company, and Mr. Mashby could not imagine what brought him where only the needy usually came. Epic did not leave him long in ignorance.

"What was Miss Gunning tryin' to borry money fum you on?"

"Huh? Who says she was tryin' to borry on anything?"

"Nemmin' who said it, Semore. I knows what I 'spostulates about."

(Continued on Page 177)

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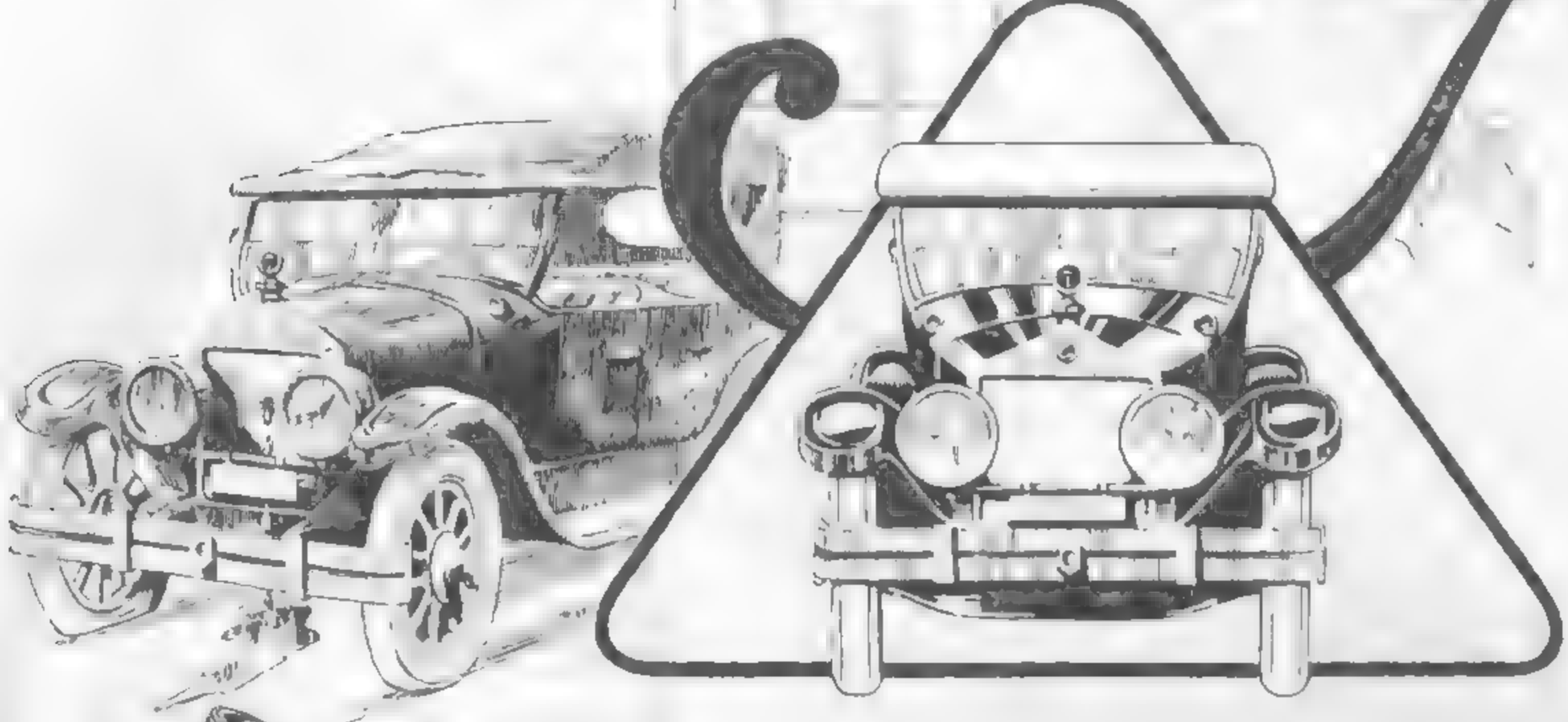

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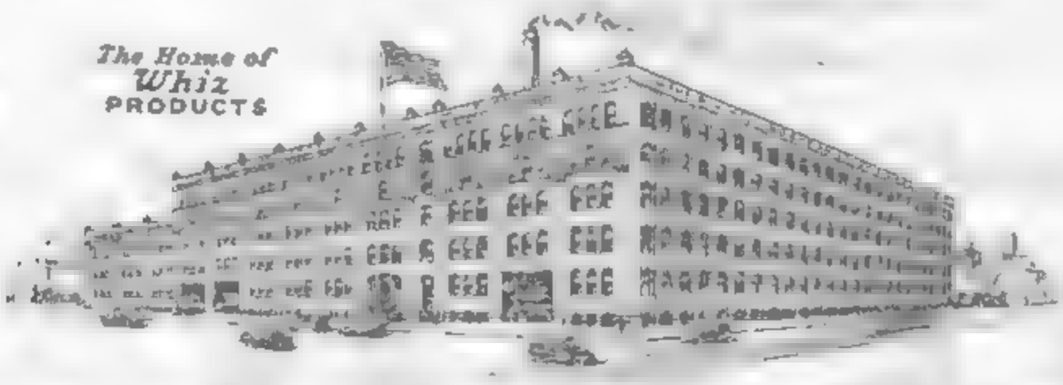

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Well ——" and Mr. Mashby shrugged. "Since I ain't gwine len' it to her on the s'curity she offered ——"

"Good! I woul'n't do such, either, Semore. 'Tain't no good business loandin' money on stock which you gits as s'curity when the pusson which you loands to gits it themself."

Mr. Mashby was impressed by the knowledge of his visitor. "You is right, Epic. Also I ain't got no confidence in this heah Broadway Tavun anyway. An' Miss Gunning is the secon' pusson which tried to git me to loaned 'em money on same. Strikes me does a new business need that much he'p so quick it ain't a good business."

"Semore, you is shuah a keen pusson. An' you refused also to loaned Lucifer Pottle the money he wanted?"

"Uh-huh." Mr. Mashby shook his head slowly. "He offered me twenty per cent."

"Twenty per cent of nothin' don't buy no eatments, Semore."

Epic Peters had guessed correctly: Rosemary and Lucifer were being made desperate by the imminence of the hour when the money borrowed from the unknown client of Lawyer Chew was to fall due.

The loan had been negotiated originally in the optimism of blissful confidence that the morrow would adequately take care of itself. It had not worried either of them that their entire interests in the business were irrevocably pledged or that the enterprise might not show an immediate profit of sufficient dimensions to finance the whole of the deal.

Wherefore after six weeks of agonizing labor and racking soul-suffering the two pioneers in the colored tavern business found themselves confronted by the loss of that which they held most dear. And that wasn't all. Rosemary believed that Lucifer had money, and it was her idea that when she forfeited her initial investment of two hundred dollars, along with her stock, Lucifer would remain in. Lucifer entertained the same idea regarding Rosemary. It seemed to each that one was to be left out in the cold, cold world with the other reaping all the benefits of their dual enterprise.

Wherefore identical ideas were born simultaneously in the brain of each of them. It was simple as A B C. Each feared to tell the other of his financial depression lest the well-known double cross should be attempted. It was better, they figured, to marry first and confess later, when their interests were formally and legally merged. Epic Peters, arriving at the porters' hotel in New York after a torrid trip, found waiting for him a telegram which sent him out on the streets of New York whistling a gay jazz composition. The telegram read:

> Rosemary and Lucifer both got married to each other yesterday and now both is twice as broke as each one was before. Here's wishing them long and unhappy lifes.
>
> FLORIAN SLAPPEY.

The journey back from New York did not impress Epic as being particularly tiresome. Work did not bother him, and between errands he lounged in a vacant section and stared out at the sunlit landscape.

He attended mechanically to his duties, but his mind was in Birmingham where Rosemary and her bridegroom were spending their honeymoon in the sanctuary of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. He chuckled at the idea of their mutual disclosures. This marriage was more than he had dared hope for. It meant vengeance upon Rosemary for presuming to be uppity with him; it marked his opportunity to own a going business without too heavy investment, and—sweeter than all—it promised to put him slightly more than square with Lucifer Pottle, the only man who had ever succeeded in worsting Epic in a business deal.

Not that Mr. Peters considered resigning his position with the Pullman Company; he was too much a part of the service for that. But there was a sensation of safety imparted by the knowledge of an anchor to windward, and a feeling of pride in the possession of a business of his own.

Immediately upon his arrival in Birmingham Mr. Peters repaired to the office of the Pullman agent. He found that genial gentleman seated behind his flat-topped desk in the big square office, and the agent smiled friendlily as Mr. Peters appeared. From outside came the rattle of street cars and automobiles on Twenty-sixth Street, and from inside came the pleading voice of Epic craving a leave of absence for one week. The agent, a tactful gentleman, was quite willing.

From the Pullman office Mr. Peters went immediately to the sanctum of Lawyer Chew, where he discovered that the notes had not yet been taken up by the bridal couple. Lawyer Chew was of the opinion that they would not be. It seemed, according to the attorney, that the Pottle honeymoon was not the most joyous which had ever come to his notice.

"I don't wish 'em nothin' but mo' of the same," said Epic fervently. "That note is due by tomorrow night midnight, Lawyer Chew. Ain't it paid then, the Broadway Tavun is mine the next mawnin', ain't it?"

"Yassuh, Brother Peters. It will be yourn in fee simple the moment your name is filled in on them stock certificates which has been indorsed in blank."

"Hot dawg! How 'bout j'inin' up in a party I is giving at the Broadway Friday night? It's gwine be a swell affair—with service guaranteed."

The attorney grinned. "Count me in, Epic. I woul'n't miss it fo' nothin'."

The balance of the day and all of the night found Epic Peters slumbering contentedly. Then came a day of tedious waiting. Once he saw the newlyweds treading the streets with their countenances creased by harassment and he did not find an ounce of pity in his heart. Florian Slappey reported that they had assaulted every citadel of possible credit in Birmingham—and that their nonsuccess at each had been equaled only by the ignominy of their failure at the next.

The next morning Epic Peters was at Lawyer Chew's suite in the Penny Prudential Bank Building when that erudite attorney arrived. The task of inserting the name of Epic Peters upon the stock certificates took but a short time, and the star Pullman porter found himself seized and possessed of what promised to be an excellently paying investment.

Nor was that all. At Epic's request Lawyer Chew communicated with the Broadway Tavern and arranged for a dinner party of ten for eight o'clock that night. Epic kept his name out of it, and he chose his guests with meticulous care: Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Florian Slappey, Dr. and Mrs. Elijah Atcherson, Sis Callie Flukers, and so on down the list of those who had been most venomously victimized by the airish assumption and insufferable intolerance of Rosemary Pottle, née Gunning. At a few moments before the appointed hour the procession drew up at the renovated house adjoining the Montgomery Highway.

The Broadway Tavern was doing an unexpectedly brisk business this night. Rosemary and her husband were depressed and hopeful—depressed because of the mutual financial revelations which had followed immediately upon the heels of their marriage; depressed over their inability to secure a further extension of their loan; and hopeful that they might discover the identity of the person who now owned the place, and prevail upon him to grant the required relief.

It seemed rather ironical, now that the establishment had slipped from their grasp, that business should pick up so amazingly. Awaiting the big dinner party they took occasion to express their opinions of each other.

"You always 'lowed you was a rich gal, Rosemary."

"I never promulgated anything of the sort, Lucifer. If you gathered the impression that I was affluent, that is no fault of mine. As for you—you deliberately misled me to believe that you were well fixed in worldly goods."

"Well—times ain't what they was, honey."

"Don't you honey me! I'm bitterly disappointed. And with all this business—I do wish I could discern the name of the person who loaned us that money. I would ——"

"Oh, hush yo' mouf, gal! All you has got in yo' haid is words: millions of words. They just oozes out an' never says nothin'. Heah comes them rich folks."

In they came. At a signal from Rosemary, Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra blared forth in the opening measures of the latest toe-tickling fox trot. Lucifer bustled forward. Then he glimpsed the long gangling figure of Epic Peters and a frown of hatred corrugated his brow.

"What you doin' heah, cullud man?"

"Just lookin' roun'," proclaimed Epic genially. "Shuah is a pretty place you got."

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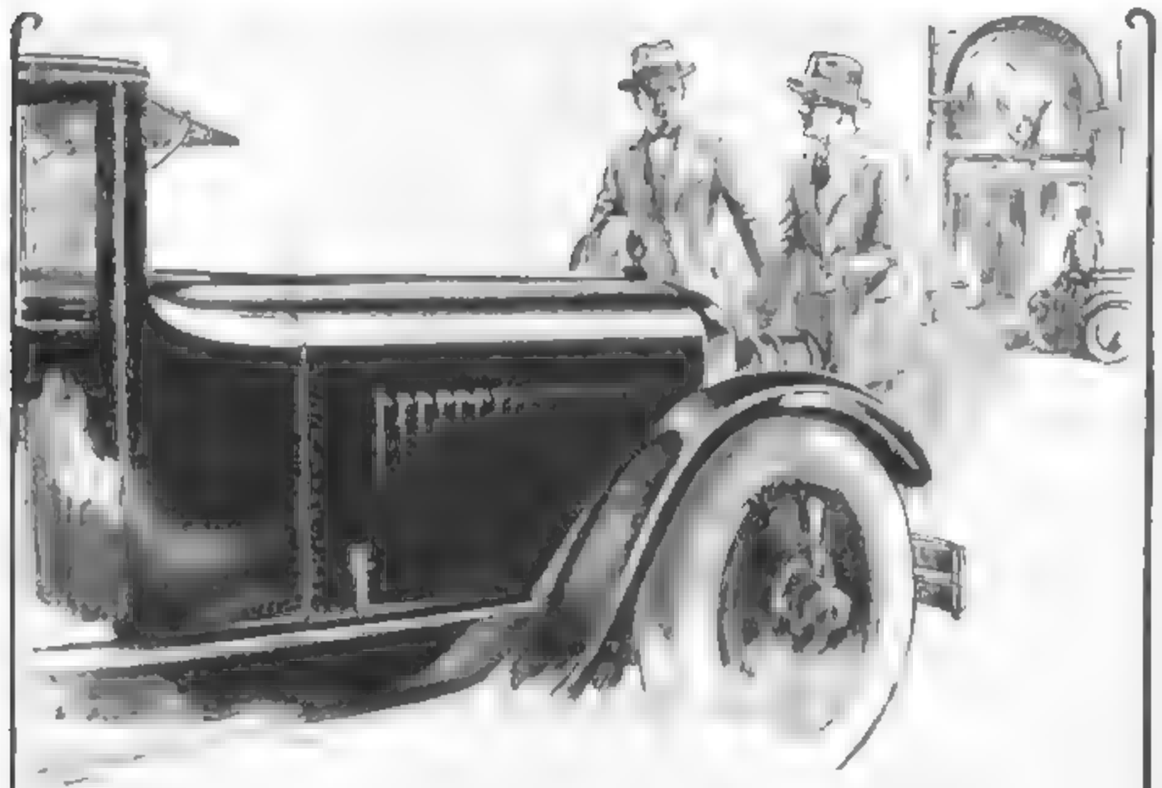

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"Ain't nothin' pretty when you is in it."

"'Scawt us to our table," ordered Epic. "This heah is my pahty."

Lucifer obeyed orders, but he did so with ill grace. And later when Rosemary strolled over to the table she favored Epic with a glance in which there was a noticeable absence of affection.

"When one caters to the public," she remarked pointedly, "one needs must necessarily of course serve meals even to menials."

"Well, tickle my tongue—ain't you the talkin'est gal! I always did crave to heah them words spill fum yo' lips, Mis' Pottle. They don't mean nothin', but they soun's gran'."

"They mean a sufficiency, Mr. Peters. They mean that you are persona ungrata around here and only that this is a public place you would be invited to depart from hence."

"Hot dawg! Listen at them speech. This gal sho' does like me; ain't it so, Lawyer Chew?"

"Well," retorted the attorney courteously, "her bridegroom suttinly ain't got no cause to git jealous of you."

"Bridegroom!" Epic saw Lucifer within earshot. "I ain't never cumgratulated you-all two, has I? Whoever would of thought that you would go an' git ma'ied to each other? I suttinly does wish you a heap mo' of the peace an' prosperity which you has got tonight. Two good-lookin' folks like you-all ——"

"Hush yo' mouf, Epic Peters. Fo' half a dime I'd th'ow you out of heah."

"Don't hesitate on my account, Lucifer, dear." It was Rosemary speaking. "Next to attending his funeral I know of no place I would rather see Mr. Peters than wallowing in the road."

Epic grinned slowly. From his pants pocket he produced a new nickel. He shoved this across the table.

"There's yo' half a dime, Mistuh Pottle. S'posin' you begin to commence. I craves a li'l' excitement."

Lucifer hesitated, then took recourse in words. "On'y fo' fear you'd have me 'rested—but anyway, Mistuh Peters, I is willin' that you should know what I think of you. I think you is a drawn-out, slab-sided, slew-footed, tip-snatchin', big-moufed, knock-kneed, none-thinkin' piece of tripe which if I ever got a chance ——"

Epic Peters was still smiling. As a matter of fact Epic was enjoying himself hugely.

"Does you know what I think of you, Mistuh Pottle?"

"I does."

"I think bofe you an' you' wife is unnecessary."

"What you mean—unnecessary?"

"I mean you is too many aroun' heah. An' since I come out tonight to have a good time I must ask that bofe of you gits out—an' gits immediate."

"Huh! Fo' a mouf like yourn ——"

Epic reached into an inside pocket. From it he produced several handsomely engraved stock certificates.

"Read 'em an' weep!" he commanded.

Lucifer Pottle read. So did his bride. Explanations were totally unnecessary. They looked at Epic, they looked at each other; like a well-drilled team they turned and disappeared.

Ten minutes later Florian Slappey came in from the veranda and delivered his report:

"A' right, folks. I is runnin' this place now fo' Mistuh Peters. Lucifer an' Rosemary has done went. Le's us make merry."

They did. It was a magnificently successful party, and during the week which followed there were many others. By the time Epic was summoned to the road again it was a certainty that the Broadway Tavern was destined to be a highly profitable investment.

But the day came when Epic's leave expired. That night he donned his uniform and reported to the Pullman office. At nine o'clock he took his place with his car in the Terminal Station, attending the wants of passengers who came early in the effort to woo sleep before the midnight departure for New York and intermediate points.

At a trifle after eleven o'clock a cocky little yard engine backed under the train shed and attached to the Pullmans the day coaches for Atlanta and eastern points. Then those passengers who could not afford Pullman accommodations trickled slowly in and settled themselves to such comfort as they could find.

Fifteen minutes before leaving time something happened—something which brought a chortle of glee to the ample lips of Mr. Epic Peters.

Up the steps leading to the platform came two persons. They carried three heavy suitcases and they did not look particularly happy. Recognition was instant and mutual, but even as they hurried past Epic in search of the Jim Crow car they saw him bow and heard his mocking salutation:

"Mistuh an' Mis' Rosemary Pottle! En root to New Yawk on their honeymoon. Goodness goshness, Miss Agnes! How time has flew!"

The train departed. Epic made his passengers comfortable for the night and then wended his way forward to the car where traveled his late enemies. He found them seated side by side in the middle of the coach, glaring sourly through the window into the Stygian night. Epic paused beside them, resplendent in his silver-buttoned uniform. He bowed low.

"'Evenin', folks."

"Huh!"

"Hopes you-all has a happy honeymoon. If they is anything I can do you fo' ——"

Lucifer exploded. "Git away fum heah befo' I 'sterminates you. Ain't you done us fo' enough a'ready? Tooken our business an' ev'ything? Ain't that enough fo' you, that you should come along an' rub it in?"

Rosemary raised tired bitter eyes. "I prefer your absence, Mr. Peters."

"Ain't it the truth? Just like when you was comin' down—in the drawin'-room. Guess you is gwine back to wuk in that cabaret, ain't you?"

"We aims to git jobs in New Yawk," snapped Mr. Pottle. "Rosemary says——"

"Tha's all what she does, Lucifer—says."

Then came Rosemary's incisive voice: "I would rather that you didn't talk to this person, Lucifer. He is beneath us. It was bad enough for him to take our business away, but when in addition thereto also he got the four hundred dollars which we invested ——"

"Shuh! Mis' Pottle, ain't you never heard that what is husban's is wife's?"

"I don't see ——"

"Well, I does. Now listen at this: A few months ago Mistuh Lucifer Pottle, which you is ma'ied to him fo' worser or worse—he done me out of mo' than th'ee hund'ed dollars. Figgerin' interest, that comes to four hund'ed an' two dollars an' seventy cents. I gotten four hund'ed dollars of it back when I tooken over the tavern." A broad smile invaded the countenance of the Pullman porter. "An' just to show you what kind of a feller I is, folks—not holdin' no hahd feelin's n'r nothin'—I declares heah an' now that we is square, an' you-all can keep that two dollars an' seventy cents as a weddin' present fum me!"

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THE across-continent flight of Lieutenants Oakley Kelly and John Macready, May 3rd, 1923, from New York to San Diego, *—2600 miles without stop*, stands out as the hardest practical test yet given any motor oil.

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The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

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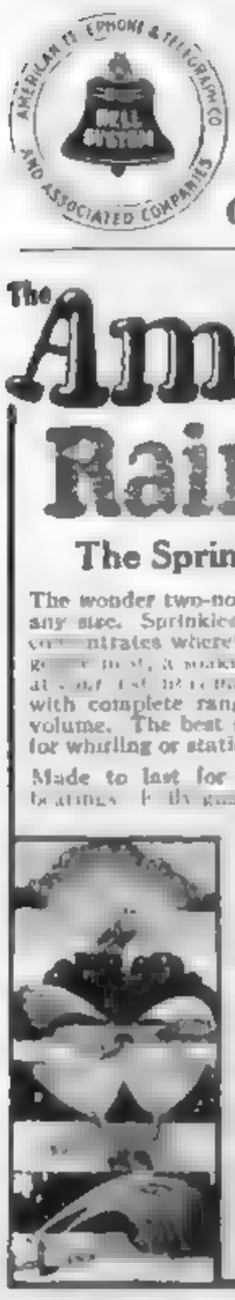

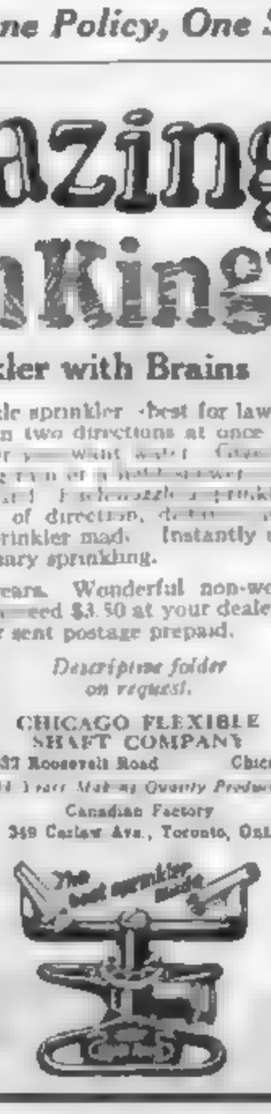

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THE WIND FROM THE WEST

(Continued from Page 7)

assembled in Cleveland as the subsidiary price of his remaining within the fold. The real price, it may be, is his nomination, or the nomination of a man of his selection, for President. That will develop later. In any event, what he demands shall be made Republican policies for the campaign of 1924 is set forth below:

The great issue, as he says, being the destruction of the economic and political power of monopoly in government and private industry, the only way to bring that millennial situation about is to apply the following remedies to existing conditions:

Complete housecleaning of all the executive departments, and, especially, the Departments of Justice and the Interior.

Recovery of the Navy's oil reserve and all other parts of the public domain wrongfully or fraudulently transferred to private control, and vigorous prosecution of all offenders in these matters.

Public ownership of water power and the development of a national super-water-power system under strict public control, with permanent conservation of all natural resources, including coal, iron and all other ores, oil and timberlands.

Repeal of the Esch-Cummins Railroad Law and fixing of railroad rates on the basis of actual investment and service cost.

Public ownership of all railroads.

Reduction of Federal taxes on individual incomes and legitimate business, limiting tax exactions strictly to the requirements of economical government, particularly by curtailment of the $800,000,000 now annually expended for the Army and Navy, by the recovery of the hundreds of millions stolen through fraudulent war contracts and corrupt leasing of public resources and by action to collect the accumulated interest on the $11,000,000,000 owed us abroad.

Submission to the people of a Constitutional amendment providing that Congress may, by reënacting a statute, make it effective over a judicial veto.

Amendment to the Constitution to provide for the direct election of all Federal judges for fixed terms not exceeding ten years.

Drastic reduction of the exorbitant Fordney-McCumber tariff duties on manufactures; the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan systems so as to eliminate control by usurers, speculators and international financiers, and to make the credit of the nation available on fair terms to all.

Wrecking Possibilities

Further legislation to promote and protect coöperative enterprises and to demand that the Interstate Commerce Commission proceed forthwith to reduce by an approximation to prewar levels the present freight rates on agricultural products, including livestock.

Abolition of the use of injunctions in labor disputes; and the right of farmers and industrial workers to organize, bargain collectively and conduct coöperative enterprises.

Adjusted compensation for the veterans of the late war.

A deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Amendments to the Federal Constitution to provide for the direct nomination and election of the President; to extend the initiative and referendum to the Federal Government, and to insure a popular referendum for or against war except in cases of actual invasion.

An active foreign policy to bring about a revision of the Versailles Treaty.

Immediate reduction of taxes on moderate incomes, a large increase in inheritance tax rates on large estates, taxes on excess profits, and complete publicity under proper safeguards of all Federal tax returns.

I give considerable space to this batch of La Folletteisms because it is potentially the most important political document of the day and has within it wrecking possibilities of vast extent. There is no reason for thinking that La Follette and his following will not stand upon it and refuse to compromise on it. It is a definite and clear-cut statement of what must be conceded by the Republicans if they want to remain at least at half peace with the pressure group in Congress. Nor is there any reason for thinking that if the Republicans refuse to concede these radicalisms La Follette will not try to enforce them through the medium of a third ticket, headed either by himself or another of his selection.

It is the fulcrum upon which the La Follette lever rests. And, as will be noted, it is not without its craft. It is as all-covering as a circus tent. Any radical who cannot get in under that pronouncement, and support it, is more than a radical. He is a red. It appeals to about every brand of progressive, insurgent and radical political and economic thought, barring the tenets direct action and such other measures. It is a net spread to catch every radical fish.

The reason for that is simple. The protesting elements in our politics are not of any one group or in any one group. They compose many and various combinations and have for a basis many and various grievances, reforms, theories and obsessions. A platform, to get any sort of cohesive support from these different groups, must be a catch-all, and nobody knows that better than La Follette. Hence, with this platform he has spread his feast of radicalism so that all may partake, and in spreading it he has not been without an eye to the main chance.

Economic Discontent

That main chance is the prevailing discontent, which is two sorts, one specific and one general. The specific source of discontent is the agricultural situation. The farmers are aroused. They are demanding relief. Though it appears that La Follette has not catered directly and exclusively to the farmers, he has put in his platform many policies that will appeal to the farmers, and will lead them to expect other concessions, once the power of legislation and execution gets into the hands of the radicals. He is too shrewd to make himself, or his man, an agrarian candidate. He is capitalizing every element of radicalism from radicalism *per se* to radicalism that is the outcome of grievance, discontent, injustice or disturbing conditions. He is after not only the agrarian vote that will be influenced by existing conditions, and is expressed by the nonpartisan leagues and farmer-labor combinations and such, but also after the vote that may be influenced against the Republicans by the Investigation revelations in Washington.

Thus, we return to the initial statement in this article that the next President will be blown into the White House by a West wind. There have been efforts to minimize the agricultural situation in this country, both in its economic and its political aspects; but any political observer who has been through the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest, as I have, knows that both the economic and the political discontents of the farmer are not only acute but retaliatory. The political discontent is subordinate to the economic discontent. The strong element in support of a third-party movement is this economic phase of it. In fact, the situation is almost entirely economic. Therefore the ordinary political customs, prejudices and precedents do not avail.

Beginning with Ohio, where the situation is largely political, and Indiana, where things are largely political also, we find that in such states as Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana and others there is ripe ground for the cultivation of a crop of protest. It is of small avail to appeal to the farmers by a reduction of the income taxes. Mighty few farmers pay any Federal income taxes. Their incomes are not large enough to demand that, and they are hard put to it to pay their state and local taxes. If they do not see some promise of relief in the results at Cleveland it will not be much of a trick to split off enough normal Republican votes from the total Republican vote in these states to defeat Coolidge in them, and thus give the presidency to the Democrats, presuming that the Democratic candidate will get the South, which he will, and for the added reason that the independent Western votes that elected Wilson in 1916 are available for some other than the regular Republican nominee in 1924.

The outside contingency is that if La Follette or some man of his choice runs on a third ticket, that ticket will carry enough states to prevent an election in November

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Under a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat, your head will be *cool*—and *comfortable*—all summer long.

A Townsend-Grace Straw is as readily acceptable to the business man who demands a certain dignified conservatism, as it is to that discriminating purchaser who demands the ultra in quality and style. Townsend-Grace Straws are *popular* Straws—popular among men of appearance.

Stop in today at any good Hatter or Haberdasher, and try on a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat. Ask to see the Clarion—the Townsend-Grace Feature Hat for 1924.

Note for well-dressed men. *Today the carefully dressed man owns Three Straw Hats, or more: a plain or fancy braid for general wear; a Panama, Bankok or Leghorn for sport wear; a fine braid for formal occations.*

The TOWNSEND GRACE CO.
Baltimore, Maryland

and throw the presidency into the House of Representatives. That may be partly what La Follette is shooting at. Of course, La Follette does not really think that a third ticket can obtain a majority of the electoral vote in the November election. Primarily this La Follette third-party enterprise has for its object the continuance and, if possible, the amplification in the next Congress of the power it has in this Congress. The real basic fact of all this maneuver is that the La Follette balance-of-power outfit must have an excuse for continuing their existence if they would hold to their power. They must demonstrate, and not take the ordinary chances of election day, as nominees on regular party tickets.

If, as they claim, they are without the old party lines, they must be outside in every sense instead of out in the congressional and legislative sense. So they must go to bat with a third ticket in order to justify their continuance in public life. Without this group of senators and representatives that has been operating in Congress this year—this middle group—radicalism in the Republican Party would be mere elocution. As such, the majority in Congress will not pay the slightest attention to them unless they carry the big stick of being able to defeat or pass legislation by uniting with either of the two old parties at any given time—unless they maintain their balance-of-power position.

Furthermore, as it stands now, if the election of the President is thrown into the Congress, La Follette and his followers are in a tremendous position there also. It is the present Congress that elects the President, not the Congress to be elected next fall. The House position, as to votes, is that there must inevitably be a deadlock for a certain length of time, even if not until March fourth, but probably until then. That happening, the election goes to the Senate, where a Vice President is elected and that Vice President becomes President. The vote for President in the House, in case of no election at the polls, is by states, one vote for each state; but in the Senate, in the election of a Vice President, each senator has one vote, and the selection is made from the two persons receiving the highest number of votes for Vice President at the November elections. There is where La Follette would come in, with his five or six balance-of-power senators. He would elect the President of the United States. And that is why particular care will be given this year to the nominations for Vice President by the old parties.

That can happen, and it may happen. It isn't probable that it will happen, but it is among the possibilities. There is a fear among the engineers and architects of the fortunes of the Republican Party that if La Follette goes into the field with a third party the chances are that the result of 1912 will be paralleled and the Democratic nominee will become President. They are mournfully afraid of that.

Plenty of Time for the Job

Everything possible that can be done to offset this will be done. An attempt to make a professional progressive out of Coolidge would be silly, and would alienate more votes than it would attract. Coolidge, as the candidate of the Republican Party, must and will represent the conservative element in the party. However, no such prescription need be placed upon the candidate for Vice President; and the search will be for a man who can hold, in as great a measure as may be, the votes that might slough off to a radical third party. Of course he will be a Western man, and the most favorable choice at the moment seems to be Senator Borah, of Idaho. Nobody has confided to me what Senator Borah thinks of this plan, but he is the man mostly in mind at the moment of writing.

There will be none of the usual pick-somebody-and-let's-go-home haste about the selection of a Vice Presidential candidate by either of the great parties this year. Too much is involved. In the case of the Republicans there is not only need of a candidate who shall, as much as possible, attract the progressive element of the party but also it will not be forgotten that there is an outside chance—but yet a chance—that the man nominated for Vice President at Cleveland will be President. Bearing these things in mind, the selection will be made carefully, and well in advance of the convention at Cleveland. Former Senator and now Federal Judge Kenyon, of Iowa, is also in mind, although the inside talk is that he is in reality La Follette's candidate for his third ticket in case La Follette's own health does not allow him to take the nomination.

The repute of the Senate is none too good among the people. Even the senators confess that in private. Hence it may be wiser to take a man who is not senatorially identified; but in any event he must be a candidate who will appeal to the progressive vote in the party, who is acceptable to the farmers, and who is big enough to be President—and that is a large order.

The vote catchers are working on the platform, and have been for weeks. Their task is more difficult than any similar burden put upon platform makers in recent years. Out of conservatisms, radicalisms, discontents, protests, oil, Daugherty, prohibition and a score of other dissimilar elements they must contrive a document that will not frighten the conservatives, offend the progressives, will please the farmers, will encourage the tax-ridden, will denounce the iniquitous, will suit the drys, will jolly the wets, will look forward, backward, sideways, at the stars and at the material things of this earth. They must make an omnibus out of materials for a buckboard, and part of the load they must carry is the present Congress.

Not entirely, of course, for although the Republicans have been nominally in the majority, in reality, through the operations of the La Follette combination, they have been in the minority, and must continue so during the present Congress. Still, carrying the load of this actual minority is another large order, making two orders that are about to be handed to the Republicans with instructions to fill to the satisfaction of a querulous, grouchy, impatient and thoroughly sore and disgusted lot of customers—the American people.

On the Warpath

Notwithstanding the assaults upon him in the Senate, and notwithstanding the revelations of the oil and Daugherty investigating committees, President Coolidge retains in large measure the confidence of the people. He is held as blameless in such malversations of office as have been exploited and will be in process of legal proof before the campaign is over. His strength with the party has been shown, so far as political strength can be shown in primary votes, in the primaries, and especially in the primaries in such states as Nebraska, Illinois and Michigan. He will have the votes to nominate him; has them as I write, indeed.

It will not take much effort to get the nomination for Coolidge. That will come easily enough. The real task will be to elect him, and if there is a third ticket that task may be of enormous difficulty. There is no doubt that the campaign coming will be vicious. The Democrats will attack from every angle and the progressives talk very frankly when on the warpath. The scandals of the senatorial investigations will be exploited endlessly. There will be nothing quiet and dignified about this coming fight.

The result of it will depend on the vote in the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest, where there are potential elements of disaster for whomsoever does not measure up to the standards set for the assuaging of the prevailing discontent. You cannot remedy economic ills with political poultices. Something definite must be devised. It will be excellent strategy for the Democrats to name a fairly conservative candidate, thus giving the third ticket a freer field in the states which, in the usual order of voting, the Democrats cannot carry, and thus making the election of a Democrat easier by splitting the Republican vote.

About thirty million votes will be cast next November. The days of close elections between two parties are over. That was shown in the 1920 election when Harding won by a plurality of seven million. What has not been shown is how these thirty million votes, men and women, will split if they have a chance of choice between a conservative, a pseudoradical and a real radical. One man's guess is as good as another's, and no guess is worth anything before the issues are joined; but there is this much to be said: There will be something doing in these United States next September and October, something doing in a large, exciting, exclamatory, explosive, objurgatory, and, mayhap, destructive and revolutionary political way.

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THERE'S no mystery about what goes into Underwood Deviled Ham. Nothing but prime whole hams, chopped fine, and pure spices.

No substitutes, no by-products, no adulterants. Underwood *Pure* Deviled Ham is as clean and wholesome as anything cooked in your own home.

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There's something about the very fit of a Jantzen that *invites* you to swim. And no wonder! It is the master work of Carl Jantzen, expert swimmer, who knows just what features a swimmer needs

Go and see the new Jantzens for men, women and children, in fashionable 1924 colors. Get your suit early and enjoy it all summer Style book and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric sent upon request Ask dealer for red diving girl windshield sticker, or send 4c for two

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The Nation's Swimming Suit
THE SUIT THAT CHANGED *BATHING* TO *SWIMMING*

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 15)

mining shares. When I joined the firm the market had periods of investment and periods of gambling. During these gambling periods Tom Lawson thrived. He understood the art of stock-market advertising through paid ads in the newspapers and through news items by the agencies and telegrams to brokerage houses all over the country. He made speculators big and little talk about him. He used to send out huge calendars, and he had stock-market proverbs in every sheet. There were some mighty good epigrams among them, for Lawson certainly knew one side of his business extremely well.

In Reade's office I progressed in my studies steadily. From being stock clerk I was promoted to margin clerk. It was up to me to see that the accounts were in good shape. I kept one eye on the ticker, for stock prices; and the other on my sheet, for balances. It was hard work at times, particularly in panics. I was the only margin clerk Reade had. In our New York office today I employ six margin clerks. The head of the force gets ten thousand dollars a year. In normal times he is through with his work at four every afternoon, or at five at the latest. But in bad times he begins at nine A.M., and works all day and into the night, quitting after midnight. I thought I had a lot to do in Reade's, but our chief margin clerk today has to see that forty-five thousand accounts are kept in shape.

My most trying experience as margin clerk was during the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901. Of course I was on the job early, for the preliminary rumblings of the night before had sufficiently warned us of the hurricane that would break on us the next day—Blue Thursday. It was of course much worse in New York than in Boston, but it was bad enough with us. The market simply boiled over. The tape was about twenty minutes behind the actual transactions, and you can imagine what that meant to the poor margin clerk. By the time I'd get an account figured I'd have to figure it all over again. It was impossible to get help because everybody in the office was busy as the dickens. I couldn't ask anybody anything.

Mrs. Hall's Chance of a Lifetime

Well, after I kept at it a couple of hours, I decided on my own responsibility to send out to every customer a telegram calling for margin, whether it was needed or not. I knew how customers felt about being asked for additional margins, particularly when they think you ought not to begin shouting for help until the very last minute. But I thought that was the only way to protect the firm, which was my job, and also it was up to me to keep from going insane with worry. When it was all over, nobody found fault with me. That night all of us stayed in the office until the next morning, figuring our margins and casualties. I remember we all went to breakfast together at a near-by restaurant.

Nobody made money to speak of that day because, though there certainly were bargains galore, it was impossible to get orders executed when things were at the worst—that is, at the lowest prices. A little later I heard a story that came from the front office. We had nobody short of Northern Pacific in the office, thank heaven, but when the cornered stock sold at one thousand dollars on the New York Stock Exchange Mr. Reade remembered that he had bought years before some Northern Pacific for an intimate friend of his—Henry Hall.

Mr. Hall was dead, but his widow was a great friend of Mr. Reade's family. He called her up, busy as he was.

"Anne," he said, "do you know whether you still have that Northern Pacific stock we bought for Henry, or did you get rid of it?"

"Oh, no," she answered: "I still have it."

"Are you sure it's Northern Pacific?" persisted Mr. Reade, who had other women customers.

"Yes, I noticed it the other day when I was looking over some mortgages."

"Where is it?"

"It's in the safe-deposit box."

"Well," said Mr. Reade, "if I were you I'd get it and bring it right over to the office."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that it is selling at one thousand in New York this very minute."

"One thousand what?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"One thousand dollars," said Mr. Reade. "If you are going to do anything about it I wish you'd hurry up, Anne."

"Goodness, do I have to bring it down myself?"

"I don't care how you get it to me, but I've got to have the certificates properly indorsed right here in my clutches. I don't dare to take a chance. Please make haste, Anne. It might not stay up there very long."

"I'll go at once to the safe-deposit vault and bring the stock down to you. That's all you want, isn't it?"

"That's all. Is it two or three hundred shares?"

"One certificate is for five hundred shares and the other is for one hundred."

"Heavens! Hurry up, Anne!" shouted Mr. Reade, and then somebody in the office yanked him away from the telephone on urgent business.

A Dry-Weather Investor

In the excitement Mr. Reade forgot about Mrs. Hall's six hundred shares of Northern Pacific, that had cost Henry Hall about $18,000. But a few days afterward Mrs. Hall was dining at his house and he remembered.

"Oh, by the way, Anne, what happened to you that you didn't come to the office Thursday? Did you discover that you didn't have the stock after all?"

Mr. Reade had been tempted to sell it even before she delivered the certificates, for he felt certain the corner would break and the price with it. But now he was glad he had played safe.

"Why, no," answered Mrs. Hall. "I have the stock."

"Why, in heaven's name, didn't you bring it down as you promised?"

Mrs. Hall, I may say, was comfortably off, worth perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Well, you remember it was nasty and drizzly that day," she said, as though that explained all.

"What did that have to do with your selling the Northern Pacific at one thousand dollars?" asked Mr. Reade.

"Well, I just thought I wouldn't go out. A thousand dollars wasn't such an awful lot for the stock, so I stayed home."

"Not such an awful lot!" yelled Mr. Reade. "Why, you had six hundred shares."

"Yes."

"Well, you could have got six hundred thousand dollars for your six hundred shares. That's what you lost."

"What?" shrieked Mrs. Hall.

"That!" said Mr. Reade.

Of course Mrs. Hall would not have got one thousand dollars a share for her stock as things turned out, but she might have got five hundred. At all events it gave Mr. Reade a story to tell whenever anybody mentioned women in business to him.

In the course of a man's life many things happen that look like unavoidable progress and are in fact forward steps, and yet are neither the outcome of deliberate effort nor the reward of industry or ability. I do not know how satisfactory my work at Reade's was to my employers. All that I know is that I was promoted several times. But my work was always in the back office.

Now in the personnel of a brokerage house there are two divisions. One is the clerical end that keeps the books, the records, makes and accepts deliveries, and all such matters. The other division consists of what you might call the producing end—the fellow who gets the business. Neither division can do without the other any more than an army can do without the quartermaster's department and the fighting forces. An army may march on its belly, as Napoleon remarked, but the battle is won by the fighters, and in business the fight is for business, so that the business getter is most liberally paid. To succeed, he has to exercise more faculties than the

(Continued on Page 184)

A Vertical "B" Battery

Upright in Shape —Upright in Use

WHERE weight, table or cabinet space is a factor in your selection of Burgess Radio "B" Batteries, buy the Burgess vertical "B" No. 5158.

It is right at home in any position in your cabinet. Its sturdy compactness is almost a necessity in portable receiving sets.

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—from radiator to differential. Note every mechanical feature of International construction and make your comparisons. Read over our replacement guarantee on vital parts and consider its worth to you for the life of your truck. Consider our Free Inspection Policy and realize that this unequaled service from us assures years of service from the truck. Then go still further and consider the maker behind this truck. The International Truck is a dependable truck manufactured by a dependable institution.

International Heavy-Duty Trucks are built in 3000, 4000, 6000 and 10,000-pound maximum capacities with bodies to meet every requirement. There is also a sturdy Speed Truck for loads up to 2000 pounds. Busses are supplied to meet every passenger transportation need. Upon request we will gladly supply you with names of International owners in your own line of business and the address of the nearest showroom where the full line of new models is on display.

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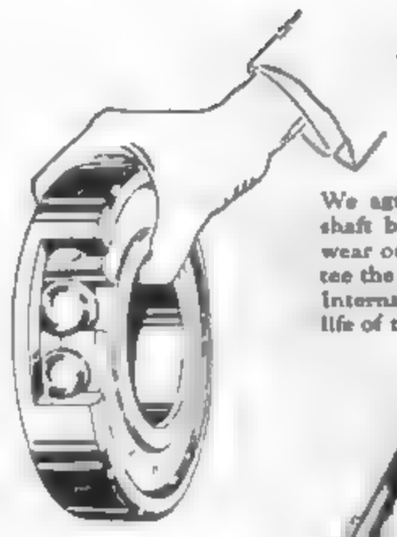

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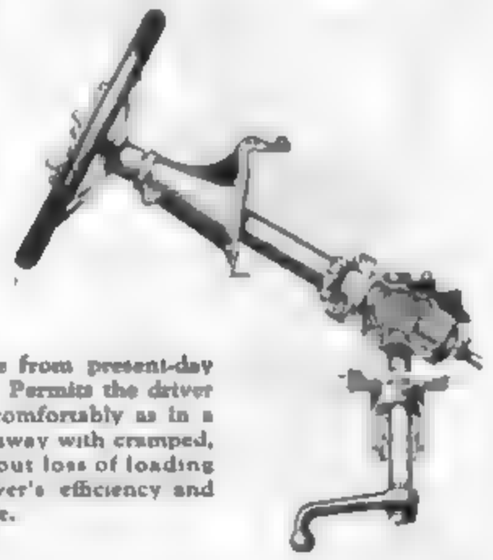
We agree to replace free any crank shaft ball bearing which may break, wear out, or burn out, and we guarantee the crankshaft in any Heavy-Duty International against breakage for the life of the truck.



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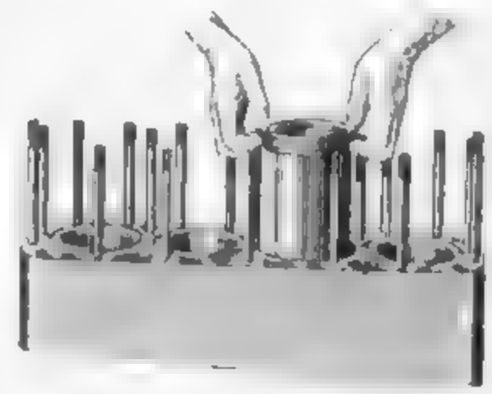

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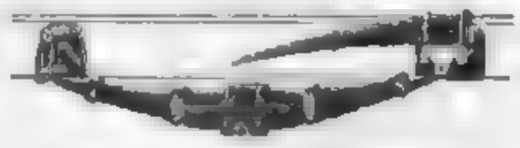
This design eliminates reboring cylinders or replacing cylinder blocks. Cylinders can be replaced easily and inexpensively. International was first to use this type of construction.



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These springs—inoperative under light loads—come into action when needed. This construction assures correct spring flexibility under varying loads.

FREE INSPECTION SERVICE

With every International goes a Free Inspection Service Policy which assures thorough inspections at regular intervals throughout the life of the truck. This service is rendered by a corps of factory-trained Road Engineers, operating out of more than a hundred Company Branches. Write for a copy of our Free Inspection Service Policy and folder, "5 Features of Superiority."

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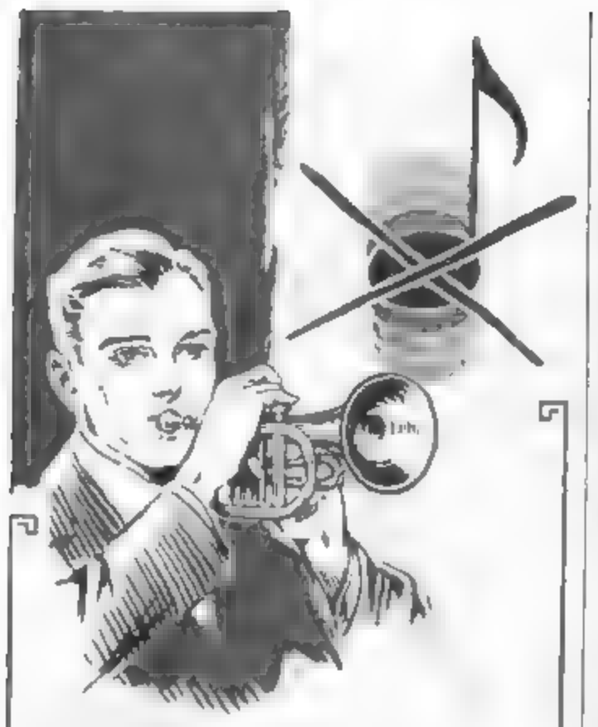

Goodbye, "Wolf" Tones!

GONE are the days when every player was at the mercy of the imperfections of his instrument! Gone are the forcing of notes, the favoring, the faking! Now you may take up the instrument of your choice without fear of the hardships of learning to play it. The most revolutionary advance in a century of brass instrument manufacturing makes learning easy.

Enormous Stride Forward

For the first time in history, band instruments are being made with a *Continuous Conical Bore* that extends even through the valves themselves! As a result, sound waves expand [illegible] according to *nature's own law*. No longer are they [illegible] impaired [illegible] *Lyon Instrument*, that almost from the start beginners can produce tones of velvety smoothness and texture.

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Continuous Conical Bore Band Instruments

are learned with amazing rapidity because of their easy blowing qualities. No more does the band instrument player have to get red in the face trying to produce a difficult note. You play *naturally*, without exertion. The old discouraging "wolf" tones are gone, for Lyon & Healy instruments are *true to pitch*, in every tone or interval

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Don't hesitate any longer in opening up for yourself the enjoyment, the money-making possibilities, that mastery of a band instrument will give you! If you and your friends have been talking over forming a band, rest assured that every Lyon & Healy Couturier instrument offers the same ease of mastery. All members can learn with equal rapidity.

Send *today* for FREE catalog that will open up to you an entrancing world of musical expression and increased income. Mention whether you are interested in Saxophone or Band Instruments or if you [illegible]. Easy terms can be arranged. You can pay for your instrument even while you are playing it. Many have made all payments except the first out of their earnings. Mail the Coupon today.

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(Continued from Page 182)

record keepers and tabulators. He must be more aggressive and his mistakes may rise to the importance of defeats. He has more responsibility and therefore makes more money.

I was attracted to that end of the business as soon as I understood the difference. But I was blessed with the great Maine heritage of patience and persistence. I knew I should learn the business from the ground up, and so long as I felt I was learning I knew I was increasing my assets. When a man feels he is increasing his capital it isn't difficult to peg along at a particular task. But there was also a personal factor to consider, and that was my desire to make money for the firm. I knew that would make money for me, as well as give me the pleasure of being right, of winning, of feeling useful.

Still, I could not promote myself out of the back office into the front office where the partners and the customers' men—the go-getters—were. Patient merit had not been enough up to the summer of 1901. I was still margin clerk—one of several back-office men. It was vacation time; I think July or August. We took turns doubling up for those who were away. I was doing the work of one of the bookkeepers. It was as hot as Tophet and I had my sleeves rolled up. I was conscientiously making entries in the ledger. I may say that I never was a good penman nor a first-class bookkeeper, and it was no trouble whatever for me to get my sweaty arms on Fred Beck's nice ledger.

Kicked Into a Promotion

Mr. Reade, the senior partner, came into the back office that midsummer afternoon, as he did every day, to look over the books. He was a thorough business man, of the old punctilious kind.

He took in my smeared page and then speaking very deliberately and distinctly he told me, "Wing, you are, without any exception whatever, the worst bookkeeper I ever saw."

It did not hurt me to have others know what I knew unashamedly. I didn't see why I shouldn't admit it, so I said, "Mr. Reade, I don't doubt that for a minute."

He gave me a wicked look, to see if I was deliberately impertinent, though I really had spoken as respectfully as I could. But I guess I puzzled him, for he asked me, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"You said I was the worst bookkeeper you ever saw, and I couldn't deny it. I know I am not a neat bookkeeper. I never felt that I was born to be one. If I thought that is all I would ever get to be in this office I'd resign this minute."

"You would?" he said. I could see that he was really peeved now. But I knew I wasn't going to be a bookkeeper if I had anything to say about it.

"I certainly would," I said. "It isn't the height of my ambition to fill that kind of a job. I want to get to be more useful to the firm than I could ever be as a bookkeeper back here."

He certainly kept his eyes on mine a long time. I remember I was glad I had told him what I had. It was time he knew what he couldn't make out of me, and time I escaped if he had such a thing in mind.

Well, he stood there frowning at me quite a long time. Presently he walked away without another word. I went back to my ledger and tried not to blot the pages again with my sticky forearm. It made me more positive than ever that bookkeeping was not for the likes of me.

The next morning, soon after Mr. Reade got down, I was summoned to his private office. The market had not opened, margins were O. K., business was very dull, and there was no reason why the boss should want to see me so early in the day.

"Wing," he said, without any preamble, "I want you in the front office. You will have to handle some of our accounts."

That was all.

"Thank you very much, sir," I said gratefully.

You see, though I understood from his silence that the pay remained the same, the change was distinctly a promotion. I went up in the social scale, and I had a chance to work at what I had wished to do for a long time.

I got much valuable experience in the front office, for Mr. Reade was an able man. He was one of the most successful stock-brokers in Boston, and a great money maker. He was, however, greatly handicapped by poor health. There was a big sofa in his private office and every afternoon he took a little nap. It refreshed him and enabled him to do much more work than he could have done without his nap. I certainly had to do a lot of lying to customers when they wanted to see him. I'd tell them he was out, but it was some job to keep our big customers out of the room when they'd tell me they would wait for the boss in his private office. There were times when the customers would insist upon giving their orders to Mr. Reade in person. No, I wouldn't do. It was Mr. Reade or nobody, for you see what they really had in mind was buying or selling certain stocks, provided Mr. Reade approved. Brokers in those days did not keep as many clerks as they do now and the partners did a great deal of the work themselves, handling the orders and keeping in personal touch with the customers. There wasn't so much golf or motoring, and the boss was apt to stay in the office until quite late.

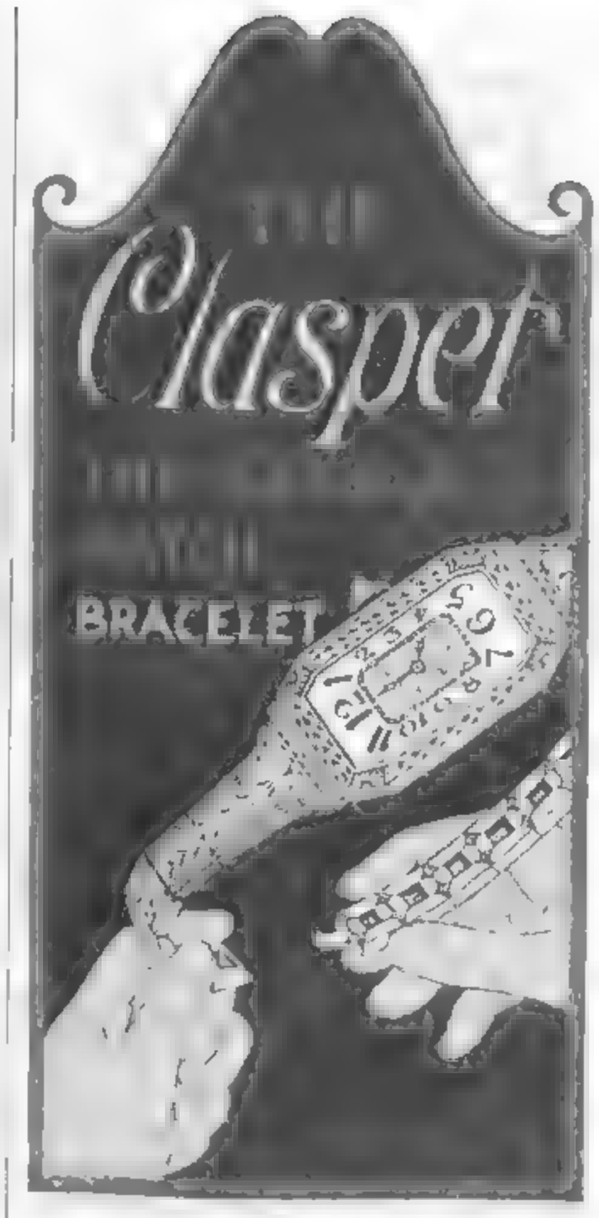
I had a great time in the customers' room. So far as my own judgment of the stock market went, I simply followed Mr. Reade. As a matter of fact, I am a very poor judge of the market. Speculating, in the sense in which most people mean it—that is, gambling—has never interested me. The investment side, the permanent part of a business, appeals to me, but the customers' room of a stock-commission house is a great place to study human nature. It is more interesting than really instructive, because of the monotony of the main motive. These men are there to make money by investing in good stocks or by guessing which way the market is going, up or down. The trading principles don't change very much, but the attitude of people toward things changes from era to era. At that time, as I told you, Boston was famous for the alternations of investment with gambling markets. I never learned how to urge people to gamble. I had one thought then and I still have it, and that is that it is more important for my customers to make money than anything else. I realized that my customers must make money if I was to keep them.

Losing Money by Rule

There were all sorts of types in that room, as there are in all customers' rooms. Such similarity as there is among customers is what you might call an inevitable family resemblance, resulting from a common desire and the same hope among them. I have forgotten the names of most of the traders in Reade & Co.'s office that I used to see every day, but I remember their characteristics. There was a chap who was nicknamed Edison. He was an inventor, and I suspect he had a pretty ingenious mind when it came to his own line, which I believe was electricity. I didn't know much about his private affairs, because he was not one of my customers, but he was a type. He was a great hand to harp on first principles. You'd think, to hear him talk about the philosophy of stock speculation, that there wasn't anything about the game to which he was a stranger. If anybody ever formulated a rule that he did not know by heart, I'll eat it. If the market was dull and one of his friends asked him what he thought of it he would answer sententiously, "Never sell a dull market," and look wiser than James R. Keene. If an unexpected increase in the dividend rate of an active stock were announced he would observe, "Good news is always discounted." If anybody was bearish and it happened to be April he would quote Addison Cammack: "Never sell 'em when the sap is running up the trees." As he had a why and wherefore for everything that should be done or not done in the stock market, I think he thought he was the wisest man in that room. That made him quite a trader. A man who could always find plenty of sapient saws to justify him was bound to put his wisdom to work. The only trouble was that he generally did the wrong thing. His first principles were grand, but his practice was rotten. Those same stocks whose rules of conduct he knew by heart had a habit of breaking those rules; and that broke him.

He went busted regularly; on an average three times a year. He would disappear for a while. After some weeks he would come back with a fresh stake. He would explain that he had been home, busy inventing.

It was true. He was an electrical expert and quite an inventor. Some of his devices are used today by the United States Navy. Well, he would invent something, sell it to



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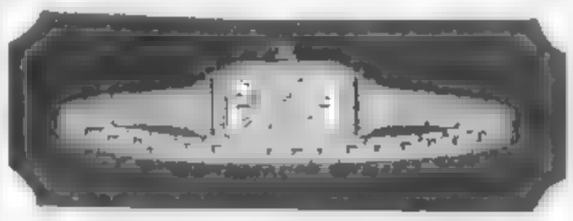

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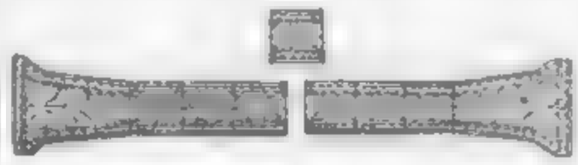

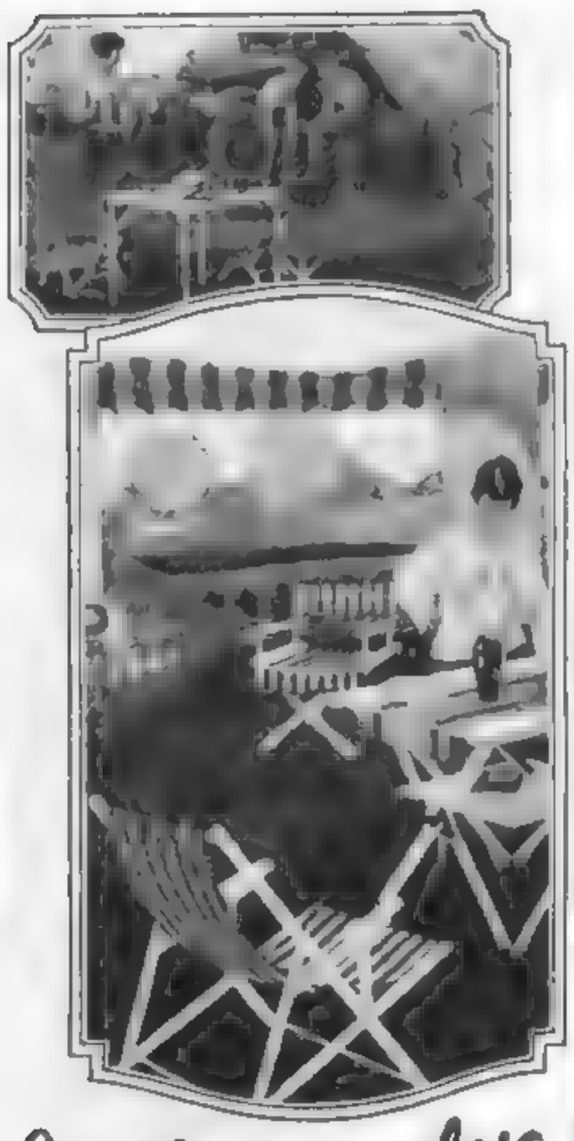

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the General Electric or the Westinghouse people, and come back to the office. He used to come in at 9:30 every morning, read all the news slips and market gossip, and map out his campaign for the day. He would stay until 3:30 in the afternoon and chew the rag and explain why the market had done thus and so, or failed to do the other thing. He was a special customer of Bob Keown, who made a specialty of handling the eccentrics of the office. Bob said "Edison" had been busted fourteen times in six years, and each time he had retired for a few weeks and come back with a fresh assortment of market rules and aphorisms, and also adequate margins. It seemed he was a pretty rapid worker and never had any difficulty in selling his inventions.

That chap took no interest in anything else. His life consisted of earning money inventing and of spending that money speculating. Mr. Reade tried in vain to get him to invest in good stocks or to buy himself an annuity. But he did not care for clothes or a home. He lived as he wished. He invented with great ease and took a heap of trouble to be wrong in the market. Years after I left Mr. Reade's employ I asked about "Edison," and Bob told me he was keeping up his regular work, inventing and going broke.

Cobb, the Fish Man

We also had several of those chaps who so hate to make mistakes that they never make any. I mean the kind that for some mysterious reason can't bear to acknowledge that they were wrong and take a small loss. I suppose the basis of it is a combination of vanity, hope of improvement and congenital obstinacy. You find them in every broker's office. One of those in Reade's was a chap who told me that, in heaven knows how many years of trading, he had never once taken a loss and never intended to take any. He had some money safely invested and he used to trade in a conservative way in our office. He also was one of Bob Keown's charges. He never sold short; always played the long side. He hit it about half the time and made some fair profits. When his purchases went against him he held on. He would stick to his stock for years, through receiverships and reorganizations, and even pay assessments. He had quite a collection of stocks that showed him losses, but on the other hand he had a marvelous fund of stories to tell about how he held on to this or that stock, carried it at a loss for years and in the end sold it for a small profit. Of course when his errors got down so that they were selling for a dollar or two he would take them out of his speculative accounts and turn them into investments at subcellar prices. His stories of how his patience and tenacity were rewarded were quite interesting. I wish I remembered the details. Of course it was no use to tell him how much better he would have done to have taken a loss at the beginning of the slump and kept all that capital available for new trades. But taking a loss was beyond his strength. He simply couldn't do it.

Another customer of somewhat the same type was a former fish dealer named Cobb, who was nicknamed Cod in the back office. Cobb retired on a tidy little fortune. Mr. Reade invested his money so well for him, during the course of several years, that the fish man after a while had enough to quit on and live very comfortably. Not having anything to do he spent his days in the customers' room. One time in Mr. Reade's absence he used what he was pleased to call his judgment, and the result was some pretty severe losses. They didn't impoverish him at all, but they made him bitter against the game and gave him a strong prejudice against stock-market losses.

In those days, as you know, the personal operations of the big plungers played a more important part than they do today. It was a time when everybody, excepting the big men of Wall Street, was convinced that the market was rigged daily by the indeterminate coterie of financial magnates known as "they." If the market went down "they" had depressed it in order to shake out weak holders. If it went up "they" put it up in furtherance of far-reaching plans to be announced only when "they" wanted to market the stock "they" had bought previously for next to nothing. It was always "they" who did the devilish work. Otherwise how could "they" get rich at the expense of the victimized students of the tape, such as Cobb and ten thousand other Cobbs in other brokers' offices?

Well, Cobb decided not to be a victim again. By sticking to that decision he need never have to take any losses. He thus would be free from the commonest form of pain known in customers' rooms. You must remember that he was not now investing but speculating. Every time he bought—usually on a straight tip from the same unnamed insiders who were going to put it up, that is, the same old "they"—he made up his mind to hold on until he had a profit. That way he could talk back to Mr. Reade when Mr. Reade scolded him for throwing away good money.

If—as happened oftener than not—"they" failed to mark up the stock as per same straight inside tip, then Cobb would see red. More than once I've stood beside him while his stock went down instead of up

"Is that so?" he would say to the ticker. "Is that so? Twenty-two, hey? Just watch me!"

"What are you going to do?" I asked him one time.

"I'll fool 'em! Just watch me. I'll fool 'em. I'll take it out of the market and lock it up, by George!" And that is exactly what he would do. He would fool "them" by taking up the stock. Sometimes he really did fool "them" and he would make money. But most often he lost every cent the stock cost him, for he ran to mining stocks that petered out and were wiped out of existence. But he was bent on fooling "them" to the bitter end.

I recall also a Captain Middleton, who as a rule didn't have much to say to anybody, but when he did talk was rather sarcastic. He was a pretty successful trader and was ahead of the game when I was with Reade. He had a great habit of asking opinions, but only at certain times. Whenever the market got into one of those periods of indecision, when the most careful trader really does not know which way to trade, Captain Middleton made it a practice of consulting his fellow customers. He would go around the room asking every single customer there what he thought of the market—that is, in which direction the next swing would be. He kept careful tab on the replies, and every time the opinions expressed showed a strong majority in one direction he would begin trading on the opposite side. He evidently argued that the majority must be wrong, as the majority always loses. It was the old broker's saying, "Copper your customers and make money," which was the reason why so many bucketeering brokers stayed in business so long. Captain Middleton, as a matter of fact, made more than he lost, at least in our office.

The Corner in L M

I suppose any place where men congregate is a good place to study human nature, but Reade & Co.'s customers' room taught me many things of value. In learning how to handle a broker's customers I learned the danger of inaccurate generalizations. We did not have the class of plunging customers that I have seen in certain New York offices during booms, but we certainly had our share of variety.

Bob Keown, one of my associates, had a customer who was successful at certain times. Bob discovered that those times were when he was drunk. He never got so that he staggered or talked thick—the office wouldn't have kept him—but he would get mellow; just that degree of illumination that made him raise his voice a trifle, but always good-naturedly. When in that condition he would give orders that indicated that he was not in his right mind. At first Bob tried to dissuade him from those trades, but after a while Bob stopped objecting. He found out that by some strange coincidence the drunken plays were unfailingly profitable.

One day Tom Lawson ran up L M twenty points, and on the next day twenty more. Of course there was talk of a corner. Everybody was afraid to buy L M after the big rise, but as for selling it short, nobody dreamed of such rashness until Bob's customer came in.

Somebody called out, "L M, 80!"

"Oh, is that so?" said the illuminated one. "Is that so? Well, Bob, just sell five hundred shares of it for me, will you? At the market."

"Are you crazy?" yelled every one of the twenty-odd customers in the room. Bob, knowing his customer's invariable habit of being right when drunk, shook his head in despair. He thought the short sale might well be a good play, but did not dare take

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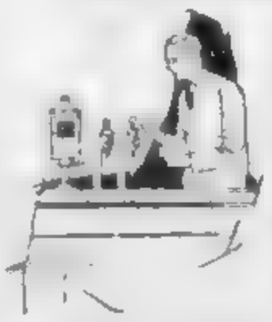

The polished metal in soda-fountains and restaurants; metal frames on show-cases, and windows; metal signs, containers and trimmings are kept shining without work when Ever-Brite is used. For brite metal everywhere.

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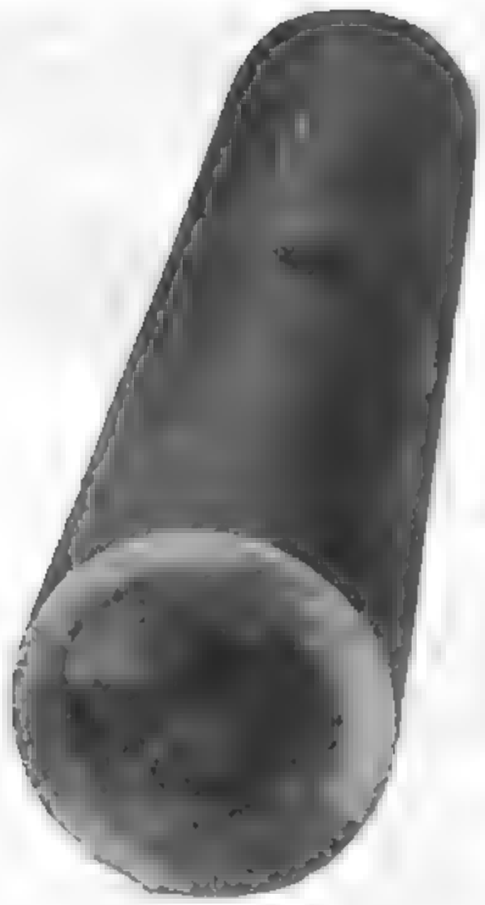

Rust-clogged pipe which failed in three years.

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BRASS

Everything in modern plumbing is well-nigh perfect—all but the most important part, the pipe that circulates the hot and cold water, the very arteries of the plumbing system.

That pipe is, of course, steadily in contact with water. Consequently, unless the pipe is made of Brass, rust eventually follows as certainly as night follows day.

Pipes manufactured of materials subject to rust sooner or later become clogged with a spongy mass; the flow of water is reduced, and the water which is delivered to the faucet becomes discolored with rust.

Finally, rust eats through the pipe. Costly repairs and replacements follow.

"How can I avoid this rust expense?" you ask your plumber.

"By installing Brass Pipe", he will tell you.

While other metals more or less feebly resist rust, *Brass Pipe simply does not rust at all.*

Brass Pipe used in hot and cold water circulating lines is good for the life of the building.

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Whatever kind of building you are planning, you will save money in the end by using Brass Pipe.

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chances in a cornered stock. The price could as easily go to 150 as it had to 80.

"What's the matter, ice toes? Got locomotor ataxia?" called out Bob's inebriate.

"The stock acts like a cornered stock. Ordinary margins don't go," said Bob very sternly.

"I've got over ten thousand dollars up. Isn't that good enough?"

"No!" said Bob.

"Well, make it four hundred shares then!"

"No," again said Bob.

"You sell two hundred shares right away. That gives you a fifty-point margin as protection against heart disease, Bobby. And besides, if it goes to par I'll let you cover it for me. It shouldn't go up more than ten points higher than that on your execution of my stop, should it? Get a gait on. Sell two hundred shares at the market!"

Bob didn't want to do it. But his customer showed signs of getting angry, so after consulting with Mr. White—Mr. Reade wasn't there—he sold two hundred shares of L M short for the customer. He got it off at 82—the highest of the movement. Before three o'clock the stock was back to 46, and the next day the customer, now cold sober, bought it in at 44 at the opening. It did not stop going down till it struck 12. If Bob's customer had stayed drunk he doubtless would have covered nearer the bottom and made six or seven thousand dollars more.

Another incident I remember concerns a young man who came to us with a letter of introduction from an old customer. He had the hottest kind of a tip on C. B. & Q. He said he knew New York bankers were going into the open market to buy for control. The headquarters of the railroad company was in Boston, and the report was not confirmed by them. But the new man was positive and he bought one hundred shares at somewhere around 125. He had taken all his money out of the savings bank to do it.

He got in the habit of coming in around 12:30 every day. I imagine it was his lunch hour. As it happened, James J. Hill was buying Burlington in the open market for account of Great Northern and Northern Pacific after the St. Paul people turned him down when he and J. P. Morgan tried to buy that road.

Trading on One's Reputation

The stock, you doubtless remember, began to climb. It went to 130, to 140, to 150, almost without fractional reactions. Long before it got to 170 we knew it was no crazy bull move, but a big deal. The owner of the one hundred shares would come in every day without fail and look at the board where the quotation for C. B. & Q. showed him a huge profit. The other customers and I used to talk about that wise young man, but he was not communicative. He just stared and frowned at the quotation board.

The day the price touched 180 I said to him, "That makes over fifty points for the movement, doesn't it?"

He nodded and snapped, "It's going higher."

"You think so?"

"It's got to!" he said.

His tone made you think he was doing the hoisting with his own hands. But I wasn't going to argue with a man who had the gumption to be long of a stock that showed him fifty-five points' profit. Pretty soon he went away. That afternoon I happened to be talking to Bob Keown about it, telling him how much everybody thought of the young man who had brought the Burlington tip into our office, and had the nerve to see it going up and never dream of taking profits.

"And so you all think he's a wise guy, hey?" said Bob.

"Well, isn't he?" asked one of the customers.

"Well," said Bob slowly, "I suppose you fellows are right. For six weeks you've envied that chap's nerve and his profits. Well, sir, he sold out his one hundred Burlington at 127½. He held it exactly forty-six and a half hours."

"But every day he comes and looks at Burlington," protested one of the customers.

"I'm a decent kind of a man," said Bob, "and so I didn't remind him of his wisdom, not once. Think of what he goes through every day when he sees the price and then thinks of the reputation he gained among an undoubtedly intelligent crowd of traders for not selling too soon."

And that was another lesson I never forgot.

One of the first customers I ever got all by myself was a dentist who had been recommended to me. He was a pretty competent dentist and did good work. When he found out that I worked for a stockbroker he didn't talk of anything but the market. It seemed he not only read the financial pages of the newspapers but he believed every word he saw there, and he used to do his own analyses of the market.

"All I want," he told me, "are the facts. You can't go wrong if you go by facts and leave tips and hunches to the suckers. That's the way I play the races—on form. I am my own tipster, and my information is always straight because I accept only official figures."

He confessed he had been trading for years. In most offices, he said, they had men who talked a lot and gave advice, but if the brokers' men knew so much, why didn't they make millions taking their own tips? He told me he had changed brokers two or three times because they didn't leave him alone to pick out his own winners but suggested objections and bred doubts that influenced his judgment. Or else they didn't keep him posted.

I didn't say anything, because I couldn't. He had a rubber blanket in my mouth. Then he asked me if I could keep him posted in case he opened an account with us. He didn't mean the whole market, only such stocks as he might be long or short of. I think he got a little careless with the drill just then and hurt me. So I grunted.

The Patient's Leg Work

When I was able to speak I told him I'd do anything he wanted, provided he didn't hurt me again while I was in his power.

Well, he opened an account with us. He had a theory that he ought to spread his operations over a lot of stocks. Instead of carrying fair amounts of one or two active stocks he used to have odd lots of half a dozen or more. I used to telephone him the fluctuations and any statistics that came along and gave him pretty good service.

One day we got some bad news and the whole market became very weak. I telephoned him he'd better come over because some of the specialties were breaking rather badly, and I thought his stocks would probably go down with the rest. A weak and active market meant a lot of work for me with my other customers, and I told him I might not be able to keep him posted as closely as I'd like to, though of course I'd do my best.

"But I can't possibly get away just now. I have a patient in the chair now that I can't leave. It would undo a lot of hard work. What's Steel?"

I told him and asked him if he wanted to put in some stop-loss orders. But he yelled that he didn't. All he asked me to do was to tell him when Steel broke through a certain price. If it did he'd tell me what to do.

Well, the market got weaker and weaker and finally Steel broke through the price my dentist had named. I think it was 40. So I called him up.

"What is it?" he said. He knew I knew what he meant.

"It's 39⅞! And a half!" I said. He had paid around 42 for it.

"What? 39 for Steel!" he yelled. "I'm coming right over!" and hung up.

His office was six blocks away, but it seemed to me he was in our place in about thirty seconds. He could hardly speak, he was panting so. I pointed to the board. They were all lower.

"Sell 'em all out!" he gasped.

I rushed off to give the orders. I was pretty busy and so I didn't get back to him until I had the reports. He was still studying the quotations and smiling, not because he had lost but because everything had gone still lower, and he had stopped in time. Next to making money is the pleasure of not losing any, especially when others are not so lucky.

As he lingered when the market could only have an academic interest for him, I asked, "What did you do with your patient? Leave him in the chair?"

"Leave him in the chair? Like hell! He heard me say 39. He was long one thousand Steel in Wilder's office upstairs, and he beat me to this building by twenty yards!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

Riding on the Rim of the World

Twelve hundred feet down—sheer. Two miles across. A shouting sun in a high blue-glorious sky. Peak and lake and ten square miles of ice-field on the other side of the valley, up level with your eyes—not twenty men have explored it. And Takakkaw, the spun-silver waterfall, swung like a ravelled comet from the glacier to the valley floor . . .

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$5.50 in far West; $7.50 in Canada. *Brewster green baked-on enamel*

Silvered glass stopper — sturdy! sanitary!

Drinking cup-cup of heavy aluminum.

Miles *from* home, hours away—enough for All, for *All* day!

Dine anywhere anytime, on home-prepared, hot or cold, food and drink. Aladdin Jars hold a gallon—sixteen big cups of liquid or eight pounds of food.

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Whatever the food or drink, in an Aladdin Thermalware Jar it'll stay **real** hot or **real** cold—'til you dine.

Whether you picnic, tour, camp, fish, hunt, go boating or work outdoors, an Aladdin Jar will repeatedly save its price—not to mention its convenience.

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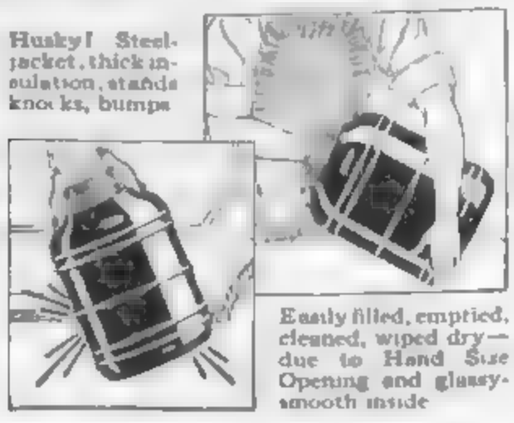
For parties; keep beverages hot or cold, keep ice cream firm, until you are ready to serve. On hot days: provide cooling drinks for all. When there's illness: keep cracked ice, hot or cold water—plenty of it—always handy.



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Easily filled, emptied, cleaned, wiped dry—due to Hand Size Opening and glassy-smooth inside

Get the genuine Aladdin Jar —*twelve exclusive features*

The Aladdin Jar is the original and largest selling large thermal container. Rustproof, wearproof, leakproof and sanitary throughout. Stands hard use. Handsome in appearance.

Duplicated in size and color only. Insist, therefore, on the genuine Aladdin. Excels in twelve ways, including the patented leakproof Aladdin Thermalware Neck-Seal which forever prevents unsanitary, ruinous seepage into insulation.

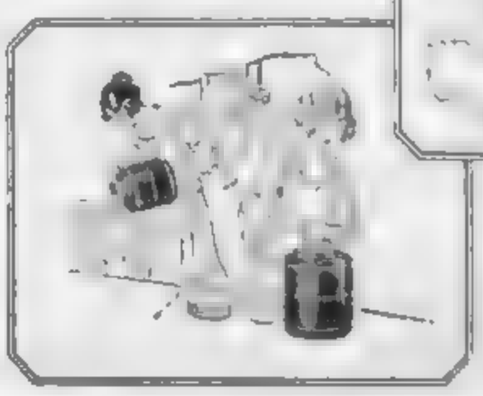
Green enameled, steel jacketed Aladdin Jar with non-porous (sanitary!) vitrified, porcelain-like inner, gallon size, now $5. Aladdin "DeLuxe" Jars (polished aluminum, ebony striped jackets, lined with heavy heat-resisting ovenware glass): Gallon-size now $8.50; two-quart $7.50. All jars 50c more in the far west; $2.50 more in Canada.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc., Chicago

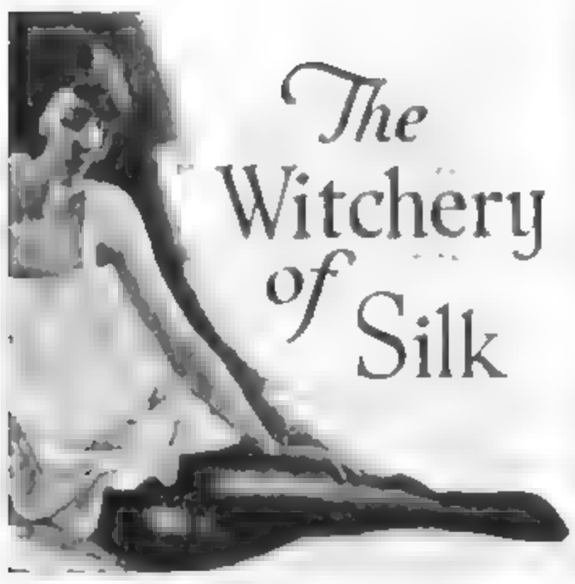
Add an Aladdin to your "vacation list." Dealers everywhere Or write for booklet.

On a day's outing or a long tour, Aladdin Jars will keep your food and liquids real hot or real cold

For sportsmen, miners, oil-drillers, lumbermen, farmers and all who are far from home.



For home parties! Plenty of piping hot coffee or iced drinks prepared in advance! Ice cream kept solid until needed—then easily served.



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NEXT time you put on Iron Clad silk stockings, look at them intently. Try to solve the subtle secret of their attractiveness. Why does their delicate silken surface give you such exquisite feminine daintiness!

Is it that you sense at a glance the clinging softness of their smooth texture? Is it the luxury of their pure, rich color? Or is it that their lustrous beauty is so sheer you seem to feel their gentle touch by merely looking at them?

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Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich

"Iron Clad"

BUY YOUR OWN HOME?

(Continued from Page 27)

About three months prior to the date when Walter and Mary would have occupied the property for ten successive years, Mary met Walter upon his home-coming and graphically described to him a visit by the agent, attended by two other men who had examined the house with considerable care, and they both wondered what that could mean; but they were not kept long in suspense. A few days later they received a notice from the agent that their lease would be terminated upon the expiration of its tenth year. Smith had sold the house to an institution for $7500. It was just what it was looking for. A smaller house for the same money would not have been suitable for its requirements.

Walter and Mary, however, hailed the notice as their big opportunity. They had been saving for the period of their tenancy to purchase their own home. In fact, Walter had just shown Mary the recently balanced savings-bank book, and in large figures it showed "$1000.00." What a thrill they received when they read it! They had set that sum as the amount required for a first payment on a home of their own. Nearly all the advertisements offering houses within their means had as their concluding statement: "Cash, $1000 00." Now that they had that amount in cash, they were prepared to make the long looked-for plunge into home ownership. They talked of it as an investment, and in terms of finance; but as a matter of fact home ownership to Walter and Mary meant something more nearly related to respectability. Their parents and relatives owned homes, and it seemed to Walter and Mary that with three children growing up it was high time to have a home of their own. The children, too, despite all possible care, were causing damage to the house, beyond the agent's ability to induce the landlord to make all needed repairs. So they began looking for a house that would suit their requirements.

First of all they wanted a new house. Next they wanted a smaller house. As to the price, they thought $5000 the maximum, so they began by looking at cheaper houses—and wasted considerable time. They couldn't find anything priced at less than $6000 that would suit.

Financing the New House

Eventually they discovered the right place. It was much farther out than the old house; but this was offset by a quiet street on which there were no trolley cars. The price was exactly $6000, cash $1000. It contained eight rooms with numerous little closets instead of the undersized hayloft which had been designated closets in the Smith place. Some of the closets were three-cornered, and Mary thought they were charming, although they did not hold much. The kitchen was very small and almost clogged with modern equipment. There was a front yard and a side yard; the children would like that. Many new houses were being constructed in the neighborhood and the agent through whom they purchased was sure values would be certain to increase.

The financial arrangement was cash $1000 and two mortgages, a first mortgage for $2500 and a second mortgage for the same amount. The house was so new it still smelled of paint. Mary liked that. The lawn had just been started and a few blades of yellowish-green grass were peeping feebly through the clods of dirt spread about when the cellar was dug. Taxes would amount to $135 annually, but fortunately this sum did not have to be paid out in monthly installments; they could save enough off luxuries denied during a year to pay the taxes. Fire insurance, they were delighted to learn, would be only fifteen dollars a year, owing to the fact that the house was considered a very good risk. Of course they might have added to the cost of their house the 4 per cent which the savings bank had been paying on their deposit of $1000; but Walter and Mary didn't think of that. They were busy counting actual costs that would have to come out of Walter's weekly pay check. In spite of all the tablet paper they used up, however, they did overlook several items. For one thing, they forgot the water rent, never having paid any. Mr. Smith had always paid for the water at the old house. And they forgot the expenses incident to transferring ownership of the new house. Title insurance and other details of conveyance amounted to a little more than $100. But they did move into their own home.

And they were very happy.

It seemed to give them a new estimate of their place in the community. They had more respect for themselves and they knew that others felt the same way about the change. Walter was regarded as a man who was getting on in the world.

Both were fired with enthusiasm and vast determination to make the necessary sacrifices in order to have a home of their own—and a new house. They were desperately tired of the old place. But $6000 was more than they had originally planned to pay, and the family budget would have to be examined with a microscope before they dared venture. The proposition submitted to them was that they should pay the second mortgage of $2500 off in monthly installments, for five years. The interest rate of 6 per cent on the two mortgages would call for another $300 a year, but this would be going down regularly. They liked to contemplate that feature of the arrangement, and five years they thought was a long time. They would put the money aside month by month, but after the first year it would begin to decrease appreciably. Think of having a forty-dollar equity in each monthly installment, beginning at $66.66, and then watch those installments gradually decrease while the forty-dollar equity remained stationary.

Walter Becomes a Handy Man

Eventually there would be a last payment of only a trifle more than forty dollars, and the home would be theirs forever with only a first mortgage of $2500, upon which they also paid 6 per cent interest, or $150 a year. Of course the monthly sum with the interest on the second mortgage at which they would begin was more than twice what they were paying Mr. Smith; but they had no equity in the rent. It was gone. The agent came for it and that was the end of it. But with the installments they would have an equity of more than half from the beginning. It was really an investment, and they decided they could afford it. Walter was earning a larger salary now; the firm was doing well and he had prospects. With good luck they might pay off the whole amount in less than the ten years planned for the payment of both mortgages.

The expenses which they had forgotten in making out their new budget crippled the family finances for several months; but they buckled down to the task of economizing and conquered it. Several of the water pipes developed trifling leaks during the first six months; but Walter scorned the idea of spending money for plumbers. He fixed the leaks himself and found the job not at all difficult. It was simply a matter of lead or washers. Walter was a handy man about the house, and enjoyed the work. He whitewashed the cellar and repaired door hinges with boyish pride in his workmanship, calling Mary at frequent intervals to inspect the job and see how neatly he had done it. Both put their hearts into this new home. It was their own, and every part of it eventually came to be endeared to them by their handiwork. When the grate bar in the furnace burned out they installed a new one without outside aid, although the thing was fearfully heavy and difficult to handle.

Mary varnished the interior woodwork, painted floors, built little box seats with cushioned tops, put up and took down shades and curtains. Walter repaired breaks in the cemented floor of the cellar, repaired the fence, put a new door on the shed when the wind caught it open one night and twisted it off.

At the end of Walter and Mary's first year they took stock. It had cost them $100 for conveyancing; taxes were $135; water rent $18; fire insurance $15; materials, not counting tools, $100; interest on first mortgage $150; interest on second mortgage approximately $150; installments on second mortgage $480; a total of $1148. They comforted themselves with the realization that $480 was payment on the house, and they only owed approximately $4500. Interest on the money paid was not considered. The next year they knew their interest charges would be about $30 less, that being the interest which

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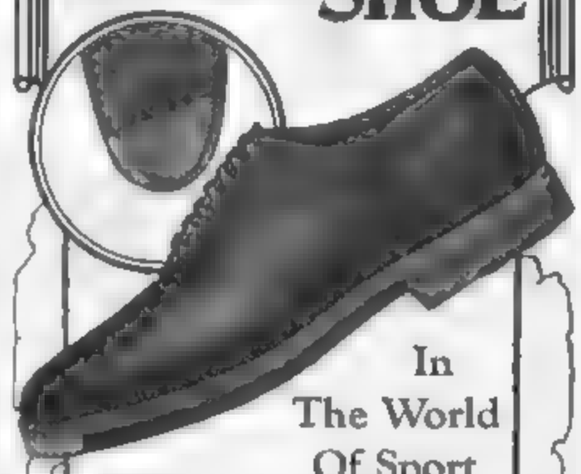

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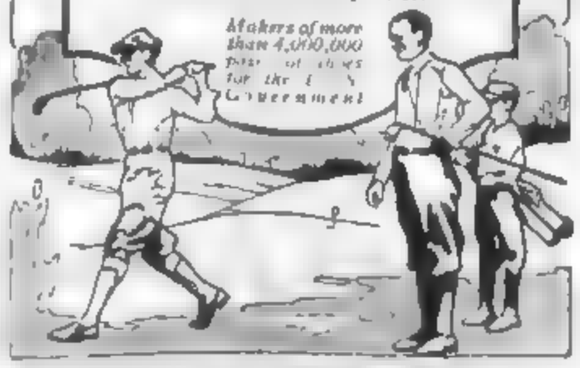

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would be taken off on the installments they had paid during the year.

For the first five years these figures did not vary, with the exception, of course, of a successive $30 a year saving in interest charges and the conveyancing fee, so that at the end of the fifth year the second mortgage was paid off, the installments ceased, and they had nothing to face in payments but the first mortgage, before the house would become their property, clear of encumbrance.

Mary wanted the children to begin taking music and dancing lessons. She and Walter talked it over. The house needed painting. There was a question whether to spend a little more on the children or take care of the house. Walter said he believed he could paint the house and that would make it possible for the children to have the dancing and music lessons. He did paint the house, and contrary to the general outcome of such adventures, made a success of the job without breaking his neck. But the music lessons were postponed. Mary felt that if Walter was willing to sacrifice so many afternoons, evenings and holidays it was no more than fair for her and the children to wait until the house was paid for. Whatever was saved should go to discharge the remaining mortgage. After all, the money was not being lost; it was going into their home. Some day they would own it without encumbrance, and eventually it would belong to the children. If they were giving up music and dancing lessons they were certainly not being deprived for the sake of anyone but themselves. Years had passed without Mary or Walter going to the theater or any other sort of entertainment that cost money. The children, Mary thought, could make the same sacrifice. Anyway, by this time they were accustomed to the idea that all spare money after necessary food and clothing had been purchased, would go into the house. They were being brought up to value money and to realize that their parents set a high value upon home ownership. They would feel a pride in it—as they did.

Mr. Smith drove by the house one day while Walter was painting it, and smiled. He approved of Walter and Mary. He was delighted to see them getting on in the world. He remembered, too, what excellent care they had taken of his house, and how clean it was the day after they moved out. It was true, the children had ruined that new wall paper, and smeared up the paint to the point of total destruction; but then, boys will be boys. Good tenants, they were, and deserved to have their own home. But Mr. Smith couldn't help thinking that if Walter had been as handy with a paintbrush, screw driver, monkey wrench and trowel during the tenant days the old house might have paid a small return. "Still," he thought, "why the devil should Walter have done all that work on my house? No one does. No, sir, he was right. It wasn't his house, and he couldn't have been expected to do it. Makes a lot of difference in the cost, though."

Domestic Economies

The difference was far greater than Mr. Smith would have guessed. At the end of five years Walter boasted that not one red penny had he paid for any sort of labor, skilled or unskilled, about his house.

In his devotion to the house he lost all interest in baseball. News of the national sport now came to him through the columns of his newspaper, and never via the grand stand. Instead of coming home with a box of candy he usually came home with a paintbrush or a can of varnish or a package of nails. An average of $100 a year for materials covered the entire cost of upkeep. Walter was proud of that. It was his own home. Each temptation to spend money foolishly was fondled for a few days—or even a few weeks—and then put resolutely behind him. In his own peculiar way he managed to get a great deal of pleasure out of contemplating these expenditures which were never made, and then appropriating the money for something about the house. It was a double pleasure; first anticipation, then a moral victory in not spending the money foolishly. For five years he wore the same overcoat spring, fall and winter, until Mary finally objected to the threadbare garment, not on the ground of its appearance, but Walter's health. She couldn't very well make an argument on appearance, considering the condition of her own wardrobe. But they didn't need many clothes, since they so seldom went out. Neither did they entertain. Their visits were usually to the homes of their parents, and since the old folks knew what a gallant struggle they were making to own a home they did not ask for entertainment on a fifty-fifty basis.

At the end of five years Walter and Mary had paid off the second mortgage, just as they had planned they would do. It made them very happy to have the faded old paper surrendered into their hands. They began casting up accounts in the hope of finding much ground for mutual congratulation; but the evening was somewhat dampened by Mary's chance remark that with the house nearly two-thirds paid for they were still paying out in installments, taxes, insurance, water and incidentals nearly twice what the old Smith house had cost—that is, of course, including the installments on the first mortgage which they contemplated making. It seemed strange; but there were the figures. The payments on the first mortgage of $40 a month on the principal if they paid it off in five years, or a total of ten years for the first and second mortgages, and $150 a year interest on the remaining $2500 mortgage, amounted to $630 a year, or more than fifty dollars a month. In addition, taxes amounting to $135, water rent amounting to $18, fire insurance amounting to $15 and material for repairs approximating $100, a total of $268—which together with the $630 made a total of $898 a year—had to be met. They didn't like this phase of the discussion, so returned to the fact that forty dollars of each monthly installment were saved, while under the old arrangement each thirty-dollar rent receipt represented a net loss. Moreover, Walter reminded Mary that it was very nice not to have the rental agent knocking at the door on the first of each month. And so indeed it was nice not to bother about him.

The Threatened Lawsuit

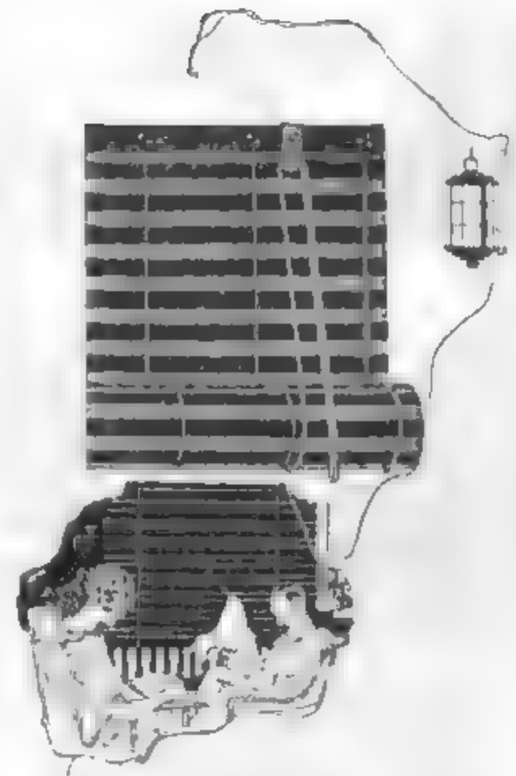
In spite of the steadily mounting expense of rearing three children, Walter and Mary were again saving a little money above their installments on the house. They were planning to get rid of the remaining mortgage ahead of time. Doubtless this plan would have succeeded but for a most unfortunate accident. The iron grate which covered the coal chute leading to the cellar was left off after a load of coal was delivered, and a man who was walking along the sidewalk fell into the hole. Mary and Walter had considerable difficulty getting him out, and the doctor they summoned reported that three of his ribs were broken in addition to the fractured arm which they discovered as soon as they tried to extricate him.

At the time it did not occur to Walter and Mary that anyone except the man who fell in the hole suffered ill luck; but they were enlightened on this point when the doctor sent his bill and a lawyer's clerk served a summons. They supposed, of course, that the coal company, if anyone, would be held responsible. But it seemed not. They were property owners now. They were responsible. Their own lawyer so informed them. The suit was for $10,000 damages. Neither Walter nor Mary could sleep, in spite of the assurance of their attorney that he felt sure no such verdict as that would be obtained from a jury. In fact, he said, he thought he would eventually be able to settle the case out of court. But anxious weeks passed and nothing at all seemed to be accomplished.

One day the lawyer telephoned that he could settle the suit out of court for $500 cash if settlement was made immediately. That was just about the amount Walter had in the bank. He was both stricken and delighted. It wiped out the results of over a year of extremely hard economizing and deprivation; but it also removed an awful threat. He told the lawyer to settle without delay. Later the lawyer sent his own bill, which was for $100. There was also $100 for the doctor.

That is how it happened that the second mortgage required five years, and the first mortgage five additional years. During this time Walter's earnings increased; but his expenses went up in about the same proportion; in fact, sometimes they were out of proportion; but the difference was made up by more strict economy. Walter and Mary had learned the lesson of how to save.

At the end of ten years they owned their own home unencumbered. True, the taxes



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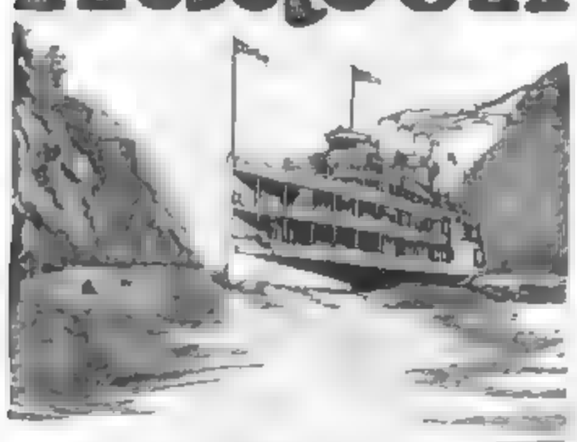

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were still $135 a year, the water rent remained $18, fire insurance $15, materials for repairs $100, making a total of $268, about $22.50 a month.

The house was a trifle out of date here and there. One could look at it and determine by certain architectural features just about the year it was constructed. But it was well built and still substantial. Moreover, it was their own. Local values did not advance to any marked degree.

Walter and Mary haven't lost anything on their home, they believe, in spite of the fact that several like it have sold for $500 less than the cost of purchase. Lots are a few hundred dollars higher than they were when that neighborhood was first built up; but the houses have depreciated. Wear and tear and changes in style are taking place. But Mary and Walter have taken such good care of their house that one doesn't notice the depreciation so readily as in the cases of some others. They have been informed that they could get $5500 for the place; in other words, they could nearly get their money back, not taking into consideration the loss by reason of the coal-hole incident. Of course they don't care to sell. If, on the other hand, they should be in a hurry to sell, they would probably have to take $800 less than the house cost. But they have also lived in their own home for ten years, and they take account of that fact. A loss of $500, they figure, would mean ten years' rent for that sum, or $50 a year. In making this calculation they always omit such details as taxes, insurance, the lawsuit, interest for ten years, and other items; but they feel that they have done well.

And haven't they done well? I think they have. Certainly it is no mean accomplishment to bring up three children and at the same time acquire an unencumbered $6000 home. Knowing Walter and Mary, I doubt if any other incentive known to humanity would have induced them to save that much. Civilization is built very largely upon thrift. Organized society cannot exist without it. They have done a real service to their city, state and nation, and to themselves and their family. They are good citizens. They feel it within themselves, which is worth quite a lot, and their neighbors reflect the same respect for what they have done.

Everyone may not be like Walter, however. If there had been a chance to go into a profitable business by using that first thousand dollars, he would have made a mistake by buying a home. In the case of Walter I do not know that there was any such opportunity. But many young men have such chances, and see them. It might even be argued that Walter doesn't know whether he ever had such a chance or not, because, having parted with his thousand dollars, the chance wouldn't seek him very eagerly. On the other hand, he might have made a foolish venture with his first thousand, and lost it.

The case of Walter presents matter for much argument, but on one point I insist there is no chance for argument: When Walter invested his first thousand in a home and undertook the long contract to pay off those mortgages, he did not reduce his expenses. He definitely and heavily increased them. And so will nearly everyone else who buys a home. A man like Walter, however, probably couldn't have saved for anything but a home. He tried before he was married and made a failure of it. He wanted a home; he and his made honorable sacrifices to get it; and they are happy. So let's say Walter was right.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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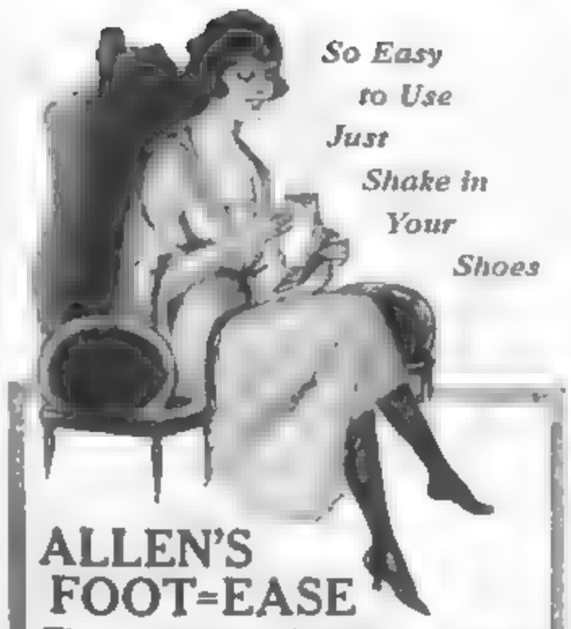

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder

USE IT IN THE MORNING

And walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoe. For corns, bunions and calluses, blisters and sore spots.

At night, after excessive dancing or walking, sprinkle it in the Foot-Bath.

Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for hot, tired, aching, swollen, smarting, tender, perspiring feet. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease have solved their foot troubles.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent FREE. Address
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.
"In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease"

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Want a job through the summer months?

WITH school days soon over your job is waiting, to pay you money and prizes, cost free! As your own "boss" you can earn them—*how much depends upon you!*

With plenty of time still left to play!

YOUR job takes only a short time on Thursday—the rest of your week's left to play. Just sell *The Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to friends near your home (in U.S.); it's fun, for we help you to sell! To start, write your name and address by this ad and mail to

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Have clean well trimmed nails. Use a Gem in spare moments. Pocket size. Works with either hand. Tested and guaranteed. Gem in leather case 50c at drug and cutlery stores or by mail.
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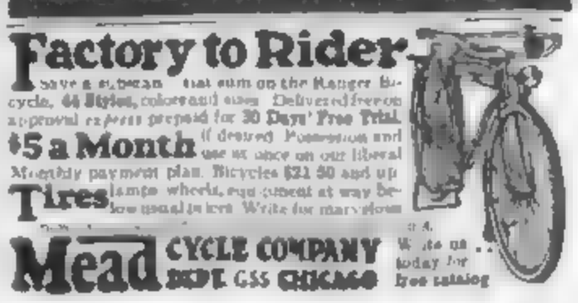
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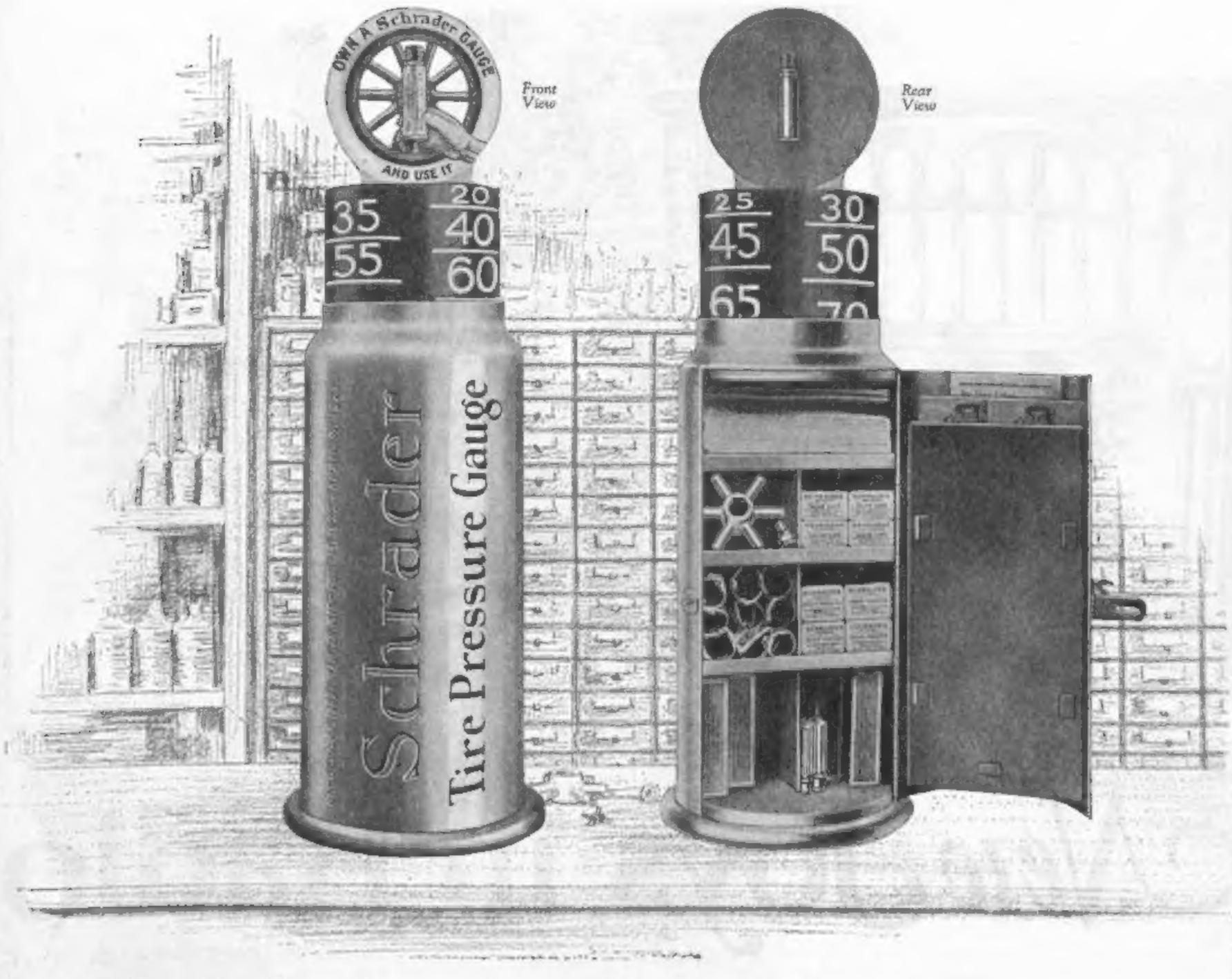

Quick service on valve parts

In motor accessory shops and garages

This container in the shape of a Schrader Tire Gauge stands on the counters of thousands of motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores. It makes tire valve parts as easy to buy as matches in a cigar store.

It contains these genuine Schrader products:

Valve Insides, in metal boxes
Valve Caps, in metal boxes
Dust Caps and Rim Nut Bushings
Tire Pressure Gauges
Time-saving Pump Connections
Valve Repair Tools and a Star Wrench

The parts illustrated in the panel make up the complete Schrader Tire Valve, which should always be used to get maximum tire service.

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CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

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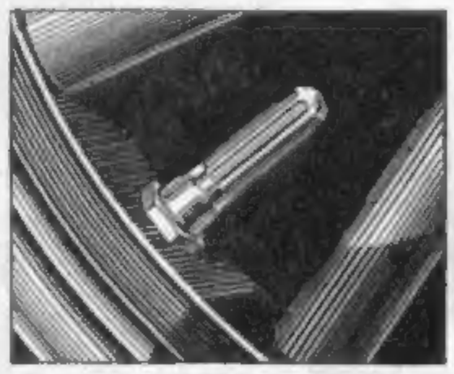


SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with Dust Cap as it appears on tires in actual service.

SCHRADER DUST CAP. Goes over the valve and protects the valve stem threads. Can be attached and detached with a few turns of the hand.

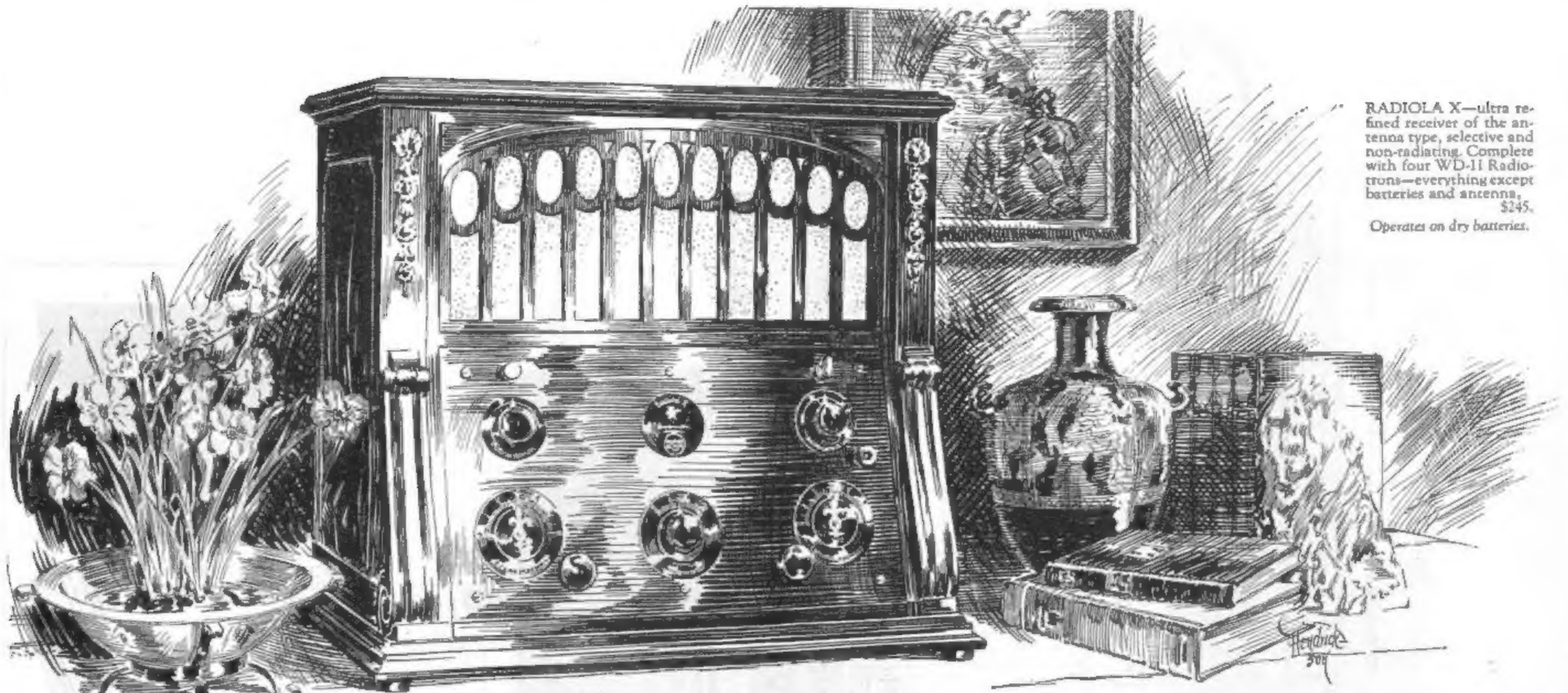
SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING. Holds on Dust Cap. Centers tire valve and prevents tube from creeping. Tighten against wheel with small wrench.

SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Prevents dirt from entering mouth of valve. Acts as secondary air-tight seal. Attach or detach by hand.

SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE. Placed in the mouth of the valve. Permits quick entrance of air. Also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.



RADIOLA X—ultra refined receiver of the antenna type, selective and non-radiating. Complete with four WD-11 Radiotrons—everything except batteries and antenna, $245.

Operates on dry batteries.

New Joys in Radio

3,000,000 Homes listening in, when Presidents speak—when famous artists sing—when the colleges broadcast their lectures, and the theatres broadcast their programs. And with the new Radiolas, with their simplicity, and their tremendous advance in clear reception, hundreds of thousands more homes will soon be tuning in.

Of the new receivers, one of the most important is the beautifully cabineted Radiola X. For music clearer and truer. Selectivity so sharp that no near station can interfere with the programs from far away. Simplicity so perfect that any beginner can get the distant stations — quickly — easily!

Radiola X is the result of new discoveries, developed by world-famed radio engineers. A special new loudspeaker built into the cabinet is one of its outstanding achievements. It is new in essential parts that make for greater performance—and in little details that mean convenience and simplicity. Most important is the fact that improvement in reception, which usually means greater complexity, here means greater simplicity than ever!

Tune in! Turn the knob and pick your program out of hundreds—all clear—loud—and *real*, with a Radiola X.

RADIOLA REGENOFLEX, a modified Radiola X, in mahogany cabinet, with external loudspeaker. With four WD-11 Radiotrons and Radiola Loudspeaker but less batteries and antenna, . $206.

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WHETHER you go by trail or train, the bottles packed in the bags will be ready for every feeding of the day.

In camp or cottage—in the mountains, the woods or at the seashore—Pet Milk will be at hand for baby—the same safe, wholesome food he has at home.

You will prepare the feedings for the whole day, knowing that the last bottle will be as fresh and sweet as the first.

Pet Milk is fresh cow's milk concentrated. It is *more* than pasteurized. It is *sterilized*—scientifically clean. It is always fresh and sweet in the sealed container, no matter what the weather.

Take baby and go! Wherever trail or train may take you, grocers have Pet Milk.

Send for free booklet. Pet Milk Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk), 836 Arcade Building, Saint Louis

COLGATE'S

for better shaving

YEARS ago, when Grandma threatened to send for the doctor unless Willie took his medicine, Willie took it. Anything to keep out of the clutches of the ogre with the tremendous and terrible whiskers.

Of course Willie's alarm was unwarranted. In his childish mind there was no room for an appreciation of the generous impulses concealed behind the M. D.'s hairy muffler.

Night or day, rain or shine, the good old doctor was likely to be called upon to hustle from smallpox to scarlet fever, or from measles to mumps, and he was always courageously ready to respond.

Nothing less than fire or flood could keep him from hastening forth to save life or relieve distress. He slept when he could, got his meals at odd moments, and permitted his whiskers to grow because he had no time for shaving.

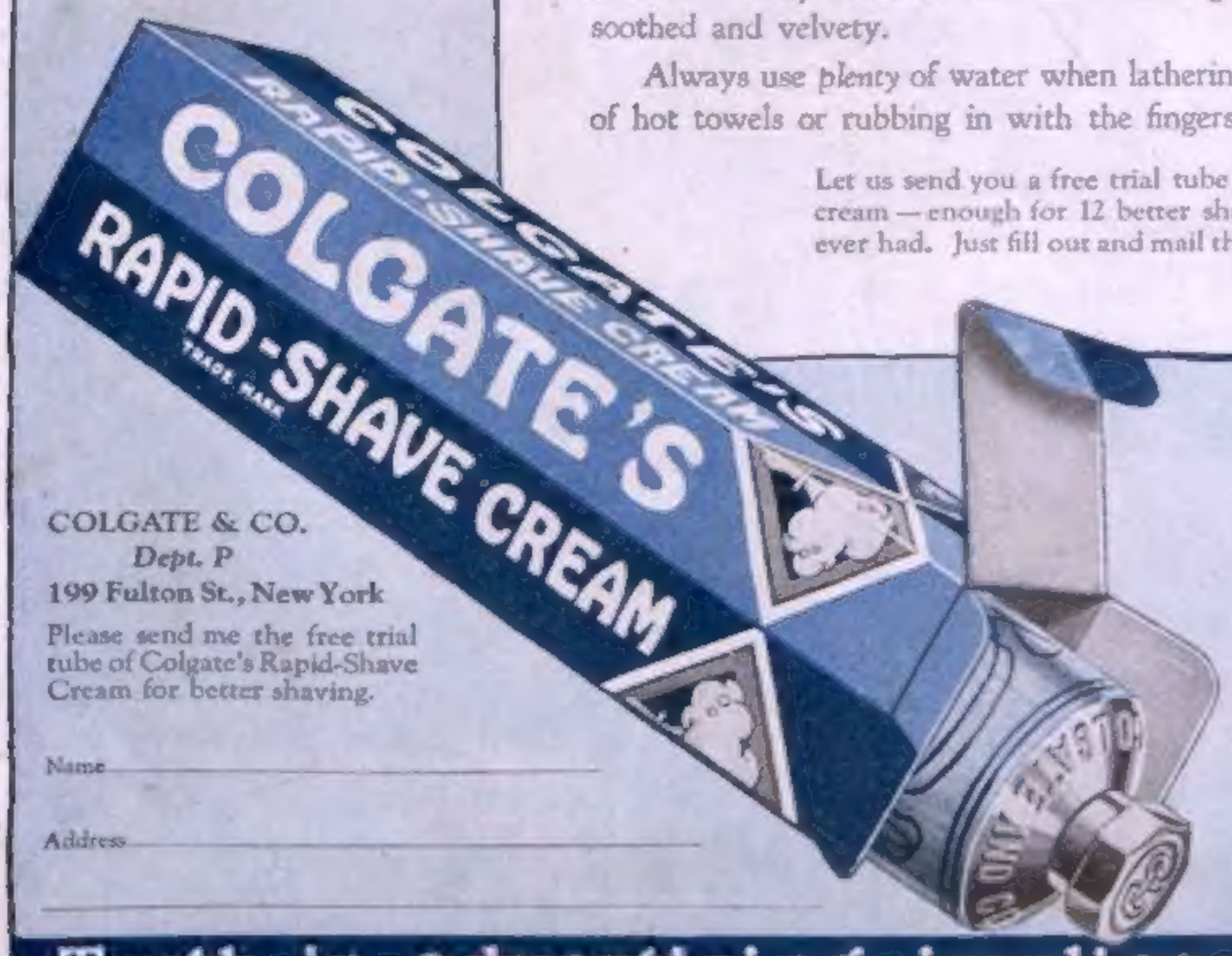
But a new day has dawned for the doctors, as well as for the rest of us. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes shaving such a short job that most of the doctors have ceased to let their good intentions be hidden behind bewildering beards.

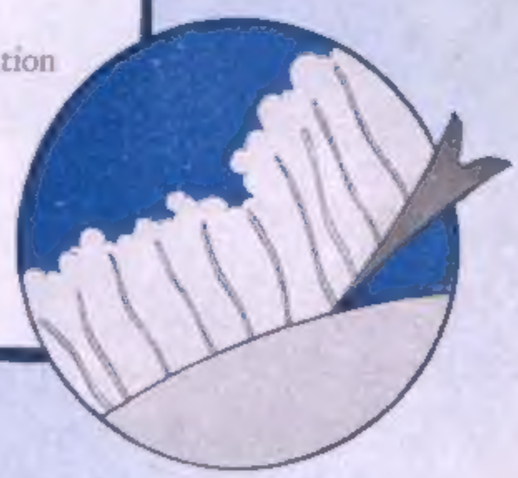
The effect of this wonderful cream is immediate, even upon the heaviest kind of a hairy stubble. It makes shaving *much easier*, and leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Always use *plenty* of water when lathering with Colgate's. No application of hot towels or rubbing in with the fingers is necessary.

Let us send you a free trial tube of this remarkable cream — enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon.

Large tube
35c





This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair of the beard. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

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